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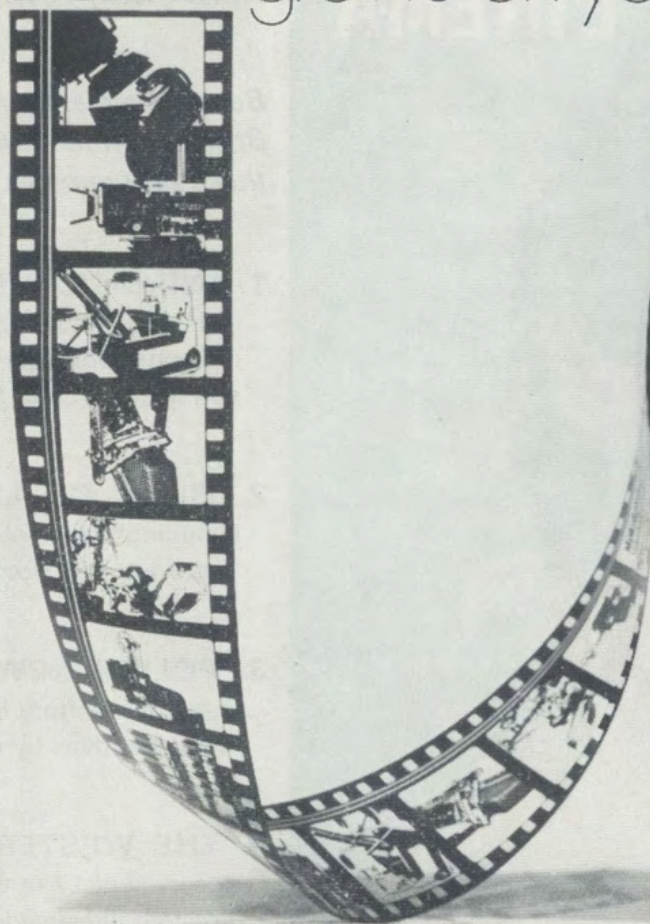
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COURSE 55	...	...	...	...	11th January 1971
COURSE 56	...	...	...	...	29th April 1971
COURSE 57	...	...	...	...	27th September 1971

Note: A complete self-contained course commences three times every year. Each term lasts twelve weeks.

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Students must work on at least six films:

- 1 16 mm. black and white silent exterior location films with Bolex camera in units of 6, each member undertaking all jobs.
- 2 16 mm. black and white location sound films, interior and/or exterior, no lip-synch. with Arriflex Camera with zoom. Units of 5 or 6. (Note: Colour will be used on this exercise from Course No: 54 onwards.)
- 3 35 mm. black and white Studio sound films (Cameflex, Newman, etc. cameras) No lip-synch. Units of 5 or 6.
- 4 16 mm. short individual colour films—one to be made by each student. Arriflex with zoom. Units of 3 or 4.
- 5 35 mm. black and white Studio dialogue film with full lip-synchronisation. Mitchell Camera with Blimp and velocilator. Units of 9 to 12. It is possible to work on more than one film.
- 6 Final exercise in 16 mm. or 35 mm., colour or black and white. Units of 4 to 7.

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Col. 173 mins. USA/West Germany, 1962. Sun 11th-Sat 17th: Acton Granada, Dartford Granada  
 \*99 GUNS AT BATASI (A). Richard Attenborough, Jack Hawkins. Dir: John Guillermin. 103 mins. GB, 1964. Mon 19th-Wed 21st: Brixton Classic. With DAY MARS INVADED EARTH (A). Pgms: 1.10, 4.15, 7.25  
 \*\*100 GUNS OF NAVARONE (A). Gregory Peck, David Niven. Dir: J Lee Thompson. Col. 157 mins. USA, 1959/61. Sun 11th-Tues 13th: Hatfield Curzon  
 \*101 LONGEST DAY (A). All star cast. Dir: Ken Annakin & others. 180 mins. USA, 1962. Sun 11th-Sat 17th: East Ham Granada  
 102 PLAY DIRTY (X). Michael Caine, Nigel Davenport. Dir: Andre de Toth. Col. 117 mins. GB, 1968. Fri 23rd & Sat 24th: Hatfield Curzon. With: DEATH RIDES A HORSE (A)

## WESTERN

103 DEATH RIDES A HORSE (A). John Phillip Law. Dir: Guilio Petroni. Col. 113 mins. Italy, 1967. Mon 19th-Wed 21st: St Pancras Tolmer. With KING KONG ESCAPES (A). Pgms: 1.20, 3.10, 7. Fri 23rd & Sat 24th: Hatfield Curzon. With PLAY DIRTY (X)  
 104 FOR A DOLLAR IN THE TEETH (X). Tony Anthony, Frank Wolff. Dir: Vance Lewis (Luigi Vanzil). Col. 84 mins. USA/Italy, 1966. Sun 18th-Sat 24th: Richmond Gaumont. With LAST MAN ON EARTH (X)  
 \*105 HANG 'EM HIGH (X). Clint Eastwood, Inger Stevens, Pat Hingle. Dir: Ted Post. Col. 114 mins. USA, 1967. Mon 12th-Wed 14th: Islington Green Rex. With ATTACK ON THE IRON COAST (A)  
 \*\*106 MAGNIFICENT SEVEN (A). Yul Brynner, Eli Wallach, Steve McQueen. Dir: John Sturges. Col. 126 mins. USA, 1960. Sun 11th-Sat 17th: Ashford Astoria  
 \*\*107 MAN WHO SHOT LIBERTY VALANCE (U). James Stewart, John Wayne, Lee Marvin. Dir: John Ford. 121 mins. USA, 1962. Thurs 22nd-Sat 24th: Victoria Biograph. With SWINGING SUMMER (U)  
 108 ONCE UPON A TIME IN THE WEST (A). Henry Fonda, Claudia Cardinale, Jason Robards. Dir: Sergio Leone. Col. 144 mins. Italy, 1968. Thurs 22nd-Sat 24th: St Pancras Tolmer. With HUGS & MUGS (U). Three Stooges. 1.15, 4.20, 7.25  
 \*109 100 RIFLES (X). Raquel Welch, Jim Brown. Col. USA, 1968. Mon 19th-Wed 21st: Islington Green Rex.  
 110 SAVAGE PAMPAS (A). Robert

Taylor. Dir: Hugo Fregonese. Col. 95 mins. Spain/Argentina/USA  
 1966. Sun 18th-Sat 24th: Clapham Junction Imperial. With GUNFIGHT AT RED SANDS (A)  
 \*\*111 SHANE (U). Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur. Dir: George Stevens. Col. 118 mins. USA, 1952. Sun 11th-Sat 17th: Becontree Odeon. With SONS OF KATIE ELDER (U)  
 \*\*112 SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL SHERIFF (U). James Garner, Joan Hackett. Dir: Burt Kennedy. Col. 93 mins. USA, 1968. Thurs 22nd-Sat 24th: Islington Green Rex. With HERE WE GO ROUND THE MULBERRY BUSH (X)  
 \*\*\*113 TRUE GRIT (U). John Wayne, Kim Darby. Dir: Henry Hathaway. Col. 128 mins. USA, 1969. Sun 11th-Sat 17th: Brentwood Odeon, Bromley Astor, Chesham Embassy, Hornchurch Odeon. Sun 18th-Sat 24th: Raynes Park Rialto, Watford Carlton. With BACHELOR OF ART (U)

## LATE NIGHT

### Adventure

114 JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH (U). James Mason, Pat Boone. Dir: Henry Levin. Col. 132 mins. USA, 1959. Fri 23rd & Sat 24th: 11 pm: Tooting Classic. With FIERCEST HEART (U)

### Comedy

115 ERRAND BOY (U). Jerry Lewis, Brian Donlevy. Dir: Jerry Lewis. 93 mins. USA, 1961. Mon 19th-Fri 23rd, 11.15 pm: Chelsea Classic  
 \*116 GRADUATE, THE (X). See film No 19. Sat 24th, 11.15 pm: Baker St Classic  
 \*117 ITALIAN STRAW HAT (U). See Film No 20. Sat 17th, 10.30 pm: Hampstead Everyman  
 \*118 OTLEY (A). See Film No 24. Sat 24th, 11.15 pm: Chelsea Classic

### Drama

\*119 ALEXANDER NEVSKY (U). N K Charkasov, N P Okhlopkov. Dir: Sergio M Eisenstein & D I Vasiliev. 112 mins. USSR, 1938. Fri 23rd, 11.15 pm: Baker St Classic  
 \*\*\*120 ANATOLIAN SMILE (A). Stathis Giallelis, Linda Marsh. Dir: Elia Kazan. 167 mins. USA, 1963. Mon 19th-Fri 23rd, 11.15 pm: Notting Hill Gate Classic  
 \*121 BILLY BUDD (U). Robert Ryan, Terence Stamp. Dir: Peter Ustinov. 125 mins. GB, 1961/1962. Fri 16th & Sat 17th: 11 pm: Hampstead Classic  
 \*\*\*122 GROUP, THE (X). See Film

No 36. Sat 17th, 11.15 pm: Notting Hill Gate Classic  
 123 LOST SEX (X). Hideo Kanze, Nobuko Otowa. Dir: Kaneto Shindo. 95 mins. Japan, 1966. Fri 23rd & Sat 24th, 11.15 pm: Stockwell Tatler With X THE UNKNOWN (X)  
 \*124 PRESSURE POINT (X). Sidney Poitier, Bobby Darin. Dir: Hubert Cornfield. 88 mins. USA, 1962. Sun 18th, 11.15 pm: Notting Hill Gate Classic. Sat 24th, 11.20 pm: Leicester Sq Jacey. With BOY, DID I GET A WRONG NUMBER! (A) (Leicester Sq only)  
 \*\*125 REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE (X). James Dean, Natalie Wood. Dir: Nicholas Ray. Col. 106 mins. USA, 1955. Fri 23rd & Sat 24th, 11 pm: Hampstead Classic  
 \*\*126 REFLECTIONS IN A GOLDEN EYE (X). See Film No 47. Sat 17th, 11.15 pm: Chelsea Classic  
 127 SNOWS OF KILIMANJARO (A). Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward, Ava Gardner. Dir: Henry King. Col. 114 mins. USA, 1952. Fri 16th & Sat 17th, 11.15 pm: Baker St Classic  
 \*128 SONS & LOVERS (A). Trevor Howard, Dean Stockwell, Mary Ure. Dir: Jack Cardiff. 98 mins. GB, 1960. Fri 16th & Sat 17th, 11.15 pm: Stockwell Tatler. With TERROR STRIKES (X)  
 129 TO SIR, WITH LOVE (A). See Film No 56. Fri 16th & Sat 17th, 11 pm: Dalston Classic. With ALVAREZ KELLY (A)  
 \*\*130 WHISPERERS, THE (A). Edith Evans, Eric Portman. Dir: Bryan Forbes. 106 mins. GB, 1966. Sun 11th, 11.15 pm: Notting Hill Gate Classic  
 \*\*131 WORLD OF APU (U). See Film No 58. Sat 24th, 10.30 pm: Hampstead Everyman

### Horror

132 BERSERK (X). Joan Crawford, Ty Hardin. Dir: Jim O'Connolly. Col. 96 mins. GB, 1967. Sat 24th: Tooting Granada. With: CURSE OF THE MUMMY'S TOMB (X)  
 133 BLACK SCORPION (X). Richard Denning. Dir: Edward Ludwig. 87 mins. USA, 1956. Fri 16th & Sat 17th, 10.50 pm: Brixton Classic. Sat 17th only, 11 pm: Chingford Classic. With: MACABRE (X)  
 134 BODYSNATCHERS (A). Boris Karloff. Dir: Robert Wise. 73 mins. USA, 1945. Sat 24th: Kingston Granada. With: ISLE OF THE DEAD (X)  
 135 CAMP ON BLOOD ISLAND (X). Carl Mohner, Barbara Shelley. Dir: Val Guest. 82 mins. GB, 1957. Sat 24th, 11 pm: Chingford Classic. With: TORTURE GARDEN (X)  
 136 CASTLE OF EVIL (X). Scott



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## Checklist 68—Richard Brooks

b: 1912, Philadelphia, U.S.A. e: Temple University.  
Worked as journalist and as writer, narrator and commentator for radio and radio scripts for Orson Welles. In 1944 (Pond Theatre) with David Loew.

### Feature films as Director:

- 1950 CRISIS (also sc. Reviewed M.F.B. No. 208, p.183)
- 1951 THE LIGHT TOUCH (also sc. Reviewed M.F.B. No. 208, p.183)
- 1952 DEADLINE U.S.A. (British title: DEADLINE, also sc. Reviewed M.F.B. No. 208, p.183)
- 1954 TAKE THE HIGH GROUND (Reviewed M.F.B. No. 208, p.183)
- FLAME AND THE FLESH (Reviewed M.F.B. No. 208, p.183)
- THE LAST TIME I SAW PARIS (also sc. with M.F.B. No. 253, p.20)
- 1955 THE BLACKBOARD JUNGLE (also sc. Reviewed M.F.B. No. 253, p.20)
- THE LAST HUNT (also sc. Reviewed M.F.B. No. 253, p.20)
- 1956 THE CATERED AFFAIR (British title: WEDDING DINNER)
- 1957 SOMETHING OF VALUE (also sc. Reviewed M.F.B. No. 253, p.20)
- 1958 THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV (also sc. with CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF (also sc. with M.F.B. No. 253, p.20)
- 1960 ELMER GANTRY (also sc. Reviewed M.F.B. No. 253, p.20)
- 1962 SWEET BIRD OF YOUTH (also sc. Reviewed M.F.B. No. 253, p.20)
- 1964 LORD JIM (also p. and sc. Reviewed M.F.B. No. 253, p.20)
- 1966 THE PROFESSIONALS (also p. and sc. Reviewed M.F.B. No. 253, p.20)
- 1967 IN COLD BLOOD (also sc. Reviewed M.F.B. No. 253, p.20)

### Feature films (other than his own) as Scriptwriter:

- 1942 SIN TOWN (Brooks wrote additional dialogue)
- 1943 WHITE SAVAGE (d: Arthur Lubin)
- 1944 COBRA WOMAN (co-sc: W. Scott)
- 1947 SWELL GUY (d: Frank Tuttle)
- BRUTE FORCE (d: Jules Dassin)
- 1948 TO THE VICTOR (d: Delmer D'Amico)
- KEY LARGO (co-sc: John Huston)
- 1949 STORM WARNING (co-sc: Dan Taradash)
- ANY NUMBER CAN PLAY (co-sc: S. J. Perlmutter)
- 1950 MYSTERY STREET (co-sc: S. J. Perlmutter)

### Articles by:

- 1952 A Novel isn't a Movie in the U.S.A.
- 1956 Un Type Bien (on Mark F. X. Rinaldi's novel, 1947). T. J. Dmytryk in 1947).

## Skammen (The Shame)

Sweden, 1968

Director: Ingmar Bergman

Cert: X. dist: United Artists. p.c.: Svensk Filmindustri. p. ed: Lars-Owe Carlberg. sc: Ingmar Bergman. ph: Sverre Nykvist. Engholm, military adviser: Stig Lindberg. I.p.: Liv Ullmann (Eva Rosenberg), Max von Sydow (Jan Rosenberg), Gunnar Björnstrand (Colonel Jacobi), Sigge Furst (Filip), Birgitta Valberg (Mrs. Raymond Lundberg (Jacobi's Son), Frank Sundström (Chief Interrogator), Willy Peters (Elder Officer), Ulf Johansson (The Doctor), Axel Düberg (The Pilot), Rune Lindström (Stout Man), Bengt Fklund (Guard), Vilgot Sjöman (Interviewer), Lars Amble (An Officer), Åke Jönfalk (Condemned Man), Björn Thambert (Johan), Karl-Erik Forsberg (Secretary), Gösta Prüzelius (Rector), Brita Öberg (Woman in Interrogation Room), Agda Helin (Shopkeeper), Ellika Mann (Woman Guard), Frej Lindqvist, 9,258 ft. 103 mins. Subtitles.

Eva and Jan Rosenberg, violinists in a symphony orchestra that has now been disbanded, have taken up farming on an island where they feel detached from the war raging not far away on the mainland. Events outside are of no interest to them, although when they pay a brief visit to the mainland to see their crop of loganberries they are saddened by the chaos they see. Suddenly, the war spreads: a pilot is shot down near the farm and indistinguishable bands of soldiers come and go, terrifying the Rosenbergs but leaving them unharmed. They try to get away in their car, only to find the way blocked, and shortly afterwards their farm narrowly survives a ferocious artillery barrage. They are then swept off in a round-up of "collaborators", from which they are rescued by an old acquaintance, Colonel Jacobi; this places them under a moral obligation to follow. Jacobi's price for guaranteeing their safety is unknown to Jan until he accidentally sees the Colonel and Eva in the greenhouse. Heartbroken, he makes no effort to save resistance to being forced to shoot the man himself. This marks a turning-point in the marriage, previously dominated by Eva. Jan becomes coldly brutal, killing an exhausted soldier without hesitation in order to get boots and information. Learning of a motor-boat due to depart for the mainland, he buys a passage for Eva and himself. Soon the engine gives out and the tiny craft drifts endlessly through the relics of war.

By contrast with *Persson* and *Hour of the Wolf*, Bergman's new film is starkly pruned to absolute necessity—no flashbacks, no fantasies, and barely a touch of the eccentric—but the role as artist-hermit, surveying society from the vantage point of comfortable detachment and scorning both its neglect and its praise; at one time his characters could combat outside intrusion with ease, dismissing the symbols of militarism (as in *The Silence*) with the innocent shrug of a child, but gradually the stench of war has filtered through. In *The Shame*, Bergman blows his once inviolable island—where seemingly every member of his stock company has grappled with the concept of God at one time or another—into thunderous chunks of immediacy, flames, torture, execution and all. And when the destruction of all the decencies, such as love, trust, and friendship, good honest husbandry, an original Dvorak score, or a violin dating from 1814 (and surviving the Napoleonic wars)—Bergman drives his human flotsam back into the sea that has always lapped at the shores of their lives, and casts them away to dreams three times: at the beginning, when he wishes they were back in the secure democracy of the orchestra; in the middle, when she can only believe that they are in someone else's dream; and at the end, when she describes how, clutching

the daughter she knew I ought to but I'd forgotten the words come I can foresee no sal mere figment of so film suggests, for (and the terrible soldiers has the sa the murderous str revert to the thing member what these those of the artist, as well, disaster lo is a film about betr tangibly from the into the sea; the Rc trayed by their televis betrayer Jacobi, and trusts them. Finally, C the dreams of learni starting a family, the shortly before bombs doorstep. Deceit, at a Night, was once a char no longer finds it so. Y is still space for shafts c seller who suddenly rev love to him, the chicke bling rifle, or the obs Kreiser (who seems, li to have survived intact nificantly, the floating ci previous film, while the s conversation at table is seduction scene in *Hour forward of the zoom len throat. The beauty of The ship of impeccably handle kind of familiarity, no fa edge of what unavoidably*

## Sweet Charity

U.S.A., 1968

Cert: A. dist: Rank. p.c.: Un Ernest B. Wehmeyer, assistant Based on the musical play b (music), and Dorothy Fields (Notti di Cabiria by Federico F ph: Robert Surtees. Panavisio Gilmore. a.d.: Alexander Gol Jack D. Moore. m: Cy Coleman songs: "My Personal Property", "Could See Me Now", "The Ri Something Better Than This", "Big Spender" by Cy Coleman, I choreo: Bob Fosse. titles: R O. Watson, William Russell, R Shirley MacLaine (Charity Hope (Big Daddy), Ricardo Montalban (Oscar), Chita Rivera (Nickie), P. Dante D'Paulo (Charlie), John V. John Craig (Man in Fandango B Tandem), Tom Hatten (Man on Woman on Bridge), Charles Brewer Angarola (Maitre D at Cinemathe Jeff Burton (2nd Cop), Ceil Cabot (Manfred), Diki Lerner (Man with Appliance Salesman)



# SIGHT<sup>AND</sup>SOUND

THE INTERNATIONAL FILM QUARTERLY

## Contents Spring 1970

VOLUME 39 NO 2

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### Features

- 71 In the Picture
  - 80 Old Masters: Buñuel and Renoir
  - 109 Correspondence
  - 111 Notes on Contributors
  - 112 Film Guide
- 

### Articles

- 58 Chabrol's Schizophrenic Spider: TOM MILNE
  - 63 The Changing of the Guard: AXEL MADSEN
  - 66 Psycho, Rosie and a Touch of Orson:  
an interview with Janet Leigh: RUI NOGUEIRA
  - 75 After Six Films: JÖRN DONNER
  - 82 Dostoevsky and Bresson: ERIC RHODE
  - 84 Quite Apart from Miklos Jancso . . . : DAVID ROBINSON
  - 90 Raising the Red Flag: JAN DAWSON
  - 92 It's All True: CHARLES HIGHAM
  - 106 Birmingham Sparrow: In Memoriam, Iris Barry:  
IVOR MONTAGU
- 

### Film Reviews

- 99 Pigsty: PHILIP STRICK
  - 100 Medium Cool: PHILIP FRENCH
  - 101 Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid and  
Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here: TOM MILNE
  - 102 Black God, White Devil: PENELOPE HOUSTON
  - 103 Prologue: JAN DAWSON
  - 104 Model Shop: JOHN GILLETT
  - 104 Castle Keep: RICHARD COMBS
  - 105 Night of the Living Dead: ELLIOTT STEIN
- 

### Book Reviews

- 108 Kiss Kiss Bang Bang and Dwight Macdonald on Movies:  
PHILIP FRENCH
  - 109 Lindsay Anderson: DANIEL MILLAR
- 

Cover: John Frankenheimer's 'The Horsemen.'  
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Tom  
Milne





'Their mating and hunting habits are affected very strangely, and they weave weird and totally uncharacteristic patterns with their webs. The webs of most spider species are as distinctive and invariable as their colouring, but "mad" ones spin out fantastic, asymmetrical and rather nightmarish designs.'—J. R. SALAMANCA, *Lilith*.

**A**S LONG AGO AS *A Double Tour* and *Les Bonnes Femmes*, Chabrol was clearly the apprentice master technician of the Nouvelle Vague, conjuring with tracking shots and complex camera gyrations for the sheer Hitchcockian pleasure of it. Since then, while retaining his thematic allegiance to Hitchcock, he has moved stylistically closer—on the circumstantial evidence of his own admission and the irrefutable proof of his work—to the magnificently bleak geometry of Fritz Lang, where every shot is as ineluctably controlled yet redolent of mysterious motives as Destiny itself. Therefore, one might almost say, Chabrol has at last become, with his last three films from *Les Biches* to *Que la Bête Meure*, quite simply the best technician in France, *ex aequo* with Jean-Pierre Melville.

If this sounds like faint praise, it is not so intended. I mean, to borrow Humpty Dumpty's marvellously regal phrase, that Chabrol can make his images mean exactly what he chooses them to mean. *Que la Bête Meure*,\* for instance, is structured entirely on a camera movement as eloquent as the curious little zigzag in *Les Biches* which marks the moment of betrayal, or perhaps the beginnings of madness, as Why turns away from the front door behind which Paul is making love to Frédérique. In the last scene of *La Femme Infidèle*, Chabrol spoke equally eloquently through the lateral tracking shot, associated with Charles and the orderly, unimaginative way he manages his life, which is disrupted simultaneously by the track back taking him into the arms of the waiting police, and the slow zoom forward reaching yearningly after his wife. And that one camera movement in *Que la Bête Meure* is enough not only to convey emotions as unspoken as those which bind husband and wife together again at the end of *La Femme Infidèle*, but to make over rather alien, intractable material into something entirely Chabrol's own.

\* \* \*

The film is adapted, remarkably faithfully, from Nicholas Blake's intelligent but not outstanding thriller *The Beast Must Die*, about a man whose small son is run over and killed by a hit-and-run driver whom he then determines to hunt down and kill in his turn. Meanwhile, to keep his resolution up to the mark, he keeps a diary of his quest; and when he finally tracks down his victim, a loud-mouthed bully loathed by his own wife and son and a ripe candidate for elimination, he is foiled in his purpose when the victim discovers the diary and sends it to his lawyer to be opened in the event of his death. But the man is murdered anyway, and suspicion falls inevitably on the author of the diary.

The weakness in this otherwise ingenious plot is that it is highly unlikely that the bereaved father would succeed where full police investigation failed, without a single clue to help in identifying his son's killer. Nicholas Blake slides smoothly and unconcerned over the coincidence whereby a farmer leaning on a country gate watches the hero drive his car into a muddy watersplash, comments that the same thing happened once before (on the night of the boy's death), and that he happened to recognise the woman in the car as a film starlet (the killer's sister-in-law). Chabrol reproduces the scene exactly, except that there is no longer any question of coincidence. Just before his car sticks in the watersplash, Charles Thenier (Michel Duchaussoy) has acknowledged to himself the hopelessness of his quest: 'I well realise I am a man in the

world hunting another. I have all my life, and he has his . . . unless Chance should intervene. Chance is a wonderful thing.' Then, as he climbs out of the waterlogged car in the middle of a tranquil, completely deserted country lane, the camera lifts above the car, moves hesitantly forward along the hedge, and curves back over the road to arrow in on an apparently empty field and bring back the farmer, appearing as if by magic to make his revelations.

At the time it seems a clever trick, no more: Chabrol the Hitchcockian saying *this* is why the priest's bicycle fell over in *I Confess*, *this* is the power of fate. Later on in the film, however, the same movement is discreetly sketched again, conferring upon it a strange, retrospective authority. For the drama, inevitably, develops into one of transference of guilt. In stalking his victim, Charles Thenier finds himself lavishing his affection on, and acting as substitute father to, the victim's unhappy teenage son, Philippe. Between them there grows a strange complicity, beautifully realised in a scene where the boy, smarting from an unwarranted bullying from his father, steals Charles' secret thoughts and bursts out, 'Why don't you kill him?' Now inextricably intertwined, their paths are finally unravelled, made to run a parallel course, in the scene at the police station when Charles is finally arrested for the crime he did not manage to commit. The boy bursts in to confess that it was he who poisoned his hated father, and the camera describes the same elliptical curve as it did before—from police inspector to boy to Charles—a parabola of grace as mysterious and inescapable as the triple suicide roll at the end of *Mouchette*. Touched by this grace, Charles assumes responsibility for the crime.

Interestingly, it is here that Chabrol makes his one real departure from the novel, apart from minor excisions such as the poison pen theme, which is irrelevant anyway. In *The Beast Must Die*, the diary is a cunning red herring, the hero really does commit the murder, and the boy confesses in the hope of saving him; in *Que la Bête Meure*, the diary is genuine, and despite a possible loophole of ambiguity, one is left in no doubt that the boy is the murderer. Both novel and film have the hero assume final responsibility, but Chabrol's treatment adds another, richer dimension to the simple, substitute father-son affection between Charles and the boy. In the scene already mentioned, where the boy intuitively divines Charles' intention and says 'Why don't you kill him?', they are sitting on a low wall, conventionally framed by the hanging branches of a tree. Suddenly, as Charles protests, and Philippe adds 'If you won't, I will,' the focus changes, and they fade into the camouflaging screen of leaves, two animals lurking in a mysterious jungle.

Not only does this image complete the transference between Charles and Philippe, it also identifies the hunter with the hunted. Philippe's father, the unscrupulous child-killer (a typically gross, unfeeling Chabrol paterfamilias), may be the beast of the title at the outset, but Charles gradually begins to usurp his role. And in the film, unlike the book, the epilogue (quoted from the Book of Ecclesiastes by way of Brahms' 'Serious Songs') is not merely a last-line flourish, but a profound moral judgment as Charles, withdrawing self-outlawed from the society of men, heads for the open sea in his fragile dinghy: 'The beast must die, the man dieth also, yea both must die.'

So naked is the film's preoccupation with the innocent vulnerability of childhood that it ought to put paid once and for all—even more finally than the more oblique concern of *La Femme Infidèle*—to the popular critical misconception of Chabrol as a heartless caricaturist, gleefully reducing humanity to its lowest common denominator of vulgar stupidity just for the fun of it. The label of cynic seems to have cropped up with *Les Cousins*, the film in which Chabrol's sympathies were with the idle grasshopper Paul (the decadent student played by Brial) rather than the hardworking ant Charles (the country cousin played by Blain), and to have stuck ever since. But one should beware of judging Chabrol by appearances. The texture of *Les Cousins* gives a very different reading from the casual assumption that it shows the triumph of vice over virtue. For the Brial character reveals a curious kind of moral honesty in that he has no illusions

\*Killer! in this country.



about himself, and an equally curious moral virtue in that he tries to prevent his country cousin from wading in out of his depth.

On one level, Paul may be said to have shattered Charles' illusions by seducing the girl he loves. On another level, Chabrol's level, Paul *protects* these illusions, at a price which includes both his cousin's innocence, and his cousin's regard for him. Granted Paul's casual but genuine affection for Charles, which is stressed on several occasions in the film, the tricky contours of his moral decision are made quite clear, (1) by our, and Paul's, knowledge that Florence is not the romantic heroine Charles imagines she is or can become; (2) by the unequivocal fact that Florence deliberately mistook the time of her rendezvous with Charles in order to find Paul alone; and (3) by Paul's initial hesitation until Florence ('J'essaie de l'aimer') indicates that she would marry Charles if he asked her, whereupon he undertakes not only her seduction, but a demonstration to her ('Tu as la peau enflammée') of her nymphomania. The right feelings, though not necessarily the right actions, are always on Paul's side in his relationship with Charles; and it is characteristic of Chabrol that he should endorse the moral decisions of a man who appears indefensible (cf. Paul's cruel joke after the party when he wakes up Marc—a Jew—by shining a torch in his eyes and yelling 'Steh' auf!' in best Gestapo manner). Appearances have nothing to do with honesty, sincerity or goodness in Chabrol's world.

'Satire,' wrote Swift in *The Battle of the Books*, 'is a sort of glass, wherein beholders do generally discover everybody's face but their own.' And all great satirists, of course, from Swift down to von Stroheim, are romantic idealists at heart—they have to be, or they wouldn't consider the world worth their trouble. Chabrol may or may not be a great satirist—it is perhaps too soon to expect this final critical accolade on his behalf—but he is an idealist; and if, for sake of a better definition, one accepts the label of cynic that has been attached to him, perhaps one might take a leaf out of Swift's book to define Chabrol's cynicism as a sort of glass wherein beholders do generally discover what they take to be their virtues reflected as sins.

\* \* \*

If one looks back over the whole stretch of Chabrol's seventeen films and three sketches, three dominant images emerge.

(1) *The Castle*. In almost every film (every so-called serious film, at least), someone builds his own enclave in the world and guards it against attack. It may be literally a castle, like the mansion in *L'Oeil du Malin*, where the German novelist finds his blissful happiness eaten away until he is driven to murder his wife. Or it may be a moral dominion, like Serge's contented *abrutissement* in *Le Beau Serge*, or Paul's happy amorality in *Les Cousins*. Or it may be an emotional state, like Why's need for both Paul and Frédérique in *Les Biches*.

(2) *The Family*. Chabrol, of course, is notorious for his scenes of family life, with a dinner-table scene almost obligatory in every film as a focus for squabbles, relief from domestic boredom, an excuse for crude behaviour. But even when there is no family as such, his characters tend to group themselves into the semblance of one. The obvious example is *Les Biches*, with Frédérique adding Why to her ménage of two tame queers, and when the latter are forced out, replacing them with Paul. The same thing happens in the ménage à trois of *Les Cousins*, the Frenchman's infiltration of the German's home in *L'Oeil du Malin*, and in the multiple-murderer's creation of a home-from-home whenever he is forced out to dispatch a victim in *Landru*. Chabrol's characters can never live apart, even if they cannot survive together.

(3) *The Nigger in the Woodpile*. It follows inevitably from the fact that an enclave is to be defended, by whatever means and whatever allies are available, that a nigger will soon emerge to disrupt the woodpile, whether he be an intruder from the outside, as in *Le Beau Serge*, *Les Cousins*, *L'Oeil du Malin*, or a jester from the inside, like the mad son in *Ophélie*, or Bluebeard himself in *Landru*. Sometimes, of course, both may appear in one film, as in *Les Biches*, or have their roles

reversed, as in *A Double Tour*, where the intruder is really the murderous son (André Jocelyn) and the jester the uncouth stranger (Belmondo). The pattern is distinct, provided one does not schematise too much. The beautiful Léda in *A Double Tour*, for instance, is as much an intruder in her own way as either the son or the uncouth Hungarian; *everyone* intrudes in *Les Biches*; and the disruptive jester may turn up anywhere, even as a passing acquaintance (the man in the café who mockingly parrots Charles' requests through a mouthful of hardboiled egg in *La Femme Infidèle*, or the drunk in the nightclub who tells him, at precisely the wrong moment, 'Vous avez l'air d'un con!').

It isn't difficult to see the Chabrol family, however it is composed, as a microcosm of the bourgeoisie, jealously serrying its ranks to protect its privileges, its pleasures and even its vices (cf. the celebrated Victorian hypocrisy whereby the vices you don't see don't exist) against attack. What is less easy to define is why Chabrol's white knights are so often madmen and eccentrics—the grotesques, in fact, for whom he has so often been criticised.

Here, two parentheses, one personal, one not. To take the impersonal one first: in 1959, at the outset of his film-making career, Chabrol published an article in *Cahiers du Cinéma* called 'Les Petits Sujets'. In it he argued, as one might expect, that there are no 'big' or 'little' subjects, only subjects. To illustrate, he outlines two scenarios. One ('The Apocalypse of Our Time'), repeats the ponderous allegory of *The World, The Flesh and The Devil*, with the three survivors of a global atomic holocaust being a girl, a Negro and a white man. The other scenario ('Quarrel Between Neighbours') retells the same schematic story in a small context, with a lonely peasant falling in love with a town girl, and fighting to the death with an urbanised peasant who also covets her and wants to take her back to her rightful milieu. Despite the evident similarities with the outline of *Le Beau Serge*, Chabrol dismisses this second scenario as being as hollow as the first. 'Ce qui est important ce n'est pas le message, c'est le regard,' is Godard's gloss, and what I take Chabrol to be implying is that you can be as significant as you like, but don't leave the signposts lying about; which I take also to be his practice as a filmmaker.

Now the personal parenthesis. Every time I watch one of Chabrol's more personal films—*Les Cousins*, *Les Bonnes Femmes*, *L'Oeil du Malin*, *Ophélie*, the last trio—I am haunted by an image from the opening of Rossen's extraordinary film *Lilith*. A landscape of absolute peace, of sunstruck lawns, trees and fountains as Vincent turns into the gates of the asylum, and makes his first tour of the wards in an atmosphere of polite, ordered content, ruffled only by the glimpse of a woman leaning over the banisters to mouth obscenely at him, or of a catatonic patient crouched patiently, grotesquely, in the corner of a cell. As Vincent discovers in his subsequent dealings with the beautiful but hopelessly demented Lilith, this air of calm beauty is simply a web woven by a schizophrenic spider to entrap the unwary, a mask which conceals, but never eliminates, the abyss of reality underneath.

For Chabrol, I suspect, his hated, omnipresent bourgeoisie is his lunatic asylum, concealing its shame behind a series of cool windows and occasionally, inadvertently, letting loose a kind of havoc when an intruder manages to breach the walls, as Vincent does in his love affair with Lilith. Like Lilith, with her despairing cry of 'I show my love for all of you, and you despise me,' Chabrol characters are driven by a desperate need to love and be loved, which is turned into a destructive force by the warped world they live in. A key film in this respect is *Les Bonnes Femmes*, where the schizophrenic web is already being spun, in embryo as it were, in the theme of the manic killer who awaits Parisian shopgirls in their quest for love. Yet in their destruction they also find ecstasy; and one of the most beautiful moments in the film comes when the camera radiantly scans the sun through the trees as Jacqueline dies. A few seconds earlier her killer, a motor-cyclist messenger from *Orphée*, had murmured, 'Don't you trust me?' 'Yes,' she replied ecstatically. And she was right, for perhaps in the brief moment of her love she glimpsed the reality beneath the mask.





## Que la bête meure

*above: 'Waiting for the master of the house . . .'*

*centre: 'Love itself, its essential simplicity . . .'*

*below, left: 'A parabola of grace . . .'*

*below, right: 'A curiously contrived accident . . .'*





A further interesting parallel with *Lilith* is that when the affair between the therapist and his patient finally blows up in their faces, one is left with the insoluble problem of deciding which is the victim and which the villain between Lilith, weaving an insidious siren song of purity and ecstasy, and Vincent, reaching out for the promised delights but recoiling before the dark, fathomless abyss he uncovers. The strange vortex of passions which binds Chabrol's characters together makes their entanglement equally insoluble. Did Paul destroy Charles in *Les Cousins* by making him face his own mediocrity, or alternatively did Charles destroy Paul by forcing him to follow his emotions for once? Even more difficult to decide: which is the *agent provocateur* between Why, Frédérique and Paul in *Les Biches*? Impossible to answer when controlled, civilised emotions are suddenly exposed to the obscure motives of the unconscious. Initially, Frédérique picks up Why as a promising holiday companion, Why accepts for financial reasons, and Paul is doing a spot of flirtatious fishing. What they unleash, at least partly under provocation from the two crazy queers, is another matter altogether.

Chabrol, of course, is notoriously not to be taken too seriously. Once, when asked why he allowed Pierre Bertin to ham it up so outrageously as the shopkeeper in *Les Bonnes Femmes*, he simply answered 'I like hams', adding that he had aided and abetted Bertin in overplaying. Nevertheless, while enjoying their outrageous behaviour as befits a filmmaker whose aim in life is not so much to *épater le bourgeois* as to *épater* through the medium of the bourgeois, Chabrol reserves a special kind of affection for his grotesques (the jesters and the intruders, that is, not the bourgeois monsters who head his families). Yvan-Hamlet, wandering alone in the fields to declaim his absurd apostrophes to dead crows, or gaze indulgently at old Polonius dying spreadeagled at the top of a waving pine tree in *Ophélie*; the jerky little Polichinelle figure of Landru going to the guillotine in the firm conviction that the whole world is out of step but him; Paul in *Les Cousins* pausing in distress in the middle of his bravura Wagnerian-Hitlerian masquerade when he realises that Charles has been ensnared by Florence: all have a kind of secret dignity beyond the way they look, the way they speak or act. They are, in a sense, Chabrol's *porte-parole*, bearing a message that insanity might be preferable in this sane world of ours. All proportions carefully preserved, Chabrol's vision of human relationships is almost as bleak as Beckett's, though ultimately less doomed to sterility, if only because the inmates of his asylum who are labelled insane by the keepers of their morality retain the world's remaining grain of sanity in their mockery of its frailties.

\* \* \*

As Robin Wood points out, writing in *Movie 17*, *La Femme Infidèle* breaks 'the rules of the Chabrol triangular geometry, as established in *Les Cousins* and *Les Biches*' by not having the wife kill the husband when she discovers he has murdered her lover. Although ending the film this way would have meant reducing *La Femme Infidèle* to a simple triangle, which Chabrol never does, least of all in *Les Cousins* and *Les Biches*, the point is well taken. The reason, I suspect, is that for the first time Chabrol found himself with an intruder in the family who was not a schemer or an eccentric, but an innocent child: the little boy whose cry of hatred, 'Vous êtes fous, tous les deux. Je vous déteste,' not only stopped his parents dead in their quarrelling tracks, but for the first time provided a means of stilling the vortex of passions to which Chabrol characters were once doomed.

Previously, apart from the baby at the end of *Le Beau Serge*, the only child to figure prominently in a Chabrol film was the boy in *La Muette* (Chabrol's sketch in *Paris vu par . . .*) who buys earplugs to blot out the sound of his parents' constant quarrelling, which he does so effectively that when his mother falls downstairs after a particularly violent quarrel, he is able to ignore her cries of pain. There, the child was in a sense as much a monster as his parents,

wise beyond his years in the solution of his problem, and little more than a witness to the bourgeois travesty of his home life; in *La Femme Infidèle* he becomes a catalyst, a human being with the purity and enchantment of a Lilith. Faced by the boy's sanity, his father no longer needs the insanity which, by driving him to murder his wife's lover, was the only thing that could (paradox again) preserve his sanity.

This opening-out of Chabrol's vision is taken a stage further in *Que la Bête Meure*, where there are not one, but two catalysts to unravel the spiralling, interlocking passions. As the film opens, the screen is an expanse of pure, dazzling whiteness, marked by a tiny splash of grey which gradually resolves itself into a child playing on a beach. The camera, in a lazy lateral pan, picks up a car travelling fast along a road, gazes serenely down at the child on the beach again, then begins to alternate between them, cutting in a shot of a hand on the gear-lever, of the road speeding beyond the windscreen as the child makes his way up from the beach, building geometrically in urgency as the inevitable accident approaches, but retaining a calm detachment. It is just that: an accident. Then after the crash, the camera remains horizontal, poised above the body, as the father comes into frame, bends down out of it to pick up his son, and re-enters with a despairing cry of 'Non!' The sudden change from Euclidian geometry to graceless, incalculable angles is extraordinarily disruptive, a feeling furthered when (after the credits unfold against a clock-tower and the camera then pans slowly down to the chalk outline of a body at the crossroads) the next shot is a close-up of a hand writing obsessively in a diary, 'I am going to kill a man . . . I don't know his name, what he looks like or his address, but I'm going to find him and kill him.'

As the hunt begins, so the geometrics begin again, this time with an obsessive note to them as Charles returns home for the first time since his nervous breakdown after his son's death, and wanders from room to room while the camera prowls with detached interest, suddenly backing away as a teddy-bear falls out of a cupboard and Charles, framed with a hint of the angular paranoia of *Caligari* between the jutting cupboard door and the wall, hugs the toy to him in sudden, uncontrollable grief.

Chance aiding, the hunt proceeds placidly, punctuated by returns to the obsessional diary, and Charles follows the classic path of the Chabrol hero. He invades his victim's castle; he infiltrates his family. But instead of destroying Paul (Jean Yanne), like Hamlet he procrastinates, although Chabrol makes it clear in a magnificent *coup de théâtre* that there is no moral reason for hesitation. When Charles first arrives at the house, the family and their guests are spread out in an edgy semi-circle, making desultory attempts at polite conversation while waiting for the master of the house to return; and a moment later Paul, a typical Chabrol monster, is heralded as the beast who must certainly die by a stream of abuse outside the door, by straying hands in the salon, and by cruel wit at the expense of his wife and son. Yet still Charles hesitates.

Crucial here is a curiously contrived accident (chance taking a hand again?) when Paul slips at the edge of a cliff during a picnic and Charles, after deciding to let him fall, rescues him. As he does so, Chabrol cuts to a shot of Hélène coming into view—the sister-in-law whom Charles used to get at Paul, but then began to fall in love with. It is left deliberately ambiguous whether Charles saw Hélène before or after rescuing Paul, whether he feared she might give him away or perhaps might cease to love him if she knew. What is *not* left ambiguous, I think for the first time in Chabrol's work, is love itself, its essential simplicity, the fact that it can be spoken without opening yawning chasms of uncertainty. 'But for this I would have loved you, Hélène,' says Charles at the end as he prepares to disappear; and the words are unequivocal as they never were even in *La Femme Infidèle*.

If Charles is saved from his madness, it is because the beast (the bourgeoisie) is destroyed from within, by the love of Hélène and of Philippe. They break the web of the schizophrenic spider, and Charles dares to gaze on the reality behind it.



**C**INEMA DOESN'T LIVE on its masterpieces but between them; and that, again, is the unfolding drama. What is new this spring, however, is the economic reality. All of a sudden money seems the unlikely ally of sanity, quality and the forward thrust.

As the United States lumbers toward a trillion dollar economy (that's a near-metaphysical concept, a one followed by twelve zeros), movies and the mechanics of their financing do seem a puny subject. Who cares about write-offs and budget ceilings when Marshall McLuhan himself warns that the young—and isn't youth what it's all about?—are not interested in the skills it takes to run a technological civilisation. Whether Hollywood is at high noon or fading into its own sunset may seem a positively prehistoric question when the cinema that matters is dashing from the barricade to the bedroom, from flirtations with Marx to infatuations with inner-direction and spiritual intangibles.

With a superbash thrown last fall for Jack L. Warner at the studio he and his brothers hammered together, the last of the founding fathers went thataway. If a feeling that somehow we've seen it all before prevents us from hailing any New Dawn, a glance at the changing of the guard may be revealing. Some of the new men have been occupying the rooms at the top for several years, but newer men—particularly Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's James Thomas Aubrey—and the changing economic realities lend impetus to a look at the New Bosses. Writing obituaries for Hollywood is the media game this spring. What most such surveys manage to miss, however, or bury in tailend paragraphs, are the simpler facts of survival: an industry climbing towards worldwide annual earnings of three billion dollars doesn't lie down and expire. It adapts itself. Not that ironies and paradoxes are absent: U.S. moviegoers for example paid more than one billion dollars last year, the highest admission figure in seven years, yet this was only two-thirds of what it was in 1946.

The adapting was going hard and strong this spring, with 'Jungle Jim' Aubrey and various firing squads occupying centre-stage, and a cast of thousands disappearing in the wings in an intrigue of passion and money that Balzac—and Lubitsch—would have savoured.

Money. The spate of corporate mergers that has made movies a fringe operation of Big Business seems over—temporarily at least—in the face of sour experiences at the box-office and changing fiscal policies in Washington. Ironically, the reasons for the sell-outs in the late 1960s were less mismanagement than the innate flimsiness of movies as negotiable goods, combined with the deeper involvement in European production which kept demanding heavier outlays in cash. Paramount Pictures became a division of Gulf & Western, a vastly diversified insurance

# THE CHANGING OF THE GUARD

Axel Madsen



ZANUCK FILS ET PERE

company trust; United Artists sold out to Transamerica, a holding company originating in Bank of America; Warner Brothers, after merging with the largely Canadian holding of Seven Arts, became in its turn a daughter company of Kinney National (parking lots, funeral-parlours, auto-rentals and *Mad* magazine), and Joseph E. Levine's lively Embassy Pictures came under the Avco umbrella (military and space hardware, banking, credit cards); leaving 20th Century-Fox, Columbia Pictures and the family-owned and now vastly diversified Disney organisation the only movie-makers still in control. After three years of proxy battles, M-G-M went through three management changes in one year. Finally, the Las Vegas financier Kirk Kerkorian took command by purchasing 40 per cent of M-G-M for 80 million dollars. He put former television network boss Aubrey in as president, and began unloading much of Metro's real estate.

New money was also coming in. Already called the 'mini-majors' are such entries as ABC Pictures and Cinema Center Films, both network-financed although their output (*They Shoot Horses Don't They?*, *Little Big Man*) is not primarily oriented toward television. Others are themselves conglomerate spin-offs, such as Commonwealth United (*Viva Max*, *The Magic Christian*), and diversification is everywhere—into publishing (RCA), hotels (Columbia), real estate (Fox). The game is international. Holland's mighty Philips and Britain's EMI are fighting in other film-and-leisure sweepstakes, and Gulf & Western has wider horizons than Paramount, Dot Records, Famous Music and affiliated activities. Recently, however, the Nixon administration has been looking with disfavour at the growing power of conglomerates, and anti-trust cases are before the courts. The key to the rise of conglomerates

lies in tax laws. Cash-heavy corporations investing earnings which would otherwise go to Uncle Sam in (usually smaller and often deficit-ridden or cash-hungry) firms are considered blood donors, not suckers, and their transfusions are treated as tax write-offs.\*

A combination of bad gambling and audience defection to upstart 'little' films caught Hollywood with capital investments of \$100 million; and, understandably, the conglomerates' ardour cooled. Gulf & Western put the 52-acre Paramount Hollywood lot up for sale (by February, however, the management seemed to have had second thoughts), and Kinney National, also for financial reasons, became less happy with the Warner Brothers marriage. In 1969 five of the Big Seven declared losses totalling \$110 million, and by midwinter Hollywood was indeed that tired metaphor—a ghost town. Fox, Paramount and Warners went into hibernation, closing down their facilities. As all the majors except Disney 'restructured' their operations, lay-offs for the first time since the post-*Cleopatra* wind-down at Fox in 1963 hit established personnel. As many as 800 studio employees were retired and not replaced, furloughed, or discharged in Hollywood alone; and the belt-tightening was felt around the world. By mid-February, however, the cutbacks were already beginning to look like a nervous overkill, and a form of retooling was under way.

The eye of the storm, and of the hoped-for salvation, somehow centres on M-G-M and its new boss. The axe

\* Readers wondering why M-G-M and Fox, say, haven't themselves intermarried must recall that federal law only permits 'vertical' acquisitions and that, with the exception of deficit-ridden public utilities, 'horizontal' mergers within the same industry are opposed by the Department of Justice.



fell heaviest at Metro, but James Aubrey, the former TV executive, has that confidence and touch of both grandeur and candour that above everything else everyone seemed to be expecting.

For five years, Aubrey had ruled CBS with a high hand and a low common denominator in programming, and for a time shot the network to the top of the ratings. He selected and rejected programmes and personalities with the confidence with which he picked out his ties in the mornings, and in the complex and competitive game of network leadership he earned the not entirely pejorative nickname of the 'Smiling Cobra'. In its September 10th, 1965 issue, *Life* detailed his ousting under the title 'The Tyrant's Fall that Rocked the TV World'.

Since a well-scripted performance at an M-G-M stockholders' meeting in January, which included an impromptu fashion show of leopard coats called the 'Jungle Jim' line, Aubrey has been wielding scalpel and plough-share with considerable skill. Pinning the attempt to make Leo roar again on youth, his more spectacular decisions include the killing both of an adaptation of André Malraux's *Man's Fate*, after \$3 million and three years of Fred Zinnemann's life had been invested, and of John Boorman's planned film of *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead*. Along with this, perhaps, goes the saving of Antonioni's *Zabriskie Point*.

'They had insisted Antonioni emasculate the film, so they didn't see the film he made but the one they dictated to him must be assembled,' Louise Sweeney quoted Aubrey as saying, in the February issue of the revived *Show* magazine. 'When I asked people here

about it they said Polk had ordered it [footage of riots and an orgy] all taken out . . . I told Antonioni on the 'phone that I respected his genius and asked him to please put the film back together again as he had first conceived it.'

Before Aubrey had been six months in the Lion's cage, he and his closest collaborators, Doug Netter and Herb Solow, had cut nearly forty per cent of M-G-M's labour force, closed more than 20 of 32 domestic sales offices, sold (with a lease-back contract) the studio's wardrobe and sets departments plus its stock footage library, taken measures to move Metro's headquarters from Manhattan to Culver City, set up a strong London base, and lined up over 20 films to go into production in 1970.

'We will spend whatever it takes to make a picture within a reasonable budget but you can forget anything above \$4 million,' Netter told a Hollywood trade press conference (*Man's Fate* was budgeted at \$11 million). Aubrey's slate includes the next two Beatle pictures, a movie on 'groupies' (girls around pop stars) and an adaptation of Abbie Hoffman's *Revolution for the Hell of It*. Other innovations include the speeding up of the whole film-making process, from pre- to post-production (David Lean's protracted *Ryan's Daughter* will be cut in Culver City and marketed this fall), and the stocking of fewer prints. The first pictures before the cameras under Aubrey are Burt Kennedy's *Dirty Dingus Magee*, for the starring role in which Frank Sinatra took a \$300,000 salary cut, and Jack Smight's *The Travelling Executioner*. European production is to start up at Boreham Wood in May with Cornel Wilde's adaptation of John

Christopher's novel *No Blades of Grass*.

What Aubrey finds most startling when he thinks back on his television days is the gap between TV and film audiences. 'Mr. Nixon's silent majority stays home and uses TV as a soporific. Its mediocrity and banality has driven the young away from TV and into the movies. The audience, I think, is ahead of the business, and we've got to get ahead of them. The revolution has been rapid and we all got caught, but I think we're fortunate to have the audience we've got. The audience is obviously young. It is also educated and selective, and as it grows over thirty will stay with us, I think.'

'The older stars are going to have to play older roles if they want to work with us; we can't make a picture with Burt Lancaster and Deborah Kerr groping with each other any more,' Aubrey told *Time* in February. Less headline-catching are such utterances as 'The reasons for the present infortunes are the inability to change an archaic method of distributing and marketing films and a general inability on the part of management to come to terms with the realities.'

The youngest of the New Bosses is also the one who has so far had the least chance to prove himself. Stanley Jaffe, 29, son of Columbia Pictures' president Leo Jaffe, has had his hands tied by the production freeze which Gulf & Western chairman Charles Bluhdorn decreed for Paramount. Jaffe had produced three films (*Goodbye Columbus* and *A New Leaf* for Paramount, *I Start Counting* for United Artists) when Bluhdorn appointed him executive vice-president, sharing power with Robert Evans, the former clothing manufacturer and one-time actor whom Bluhdorn set up as studio chief when Gulf & Western took over Paramount in 1965. Evans, who gave us Polanski's *Rosemary's Baby*, has also been responsible for such heavily budgeted recent ventures as Mike Nichols' *Catch 22*, Blake Edwards' *Darling Lili*, and Joshua Logan's *Paint Your Wagon*.

'The \$15 million and upwards picture has been the bane of the business,' wrote *Variety* in its 1970 anniversary issue. And if Paramount is still sitting on its *Darling Lili* and *Catch 22*, Fox has its *Hello, Dolly!*, *Patton* and *Tora, Tora, Tora*, representing an investment of more than \$50 million, to wonder about. The rule of thumb calculation is that a film must gross two and a half times its cost to break even (the failure percentage is the same for 'little' and big movies—about 70 per cent), which means that on the three super-productions, Fox would only start making money after \$125 million.

'When we see how well *Dolly* is performing, ditto *John and Mary*, *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, and the house record at the Baronet for *Mash*, it would seem that, when the chips are

KIM DARBY AND BRUCE DAVISON IN "THE STRAWBERRY STATEMENT".





down, if you've got the merchandise, which we must continue to make if we're to stay in business, you will stay in business,' was the way Darryl F. Zanuck explained it at a January stockholders' meeting in New York. Meanwhile, on the Coast, his son announced that production would start up again in June (with an adaptation of Mustard Stewart's novel *The Mephisto Waltz*, to be directed by Paul Wendkos), and that with few exceptions a \$2 million ceiling will be enforced. 'Star! was the greatest puzzlement and disappointment in the seven years I've been here; it had me staying up at night,' says Richard Zanuck. 'There are no guarantees any more.'

The Zanucks began scaling down when they turned down *The Love Machine*, despite their success with Jacqueline Susann's *Valley of the Dolls*. The asking price (finally paid by Columbia) was \$1.5 million plus percentage. 'That's an infuriating price, the kind of price that can wreck the industry,' young Zanuck forecast a year ago, without adding that his studio had sinned more than many in buying bestsellers (*The Salzburg Connection*, *Myra Breckinridge*, *Portnoy's Complaint*) at inflationary prices.\*

When the elder Zanuck made his then 28-year-old son head of the studio, nepotism was the kindest word commentators could find. Yet Dick Zanuck has turned out to be a more than able administrator, if a rare believer in art on celluloid, and he has resisted attempts to bring movie-making into the computerised, cost-controlled business of the most depressing kind.

United Artists and Columbia are run from New York, UA by David Picker, a 39-year-old second-generation film man, and Columbia by Leo Jaffe. Five out of six movies are shot on location today, and UA has counted the blessings of not having a studio innumerable times. However, the company which Chaplin, Fairbanks, Pickford and Griffith founded in 1919 has not escaped the current ailment of over-production. With upwards of 40 pictures to be released—reportedly the highest backlog in its history—UA has also pulled back on new activity (including the shelving of a Julie Andrews movie, *I Do, I Do*). But Picker has enthusiasm and is surrounded by a band of aggressive and no-nonsense staffers, and he is a boss who doesn't take himself too seriously. He

\* William Styron's 1968 bestseller *The Confessions of Nat Turner* is possibly the best example of precipitate snapping up of literary properties. Bought for \$800,000 by David Wolper, the book ran into immediate opposition from black leaders, who claimed the novel 'murdered the spirit of one of the great ethnic heroes of black Americans'. Norman Jewison immediately dropped the project, and despite halfhearted press releases, it seems unlikely that *Nat Turner* will now be made.



DUSTIN HOFFMAN IN "LITTLE BIG MAN"

once suggested that if in any one year a company did every project it had turned down and turned down every project it actually had done, it might well come up with the same number of hits and flops.

Columbia is the most active studio this spring, with four films before the cameras in Hollywood and a John Frankenheimer production shooting in Madrid. Columbia has been lucky with its super-productions (*Funny Girl* and *Oliver* earned over \$30 million in the U.S. and Canada alone), which may explain why it plans to make a musical version of its 1934 smash hit *It Happened One Night*.

When Kinney National took over the Ashley Famous Talent Agency in 1967, it acquired Ted Ashley in the bargain. Two years later, when Kinney divested itself of Ashley Famous in order to avoid any conflict of interests in connection with the acquisition of Warner Brothers, it replaced Kenneth Hyman (of the Seven Arts regime) and put Ashley in his stead.

'In today's market, cost factors are critical for both films and TV,' said Ashley, when he closed down the Burbank lot in January for a four-month period. Warners is a living example that betting on 'name directors' can be just as much of a toss-up as thinking that stars can pull a picture through the box-office. WB's disaster area this winter was Elia Kazan's *The Arrangement* and its consolations *Bullitt* and *The Wild Bunch*—both projects which Hyman personally pushed through. On its 1970 slate are the next films of Peckinpah (*The Summer Soldier*) and Joseph Mankiewicz (*There Was a Crooked Man . . .*). It should also be noted that Stanley Kubrick has discarded, at least for the time being, his *Napoleon* and instead will make *A Clockwork Orange*, a satire on teenage violence in a futuristic welfare state, for WB.

Still licking its wounds from *Sweet*

*Charity* and *Isadora*, and hoping that *Airport* will click, Universal is in a state of suspended animation. Merger manoeuvres nearly landed Universal-MCA in a \$300 million marriage with Westinghouse, but the US government said no because of conflict of interests, and matrimony with Firestone Tire and Rubber also fell through. Universal is the square of the industry, where employees are actually asked to wear button-down shirts to work. In the face of slow cash-flows, rumours persist of a major shift in the company philosophy, although Universal's first and expensive brush with auteurs (*Fahrenheit 451*, etc.) could be a discouragement from going mod. Its productions started so far this year include Frank and Eleanor Perry's *Diary of a Mad Housewife*, Robert Wise's adaptation of *The Andromeda Strain*, Don Siegel's *Beguiled* and Dennis Hopper's *The Last Movie*, now shooting in Peru.

If this winter the majors were busier cutting budgets and losses and writing off properties in the works (*Man's Fate*), and even in the can (Frankenheimer's unfortunate *The Extraordinary Seaman*), than making films, the mini-majors were forging ahead to fill any shortage. Under Oliver Unger, Commonwealth United will make twelve films—half of them in England—for \$2 million apiece. ABC Pictures, under former agent Martin Baum, has six films 'scripted, budgeted and ready' and another fifteen in various pre-production stages, while CCF is financing the all-British musical *Scrooge*. American International Pictures is also working overtime. AIP's Samuel Arkoff and James Nicholson have made a fortune by being tuned to the very young market ('we have a rule: no parents, church or school authorities in our films'), with the interminable list of beach-blanket bikini movies, horror pictures, *Wild in the Street* protest quickies and sexploitationers. AIP will distribute 21 features during the first nine months of 1970, and future production plans include a remake, to be directed by BBC documentary director Robert Fuest, of *Wuthering Heights*.

*Easy Rider* cost \$400,000 and is expected to gross \$30 million for Columbia. But whether the success of the 'little' film has knocked whatever was left of the star system is debatable. It could be argued that Dustin Hoffman, for example, is a new star; but the 'Easy Rider' belt is tightening around the necks of prima donna producers and directors, as *Time* put it. The foreseeable future will be dictated by the youthquake, although a reaction of sorts is setting in.

'We simply cannot afford to write off any segment of the public,' president Eugene Picker of the National Association of Theatre Owners told a convention. Last year, Disney confirmed that the 'family audience' is still there.

*Continued on page 111*



# Psycho, Rosie & A Touch of Orson

JANET LEIGH TALKS TO RUI NOGUEIRA/PHOTO NICOLETTA ZALAFFI





WHEN THE M-G-M publicity department proclaimed the arrival of yet another new star in 1947—the personal discovery of Norma Shearer, no less—few people, probably, would have taken survival bets on the charmingly rustic maiden of *The Romance of Rosy Ridge*. Like so many Hollywood stars, however, Janet Leigh grew better and better as the years went by, through a growing collection of first-rate films: *Act of Violence*, *Scaramouche*, *The Naked Spur*, *My Sister Eileen*, *Jet Pilot*, *Touch of Evil*, *Psycho*, *The Manchurian Candidate*. Here, in her own view, is how, why and wherefore.

**S**INCE YOU'VE ASKED ME whether the Norma Shearer story is true or whether it was just a publicity stunt, I'll tell you what really happened. I was in college and went on holiday to visit my parents, who were working at a ski resort in Northern California—some of the stories say they owned it, but they were just working there—called Sugar Bowl Ski Lodge, near Truckee, Reno. I didn't ski or anything, but Daddy kind of propped me up on skis and took a picture. And he put it on his desk; he was the clerk for reservations. Well, of course Norma Shearer's husband Martin Arrougé was a great skier. This was at the time evidently a very 'in' place if you liked to ski, so they came up, saw the picture on my daddy's desk, and said, 'My, that's a lovely picture.' She said she thought I had an interesting face and asked my father if she could take the picture back to Hollywood. My dad said 'Sure!'

So she took it to Mr. Thau, who was at that time one of the heads of M-G-M. Evidently they were having dinner and he said to Mr. Wasserman, the head of MCA, 'Well this is more in your line, Lew, you find her.' Anyway, Mr. Wasserman gave it to someone else—you know, he's head of the agency, he wasn't going to be bothered over some little girl—and then this man wrote to me at my home town. Meanwhile, as it happened, I had moved from Stockton to Los Angeles, and when I eventually got the letter I called the man I was supposed to call. Next day we went to Metro, he took me to see Lucille Ryman, who was a sort of talent scout in charge of new people, and I signed a contract. That was it!

I was signed on one of those contracts they had which put you under a stock contract for seven years, with three-month, six-month and then yearly options, and for fifty a week. So what I was really signed for was to study and make a test, and then they'd either drop me or keep me on. But what happened was that after I signed, Miss Ryman told me to go to a lady called Lillian Burns, who was the drama coach and who sent me off to learn a scene. So I memorised it—I didn't know what else to do—and came back and worked with her on it. Evidently she liked what she saw.

They were looking for someone to play a very naive mountain girl—in no way sophisticated, which I certainly wasn't—in a picture called *The Romance of Rosy Ridge*, directed by Roy Rowland, with Van Johnson. Miss Burns sent for Mr. Rowland and the producer Jack Cummings, and they came down to hear me do this scene, then said they'd like to make a test for the picture. Well, I was terribly young and very apprehensive because I knew I didn't know anything about the business. They had said I'd have six months to make a test, and this was . . . like three weeks! So I said I'd been promised six months, and almost loused everything up; but they promised me another test in six months, saying 'This probably won't work out, but you should do it anyway.' So I did the test and I got the part.

And after I got the part, which was sort of like a miracle, the publicity department called me in. I guess they said we'd better figure out who this girl is, because they had never heard of me, obviously, and they changed my name and . . . said, well, tell us the story. So I told them what I just told you, and they said 'That's a marvellous story. Wonderful! Now you'd better tell us what really happened so we'll be prepared to cover up . . .'

It was interesting, really, because that was just about the end of the period in our business when they used to keep about 150 new people under contract. They would train them, make a test, and if they got one or two out of the 150, that would be great because they were only paying them fifty dollars a week, they weren't losing anything, and they just might get somebody new. But then came the touchy time in the industry and they stopped that. So I just made it.

At that time I suppose M-G-M had the biggest roster of stars ever gathered. Mr. Mayer ran the studio, they had executive producers, they had a wealth of talent right there, and it was a very rich, fruitful organisation. It was like a family, too. I loved it. Everything was there to learn about your talent. For a person like myself they had a studio diction coach, a drama coach, a singing coach, a dancing class . . . I was able to learn all the tools of my trade. Because when I arrived I didn't know anything, all I had was an instinctive feeling about what to do. And it was like a family, there was a wonderful feeling of belonging. At that time they really groomed a person to become a star. Even though I did a starring role right away, they chose parts, they built a person, and I had a wide chance of learning my craft in a variety of roles. And I worked with the best people.

Of course you are freer as a freelance, whereas when you're under contract they tell you what pictures to do. But I always feel that without that period under contract I wouldn't have known what I know. So I didn't mind when M-G-M would loan me to another studio or make money on me. They

deserved that because they took a chance on me, and certainly they gave me something that could never be equalled. Never would I, as Jeanette Helen Morrison of Stockton, California, have been exposed to the countries I have known and the cultures and the exciting people.

## The Actor and the Part

For an actor, the first quality one looks for in a director is communication. Some directors find it very difficult to articulate, to express to you what they really want. So you may do something many times over and they'll say 'Do it again', but you don't know what you have done wrong, and you don't know what they are looking for because they can't tell you. So obviously the first helpful thing is when a director has that ability to explain to you what he wants, what he needs from you to complete his whole. Secondly, you hope for a director who has done his homework and doesn't say, 'Well, what do we do now?' A director who knows exactly what he wants to do with his camera and with the scene. And yet you also hope that he is open, that if you come up with something which is within the framework and does fit in, he would be open enough to receive it.

I always give my characters a past. The director doesn't always, but I do. I always provide myself as a character with what my mother was like, what my father was like, what my life had been before this. Because then, when she reacts in a certain way, it gives me a background to why she would react like that. I always try to think, 'What have I said just before I said that?' I mean, if I have to say 'Hello!', what did I think of just before saying 'Hello!' because that colours the way you say it. That's why I create an image for myself. It may not be the right one, but that doesn't matter if it works for me.

I don't know that I have ever worked with a director like Mr. Preminger where you have to duplicate exactly; I mean, even to picking up a spoon and stirring the coffee on this side of the cup and not that side. I have worked with directors who were fairly precise in what they asked you to do, and if that's the way they work you can do one of two things. You can say, 'I'm sorry, I don't work that way,' and you don't do the picture. Or you do the picture, and instead of having a fight every time you go into a scene, you make up your mind that that's the way it's going to be. But then what you do is this. You say, O.K., he wants me to pick up the spoon from this side of the cup, stir three times and put it down this side. Very quickly, you find your own reasons for doing it. It doesn't matter if they are the same as the director's reasons, so long as it is honest for you. That's being flexible as an actor, as I think you have to be because you have to fit in with so many different people on the set.





JANET LEIGH, JOSEF VON STERNBERG.

## Mr. von Sternberg

You know, I guess, how Josef von Sternberg came to direct *Jet Pilot*? John Wayne and I were set to do the film, and Mr. Hughes did something that was extraordinary: he tested directors. I had never met Mr. von Sternberg, who had been in retirement, but when he was going to do the picture I heard that he was the one who had done all the pictures with Marlene Dietrich and had been her Svengali—I don't know if that is true, I just assume it is. So he made a test, it was a great test, and he directed the picture.

He was a very difficult man. I am an easy-going person, but he had the most quietly infuriating way of saying something . . . it was very difficult, that film, for me. I think he did marvellous things, but I must say that his way was not one of the easiest I've worked with. The whole situation was rather difficult, of course, because as you know, Mr. Hughes, whom I feel is a genius and who couldn't have been nicer, does work in strange ways also. I mean, he . . . well, the fact that the picture would stop for so long, then went back again, you know . . . I will say though that no time, effort or money was spared to make it an extraordinary picture. And the planes we were using! Refuelling in the air, the baby plane hooking up with the big plane, we did that in *Jet Pilot*, but the unfortunate thing was that Mr. Hughes waited so long to release it that there were already films which showed that. If he had released *Jet Pilot* when it was finished, it would have been in advance and I think it would have been like *Hell's Angels*. But he waited so long that it was obsolete. I don't know his reasons. One thing I've not been involved with is the workings of the studio. I don't understand that, it's not my business. I don't want to be a producer,

I don't want to be a director. I just want to act.

Mr. von Sternberg was very quiet, but he was a man who had to do everything, even to pushing the button on the camera to operate it. I mean he had to do *everything*, and he was very exact in what he wanted. But his photography was marvellous, so he was right in that. I felt that it was stilted for me. There wasn't the freedom, the feeling . . . maybe because I was playing a Russian character, and being so sort of outgoing myself, found it difficult to be that kind of character. Maybe that was it . . . I don't know . . . I didn't feel free.

And you know, Mr. von Sternberg was a very small man and Duke Wayne very large, and it seemed to me that he was having Duke Wayne do things that were ridiculous for a big man. Right for *him*, but wrong for Duke. I mean, the fact that I could knock him out seemed ridiculous to me. How could I knock out Duke Wayne? But in the picture I did. So there were points of conflict—shall we say?—on the picture. But he was very exact in his camera angles and in his covering, and in that he was right, even if I didn't think so at the time. The playing of it is something else. I don't think that was a terribly good performance of mine, I really don't.

But it was certainly a very interesting experience. He had marvellous effects—for instance the love scene in the plane, shot in process on a stage in a cockpit simulating the real thing—and he did things that were provocative without being openly displayed, which to me is always more interesting. I'm not shocked at seeing anybody naked, that's no big deal, but I find it more enticing when something is hidden from me, whether it be in the way of playing it or whether it be in your attire. Von Sternberg was really better than I wanted to admit, because I didn't particularly like him. I never tried to tell him what to do, but it was very difficult even to say anything. There was no communication, and it was so long, and we kept going back and back and back. But he was good, I know he was good. Maybe, as you say, he was trying to find another Dietrich. But you have to try to find in every person what she is. If he wanted to be a Svengali to me, I had unfortunately too free a spirit. I couldn't be owned. So maybe that was our conflict all the time.

## Signed: Orson Welles

In a strange way, Orson Welles and von Sternberg are alike, and yet they're completely different. Mr. Welles gives absolutely free rein to the actor because he himself is so creative . . . we may do a scene forty different ways, you really are free. Yet he, too, is a Svengali, though his Trilby is the picture, not necessarily the person, and he will not be harnessed by any kind of conformity

—even in the story, which sometimes makes it difficult. But for me as an actress, he gave me the freedom.

I think there were fantastic scenes in *Touch of Evil*. The scene in the motel room was one of the most frightening, insidious scenes I've ever done: it scared me when I was doing it. We shot it in a real motel room out of town in some deserted place, and it looked exactly the way it was. Mr. Welles and I got along tremendously; we had great rapport; even the awful hours we worked. When we started the picture we were only supposed to have ten days of night shooting. But once he got down to Venice in California—it's an old beach town and there were oil derricks everywhere—he kept saying, 'Oh, we'll do that scene here,' and finally switched the whole thing so we did the whole picture right down there in Venice all night long, which I hated because I hate night work. It's very difficult anyway, and it was such a terrible place to work. But it was fascinating because we worked in the actual derelict hotels. In the scene where I was screaming down



"JET PILOT": 'HOW COULD I KNOCK OUT DUKE WAYNE . . .'

to attract attention in the street, there was a terrible old drunken man in that room. I was afraid to go out on the balcony, and the assistant had to go with me.

I think the only problem with that picture was that Welles, having complete authority, would go off at a kind of tangent and lose what the film was trying to say. But the vignettes in it were fantastic. And the opening shot, which was one shot—when we were walking at night and the bomb went off—an incredible shot! It took us all night to get it. Chuck Heston and I were both like little puppy dogs with him, both in such awe. He is an extremely captivating, compelling man.

You know, I did that picture with a broken arm. You never knew, did you? Just before it was to start I was doing a show, and in one scene I was supposed to run and jump on an intruder's back. We were rehearsing it when the actor started kind of fooling around and he fell on top of me, over my arm which was over a step. So, we were going to play it with my arm broken, because as Welles said, 'It doesn't matter, people do break their arms.' But finally, since



we were supposed to be on our honeymoon, he thought it would be grotesque. So I had my arm set in an unobtrusive way, and I'd have a coat over it and gesture a lot with my other arm. I don't think anyone ever knew. It did create some problems, because I use my hands a lot, so it was a little confining. But it didn't bother me too much.

Welles has a way of always doing the unexpected. I didn't know anything about this film. Evidently he had spoken to the studio, and the studio had spoken to my agent, but no one had said anything to me yet. I came in one night, and there was a long telegram—I have it at home still. I don't remember the exact words, but only he could have sent it, saying 'I can't tell you how much I'm looking forward to working with you, and I know that you're going to be thrilled. Could we possibly meet so that we could start our discussions immediately? Signed: Orson Welles.' What's he talking about?, I thought. But it did exactly what he wanted it to do, because I called my agent and said, 'What's this?' and he said, 'Oh Christ. They shouldn't



"TOUCH OF EVIL": 'THE MOST FRIGHTENING, INSIDIOUS SCENE...'

have talked to you yet, because we're still negotiating.' And I said, 'I don't care what you're negotiating, I want to do the picture with Orson Welles.'

## A very cool man

Mr. Hitchcock is completely different. He, in his own way, is Svengali too. But what he does is, before you ever start the picture, he has every shot in his head; or maybe on paper, I don't know whether he writes it down, but it is completely shot in his head before you ever go on the set. As you know, he had made statements about actors and actresses as cattle, statements which everybody got up in arms about. But that's not what he meant.

What he meant was, he shoots a picture from *here to here*, and that's all he cares about. He doesn't care about *you* as such. He works from *here to here*; and you fit in right there, someone else fits in here, I fit in there, and so on. Now at the beginning—we had several meetings before we started *Psycho*—he told me what he needed from me for *his* picture. He said, 'I'm not going to tell you how to act. If I didn't think



WELLES, HESTON, LEIGH.

you could act, I wouldn't have you in my picture. I'm telling you the qualities I need, where I need certain points, and I'll remind you as we do the scenes what the sequence is, and then you can do whatever you like. If you're not up, I'll tell you. If you're too up, I'll tell you. But as long as your concept of her doesn't interfere with what I need from her, do whatever you want.'

I read the book. I saw that she was really a shabby, mousy little woman. She wasn't in any way glamorous or anything. So we chose clothes that she could have afforded. We didn't have a dressmaker do them; we just went out and bought clothes that she could have bought on her salary. And I didn't have the hairdresser do my hair, I did it myself as she would; she couldn't afford a beauty parlour. And as I said, I read the book, I knew the background of this girl: it was lonely, poor... she was the older sister who took care of the younger one. And her drab life, in that office with that terrible man trying to take her out... I mean, that kind of humiliation she had to go through; and this man that she loved, what it gave to her. I could see that she needed love tremendously, and how she would think, 'How can I stay with this man?' And the only way was to have the money so that they could get married. I could see how she could work herself up to take the money, and then how she would be the kind of person who would have to think about it and realise she couldn't live a life of running away all the time, so would have to take it back, as she was going to do before she was murdered.

The interesting thing to me was that my whole story really had nothing to do with the film. Because actually it was Hitchcock's way... it was the magician saying, 'Look what I'm doing *here*,' where *here* is where he is getting his next trick ready. Because the story had to do with finding out about the murder, and doesn't start until after she is killed. But the other interesting

thing to me was that once she is killed in the picture, you never stop thinking about her.

For the murder, he got Saul Bass to draw a concept of the shower sequence. The two of them talked about it, and Hitch would say, 'No, that's not right' until finally it was all down in a series of drawings and he shot those drawings. And the way he cut it, which was beautifully done, meant that you never knew whether you saw anything or not. I mean, you saw it but you didn't see it. Each shot took a long time to do. He had a special scaffolding built just for one shot. That scene took... at least two weeks to shoot.

But where Hitchcock differs from Mr. Welles is that you do have to fit in with him; you don't go on the set and work out the scene. That's all done, so that's where you as an actress have to make what you want to do work in with his moves. But we didn't rehearse beforehand, except to know where we were supposed to move to. Or unless he saw something wrong with what was happening in a scene, and then he would say, 'No, that's wrong. I need this or that from you now.' But the one thing we didn't do was go into a set and start trying out whether you sit here, there or wherever. The camera is set. You come in and he says, 'Now, first you move over there. Then from there you move to here. And from here you move to there.'

Mr. Hitchcock is a very cool man. He will sit there and tell you a very funny story, and then suddenly say, 'Oh, are you ready? Roll 'em.' Like he says, it's all been done beforehand, and he once told me that for him it's almost boring when he actually starts to shoot because he has already answered all his challenges.

## Blonde Eileen and Bob Fosse

No, I had never been on the stage when I did *My Sister Eileen*. I never

"PSYCHO": UNDER THE SHOWER.





have. I just thought I was right for the part, so I asked my contact at MCA to see what the chances were, and he spoke to Mr. Cohn at Columbia. I was very blonde, and I sent him a colour picture because I hadn't been *that* blonde and I knew they wanted a blonde for Eileen. Harry Cohn was not averse to the idea so we . . . did it. Bob Fosse—who I think is a master, he's marvellous—was set to do the choreography, and I asked if I could start working with him right away, even though the picture wasn't to begin for two or three months, not even the rehearsals. But I wanted to start right then—not for extra pay, I just gave that time so that I could start dancing and be able to do it. I worked every day until the rehearsals started. By that time I was really in the groove.

Actually, playing that kind of role is no different from any other kind. People often say that comedy is one of the hardest things to play, but I think this is because they think, now I'm playing comedy, I've got to be funny. But you don't do that—I don't think you do anyway. I have never played comedy any way except absolutely straight. Whatever I say, I say out of the character; if it is funny, it is because the situation is funny, or because of this dumb thing I'm playing. But to say now I'm going to be funny is the worst thing one can do. Unless one is a particular



"MY SISTER EILEEN".

kind of comedian. But even then . . . I mean, Charlie Chaplin, who was a great comedian of course, never said look at me I'm being funny. Everything came from the marvellous little character he played, so that you were laughing but you were almost crying. I think Jerry Lewis is like that. I think that he, who is very funny, is close to being very dramatic. Whatever character you are playing, you don't switch the dial and say that was drama, now it's comedy. You play the scene. Even in dancing, though there it is a little different because you are also doing steps. But in those steps and in the concept of the number, you are still telling a story. That's why I think Bob Fosse is so marvellous, because his dances always do tell the story.

You will learn a lot from Jerry Lewis. I had a very interesting scene in a picture I did with Jerry, *Three on a Couch*,



"THE NAKED SPUR": "... IT COMES SORT OF NATURAL".

which he directed. You know the scene at the end, after the party, when she finds him out? They get in a cab and she starts to tell him off. Now, I started to tell him off straight, legitimately angry. Jerry said, 'There's something wrong.' He thought and thought, and finally said, 'I've got it.' He said, all this picture you've been playing the person who said to the other three girls, 'Now you handle things just so,' and you're very calm, and everything is under control. Now your position has been challenged because he has made a fool of you with these three girls. They are very calm now, they have learned to accept their position. You bawl him out, but you bawl him out because you're not thinking straight. I mean, you're really angry, but you mustn't be coherently angry; you have to stammer, 'How dare you . . . well . . . what . . . what you did was . . .' In other words, she was no longer in control. And it was an excellent scene. It was a way of approaching that scene that had never even dawned on me. It wasn't that I hadn't done my homework. I was prepared, I knew the character, but it hadn't occurred to me. That is what is so marvellous, when a director tells you to approach something in a way you hadn't even thought of.

## All Mann, all actor

*The Naked Spur* . . . that was a good movie. I tested for it, because they didn't know if I was old enough to play it and I had never done that kind of role before—you know, Western, pants, hair cut off and so on. I got it. It was a marvellous thing for me working with Mr. Stewart, Bob Ryan and Mitch [Millard Mitchell]. It was a great cast, and it was a fantastic thing because I was the only girl! It wasn't a pretty Western, it was gutsy and dirty.

That was the only picture I ever did

with Anthony Mann, and I must say that what Bob Ryan told you—that Mann knew better than anyone else where to put the camera but couldn't express what he wanted from his actors—hadn't occurred to me. I never noticed that he didn't speak to me a lot! But I think I know why. Because, first of all, there was a lot of action, and so there's not much direction to give an actor. I mean, when you're fighting for your life and someone is coming after you, it comes sort of natural, you know what to do. So much of it was self-explanatory that there was no need to go into long discussions unless I was far off the track. And I was working, don't forget, with Jimmy Stewart and Bob Ryan, and when you went to play a scene with them, the scene played so easily. I was never aware, which is interesting, that he hadn't directed me a lot.

Rosie in *The Manchurian Candidate*, on the other hand, was a very difficult role because she doesn't really mean anything. I mean, all of a sudden there she is; she is nothing to the integral part of the story. Before we started, I had lunch with John Frankenheimer, who is an extremely sensitive man, and knew I was a little apprehensive about that scene on the train. We talked about her, and he said, 'What is her background?' In talking, he'd say that's right, or maybe add something, so I had a character exactly in my mind. And he said, 'This is maybe the most difficult scene you will ever play, because what you are saying to Sinatra in words has nothing to do with what is being said in the scene. To make it real is going to be just about the most difficult thing you've ever done.'

And you know, we did it in one take. I mean there was a shot of us getting out of the chairs, but the two-shot was done in one take. It was an experience. I went down on the set before I was called, to watch so I would know how he works and what he would expect. He was walking about, not actually working, and the impression of dynamic strength was so compelling that I couldn't wait to work with him. Frank Sinatra, who is also a very strong man and has his own ideas, listened to him and was directed by him. I thought it was a lovely picture. I loved it.

As a director, Frankenheimer is the sort who is all actor. I don't mean that he isn't good with his camera, but it's funny, I was never aware of him with the camera. I know he did it, but I always felt that he thought that what you and he were talking about was the most important thing in the whole world. And he could communicate. He could go into the background if you were having any kind of problem . . . but usually it was done before. When we went to lunch before that scene on the train it was for the express purpose that he knew that I knew what was going on in that scene. Working with him is all communication, all thinking.



# IN THE PICTURE

## The B.F.I. Award, 1969

THE BRITISH FILM INSTITUTE AWARD for the 'most original and imaginative film introduced by the National Film Theatre during the year' has been made to Jacques Rivette for *L'Amour Fou*, shown at the NFT in April as part of its *Tribute to the Cinéma-mathèque Française* season, and reviewed in the Spring 1969 issue of *SIGHT AND SOUND*. This is the first repeat performance in the 12-year history of the award, since Rivette previously won it in 1962 for *Paris Nous Appartient*.

That award was made in an atmosphere of furious controversy, with some critics fiercely defending the film, others (the majority) denouncing it as a hoax, a bore, or—the *ne plus ultra* of critical revulsion—a cult movie. None the less, *Paris Nous Appartient* survives as a remarkable first film, part spellbinding personal portrait of the City of Light, part equally spellbinding record of encroaching darkness in the era of McCarthy and the H-Bomb.

The financial troubles and delays attendant on *Paris Nous Appartient* should have been enough to discourage even the most dedicated of cinéastes. Rivette, however, plunged promptly (1962) into a new sea of troubles with *La Religieuse*, running into pre-, during- and post-production censorship and emerging (1965) as an outlaw (see *SIGHT AND SOUND*, Summer 1966). Then came the *affaire L'Amour Fou*, with distributors and exhibitors refusing to handle a film which dared to run four hours and twelve minutes without Julie Andrews. Quite apart from the fact that *L'Amour Fou* is a wholly original and brilliantly imaginative film which takes *cinéma-vérité* into areas undreamed of in the philosophies of Rouch and Leacock, Rivette deserves all and every award one can think of for managing to keep his independence so intransigently intact.

Coupled with this main award are two special mentions for what one might call the revelations of Nagisa Oshima and of the Cuban cinema. A director strangely unknown in the West until 1969, Oshima sidled unnoticed into London in July with *The Catch* and *The Sun's Burial* at the NFT, then made a frontal attack with the odd, elliptical obsessions of *Diary of a Shinjuku Thief* at the New Cinema Club, and *Boy and Death by Hanging* at the London Festival. With its strange

surrealistic amalgam of private ritual and public concern, Oshima's work is absolutely unique—unless one pins him down as the Japanese Jean Genet.

Similarly, though *Memories of Underdevelopment* did not exactly sidle unnoticed into the 1968 London Festival, it was only with the NFT's Cuban week in July 1969 that Alea proved to be no isolated talent, but—along with such accomplished directors as Humberto Solás and Santiago Alvarez—part of a vigorous national movement, combining politics, passion and poetry with a high degree of technical excellence.

## AA and X

THE NEW CENSORSHIP categories to be introduced by the British Board of Film Censors from 1st July, 1970, are more revolutionary than may at first sight appear. Instead of the present X (over 16s only), A (under 16s, only if accompanied by an adult) and U (everyone), the new scheme will be: X (over 18s only), AA (over 14s only), A (mere advice that the film is more suitable for over 14s) and U (everyone). This involves three significant changes. The upper age limit is being raised to 18, which is for most purposes the new age of legal adulthood. There are to be two age categories instead of one. And by demoting the A to a mere advisory warning, the discretion of parents in the system has been eliminated. The change has been encouraged (after a false start some years ago) by the film industry, and is supported by the local licensing authorities with the exception, for the moment, of the Greater London Council.

The immediate intention and result of the change will be to transfer a number of films from the X to the AA category, making them available to those between 14 and 16 who could not see them now. It will also make it easier for the Board to grant an X certificate to films which are at present banned, or cut (*The Wild One* might well have benefited from such a

change in the past). Both of these consequences are obviously desirable to the film trade. The virtual abolition of the A is less fortunate, although demanded by many worthy bodies, mainly on grounds of its moral danger to youth by encouraging small boys and girls to ask strange men to take them into a cinema. Britain was virtually unique in permitting parents to decide whether their children should or should not see films banned for them, and this highly civilised provision was adopted only recently from Britain by the U.S. Production Code when it instituted classification for the United States. In view of the decline of parental authority, it is no more than a pious hope to expect that the new A will be of any significant use, and its total abolition will doubtless follow in a few years.

The greatest controversy has settled round the raising to 18 of the upper age limit. Indeed, the G.L.C.—which has always been both the leader and the most liberal of the licensing authorities—has objected to the change as introducing a greater restriction on the freedom to view. The Board can to some extent rely on logic in its support, in that film maturity and legal majority will now coincide, and that may well make it easier to take the next step of abolishing censorship for adults altogether.

The other precondition for such abolition is a more sophisticated classification scheme for children, and the way for this is prepared by the introduction of the second age category. Argument will now centre upon the precise age limits chosen, as regards their suitability in the light of child psychology, etc. The ages chosen by the Board align Britain with southern Europe (Holland, France, Italy, Germany, Austria, Luxembourg) where the upper age limits are 17 or 18 and the lower limits generally 14 (13 in France, 12 in Germany), rather than the Nordic countries where the upper limit is 16 (15 in Sweden) and the lower limit 12 (11 in Sweden).

Whether the Board made its choice on

"L'ENFANT SAUVAGE": JEAN-PIERRE CARGOL WITH FRANCOIS TRUFFAUT.







ROBERT SHAW AND MALCOLM McDOWELL IN JOSEPH LOSEY'S "FIGURES IN A LANDSCAPE". FROM BARRY ENGLAND'S NOVEL ABOUT TWO MEN ON THE RUN.

other than politically valid grounds is doubtful; the recent Danish, Swedish and Norwegian reports considered at some length the advisability of raising the upper limit to 18 (and the lower limit to 13 or 14) but rejected the idea, even though the two former were at the same time recommending complete freedom to view above the upper age limit. Nevertheless, changes announced in the U.S. classification scheme, as coming into force from March 1970, give some support to John Trevelyan and the British Board, by raising the upper age limit from 16 to 17. It is significant that the American advisory classification, M (mature) which corresponds to the new British A, has proved a failure and has been renamed GP (all ages admitted, parental guidance suggested) in an attempt to reinvigorate it. The Americans have also retained their equivalent of the old A (R = those under 17 may only be admitted if accompanied by an adult guardian).

Clearly the impact of the new categories will depend on many factors. The BBFC is at present totally unequipped to operate a proper classification scheme for children and is instead geared almost exclusively to reconciling the interests of the film industry with those of the local authorities. But it could presumably transform itself if adults were freed from censorship altogether. The trade can certainly expect fewer films to be placed in the new X than in the old. Whether this will mean any liberalisation (as to cuts and bans) within the X category remains to be seen. The signs are that any changes here will be cautious—especially in the context of the new aggressive police attitude to socially subversive matter generally. If films privately shown at club theatres with Mr. Trevelyan's positive blessing are, like *Flesh*, to be seized in police raids (together with projector and screen), then he cannot but be careful in passing films for public screening.

One last point. The changes announced are to the higher age limits. It is still a

local authority rule that children under five shall be refused admission to cinemas on principle. This is now becoming increasingly pointless, since three and four-year-olds are accustomed to seeing and understanding films on television and could well profit from the occasional visit to the cinema.

NEVILLE HUNNINGS

## Films Bill

'EVER SINCE I have been in the Board of Trade it seems to me that we have done nothing but review the film industry,' said Mrs. Dunwoody, a shade tartly, during the Commons debate on the second reading of the Films Bill. 'This is a difficult industry,' she added. 'Its financing is very strange,' said Sir Keith Joseph. Other M.P.s added 'curious', 'crazy' and 'complicated'. It seems impossible for anyone to discuss the film industry without finding its ways exceptional and mysterious; and perhaps this makes for conservatism, and a reluctance to tamper in any way unnecessarily with the works.

At any rate, in the absence of any brilliant new idea (such as Eady Money was in its time), it's no surprise that the Government Films Bill, legislating for the industry in the 1970s, should settle broadly for the *status quo*. Quota remains, with a few tidying-up modifications; the British Film Fund (Eady Money) stays; the National Film Finance Corporation is relieved of crippling interest payments on some long-lost money, and gets the financial resources to carry on as 'bank of last resort', 'pump-primer' or 'bridging operation', as it was variously described. Even the composition of the Cinematograph Films Council stays unchanged, Mrs. Dunwoody (Board of Trade Parliamentary Secretary) arguing that she had received so many conflicting suggestions about representation, from so many quarters, that their effect was to cancel each other out.

The Bill also puts forward two minor but significant innovations: that a small

grant from the Film Fund (its nature to be decided on advice from the Cinematograph Films Council) should go to the British Film Institute Production Board; and that money from the same source should meet some (not all) of the running costs of the proposed National Film School. Exhibition interests, naturally, are opposed to any extension of Levy purposes; and Sir Keith Joseph, for the Tories, indicated that the Opposition shares their view, and would rather see this money come from the Department of Education and Science. Arguably, however, the Government proposals involve the channelling off of fairly minuscule sums towards what could reasonably be regarded as the industry's future.

Otherwise, the only real controversy in an amicable debate centred on the NFFC, which has cost the country only an average of £150,000 a year in its twenty-year existence, and which, the Government proposes, should now have a further five million pound loan for continued operations—still with 'the duty of using its money in such a way as to be reasonably sure of getting it back.' The Tories certainly don't want to shut down the NFFC. They hint at 'phasing out' or 'tapering off', on the assumption that city finance for film investment will be forthcoming. Money from EMI (the Elstree programme under Bryan Forbes) and Morgan Grenfell (the de Gruunwald programme) has certainly given British production a healthier look. But it would take a lot of proving that the NFFC is no longer a necessary part of the support structure for British production; and Mrs. Dunwoody's comment that 'the important part of the Bill, in many ways, is the refunding of the NFFC,' is undeniable.

The triple support structure—Quota, Eady Money, NFFC—continues, as the Bill sees it, as the essential cushion under British production. But still, the key to the immediate future probably depends more on arguments going on in Los Angeles and New York than in the House of Commons. It has been a long winter for the film industry, with a cold wind blowing at times from Culver City. But if the main result of all Hollywood's uncertainty is an end to blockbusting, and a return to a more rational style of business, that should tend to work for rather than against British production interests. In any case, there's no sign yet of Hollywood pulling out in any dramatic way from its investments in British movie-making; and rather more defences operating against the evil day than there looked to be a year or so ago. One significant omission from the Commons debate: Hollywood was much discussed (including Sir Keith Joseph's *Easy Rider* crack about 'tycoons climbing on to motor-bikes'). But at no point, I think, was there any reference to co-production, Europe or the Common Market.

PENELOPE HOUSTON

## Makavejev in Montreal

LET'S START with a very basic question. Why do you make movies?

Well, this is very difficult to answer. Why do we sleep? Why do we eat? It is a very easy thing to do, but it is very difficult to explain why one does it.

But you have not been doing it all your life...

Look, we are dreaming all our life, aren't we? Everybody is. Dogs too. They have dreams. You can see when they are



dreaming. So everybody is producing movies for himself, including dogs. Now, next step to movie-making is to invest a couple of dollars in 8 mm. film and then you produce a film for other people. You can then multiply your dreams. As you go along, you need more and more dollars and then you end up with *Hello, Dolly!* for thirty million dollars, but it is actually still at the level of a dog's dream. Movies are private dreams, and at the same time psychological cobwebs to catch other people's feelings or insecurities or what have you. Movies thus have some sort of common denominator.

*What would you have liked to be, if you had not been a film-maker?*

I really don't have any idea . . . journalist, I think.

*Why not a writer?*

I am a writer, I write my films.

*Would you like to work for television?*

Yes, very much. Television is really much better than movies. It's quicker, more fun. Also it has a lot more direct social action than movies.

*That's what Godard says. He says his ambition is to be a reporter for TV.*

Me too. I would like to do very simple newsreels, one hour a day. There is a fantastic social power in TV. Look at what happened in Czechoslovakia in August '68. For two months, TV was the keeper of the nation's image and sense of freedom.

*What do you think of political, engaged films?*

I don't like movies that serve anybody. Political films are Leni Riefenstahl's films, Russian films today, Hollywood films. I am not happy with this kind of film. I prefer inner political meaning, not direct participation in any kind of ideological terrorism.

*What contemporary directors do you admire?*

The young directors . . . like Buñuel.

*What director would you have wanted to be if you had not been Makavejev?*

Jean Vigo.

*Would you have liked to be a film-maker in the Twenties?*

Yes, I would have worked with Mack Sennett, doing a lot of slapstick. Or maybe in Russia, with Eisenstein, Pudovkin, Vertov, Dovzhenko and all the others. They really enjoyed making movies then, running around with their cameras like crazy. I would have made 'Kino-Glass'.

*Would you work in Russia today?*

No. In the Twenties yes, but not today.

*Would you work in Hollywood?*

No, never. Maybe just for fun. I was there last year, for two weeks, everything is empty. It used to be like a wax museum in their time of glory, but now it looks like the ruins of a wax museum.

*What would you say if somebody asked you to make a Western?*

I suppose I would be a little awkward with the horses. I like action, but I would make some sort of alternate Western, with love and mystery. I would take the money and make another of my films.

*Would you like to live in America?*

Listen, wherever you live in the world today you live in America, and that's not new either. I remember when I was five, the first film I saw was *Felix the Cat*, and then I was in love with Olivia de Havilland who played in *Robin Hood* with Douglas Fairbanks. He was a fantastic Robin Hood.

*What other films impressed you when you were young?*

Oh, I remember seeing horror films. *The Black Cat*, I think. I was so scared, and so angry when my parents dragged me away.



DAVID WARNER (ON STAIRS) PLAYING A SELF-ORDAINED PREACHER IN HIS FIRST WESTERN, SAM PECKINPAH'S "THE BALLAD OF CABLE HOGUE".

*Which of your films do you think is the worst?*

I made a couple of terrible documentaries, but it's hard for me to say which of my features is the worst or the best. I have mixed feelings about them. They are at the same time the worst and the best. You know, I have been lying for three years about the length of *The Switchboard Operator*. It's actually 69 minutes long, but we put down 75 minutes to reach the feature length. So a lot of people thought that there had been cuts made. That helps to keep the mystery about the film. People like mystery, and that's nice. Anyway films are much better if they are short.

*You seem to see everything in terms of collage. Do you think that the world is a giant collage?*

Yes, of course, and that was not invented by the Dadaists in the Twenties either.

*Is this why you like newspapers so much?*

Yes. Newspapers are ideal films. Godard is also very much print-oriented, incidentally, and so are many other members of the tribe. Anyway, if you believe that one piece can represent the totality, then you should not be afraid of cuts. It is like in a Dali painting. If you isolate one part, it is as good as the whole.

NORBERT OPPENHEIM

## Buñuel and *Tristana*

IN THE SUMMER, 1963, issue of *SIGHT AND SOUND* I reported the banning of Buñuel's *Tristana*, when the production was already advanced. Luis was bitterly surprised. After *Viridiana* he honestly intended to make films for Spanish audiences. But the producers, Epoca Films, never gave up the project, in which they had invested capital and many hopes. Last year they went to Mexico to get Buñuel back to Madrid, since they thought the movie was now possible. Buñuel wasn't very interested, but early in 1969 his mother died in Zaragoza, thus bringing him back to Spain. In 1963 Buñuel had been given a credit of thirty thousand dollars, which he could keep if

filming proved impossible, though the contract foresaw his return to work if there was a chance. He tried to give the old cheque back to the producers, but it was not accepted. So he had to start *Tristana*. 'I am weak,' he groaned. 'Why more films? Cinema is a nuisance both for film-makers and for audiences . . .' Such dismays before he starts work are characteristic.

Then, in September, the film was again forbidden. Since it was a co-production, it was decided to shoot exteriors, and perhaps interiors as well, in Portugal. Buñuel went there for the first time in his life and found satisfactory locations. In view of these prospects, the film was suddenly authorised in Spain.

*Tristana* has a lot of exteriors, and throughout last November the film was shooting in Toledo. The old city was flooded with international pressmen and photographers. Luis can be quite polite, but to most of them he just replied, 'Movies, well, yes, I make them. But talking on cinema, oh no. I'm not that much of a professional.' But indeed he is a splendid professional. Four days after starting he was already excited with his job. Everything went quickly and easily and the staff, many of whom had worked on *Viridiana*, were happy with him. It is an almost entirely Spanish film. Italy wanted to contribute the director of photography, and suggested the great artist of Fellini's *Satyricon*. Buñuel replied, 'All right, send me a director of sound photography,' and he took Aguayo again, one of Spain's best but most conservative lighting cameramen. The foreign stars, Catherine Deneuve and Franco Nero, were part of the co-production arrangement, and there the great surrealist felt miserable enough. Not that he has anything against these particular ones: he just abhors them all. 'What's boring about actors is that they've got such actors' faces,' he says. The central character of *Tristana* is Fernando Rey, who played the aged uncle in *Viridiana*.



December was spent at the new Siena studios, near Madrid, and January at the laboratories. Technically, *Tristana* is one of Buñuel's best productions, with a minute care for ambience and reconstruction of 1929 in a Spanish provincial town. By national standards, it is a rather expensive picture. Buñuel has rewritten the script four times, with Julio Alejandro, a Spaniard living in Mexico, who was his co-writer on *Viridiana*. It's based on a novel by Perez Galdós, known as 'the Spanish Dickens', and author of the original of *Nazarin*.

In an interview which I published seven years ago, Buñuel told me that 'the novel was Galdós' worst, but very able to accommodate my observations about some anachronistic Spanish customs and my usual theme of eroticism and religion. It will be a film about old age, ugliness and decrepitude.' So, if any critic is malicious enough to deduce that Luis' new film expresses feelings connected with his own actual age (he is now seventy), he will be mistaken; among many other reasons because really only the project is old. When I suggested that some people might find it 'academic', Buñuel said: 'Let critics say what they like. The film will be as personally mine as any other. Don't worry about that. And then, watch and see how during filming I will improvise some additional nice nonsense to dear old Galdós....'

FRANCISCO ARANDA

## Tours 1970

AFTER THE ROWS of 1968 (the Municipality versus the Festival over a Cuban/North Vietnamese film, the departure of the Festival's director, Pierre Barbin, to take over—temporarily, as it turned out—the Cinémathèque Française), the Tours Festival of short films cancelled out in 1969, for ever, as one thought. But you can't keep a good Smorgasbord down, and the Festival began again in January 1970.

It wasn't the same, of course; every attempt had been made to make the Festival uncontested, unattackable. So the grand receptions at the Town Hall and the Préfecture were cut back to one late afternoon cocktail; there was no opening ceremony, hardly a Legion of Honour in sight. Even the cinema was changed, to one which had no balcony: thus no one could esteem himself ghetto-ised. The result was that everything went off extremely well. The only disappointment came from the fact that, since it was only late last autumn that the decision to hold the Festival was made, the selection was neither as wide nor as eclectic as it had been in past years. There was little from Sweden, less than usual from Eastern Europe, and hardly anything from the American Underground.

There weren't too many films from Britain either, but what was there was first-class. In fact, one of the best things shown was James Scott's film on Richard Hamilton, which has already been seen in London at the ICA. It neatly solves the problem of making an art film about a pop painter who, like most sensible people, can't stand art films. George Dunning contributed a whacky little safety film called *Hands, Knees and Bumps-a-Daisy*, which—although the track was in purest North Country—went down very well.

The French contribution was naturally quite large, including *Classe de Lutte* (a



DAVID GREENE DIRECTS JENNY AGUTTER IN HIS NEW FILM, "I START COUNTING".

Marker-like pun), a film made by the workers of Besançon after they had told Marker they didn't care for the film he had made about them. A new production company, delightfully called Les Cinéastes Animaliers Associés, turned up with two shorts, one a horrifying film showing exactly how the cuckoo gets rid of the other denizens of the nest he has taken over, and *Même le Soleil Pleure*, a moving piece about the destruction of baby seals.

The Cubans sent a somewhat flashy but none the less impressive documentary by Santiago Alvarez about the life and death of Ho Chi Minh. By and large, there weren't too many discoveries; however, it was pleasant to see the latest works of some old friends: Saul Bass, Robert Breer, the Hubleys (whose *Windy Day* was one of their best in years). Peter Foldes and Jimmy Murukami came up with the two most exciting cartoons: *Visages de Femme* and *The Good Friend* respectively. Both of them went way beyond cuteness to achieve truly significant originality and, in the Murukami, terror.

Two of the best films shown have already been seen in London: Norman McLaren's stroboscopic ballet *Pas de Deux* and Jean-Marie Straub's *The Bridegroom, the Comedienne and the Pimp*. The McLaren probably would have won the Grand Prize—but, in keeping with the new Tours, there weren't any prizes at all.

RICHARD ROUD

## New Directions

THE SEIZURE of Andy Warhol's *Flesh* from the Open Space Theatre early in February focused attention on an enterprising distributor, whose policy of collecting the complete works of key figures in the American underground is having an effect on the growth of the underground here. Vaughan-Rogovin Films have been in full-scale operation for three years, with offices in New York and London. The company was started originally by the film-maker Lionel Rogovin, who operates from New York, while his partner, Jimmy Vaughan, runs the London office which distributes films throughout Europe.

Significantly, Vaughan-Rogovin has had more success in promoting interest in underground films on the continent than it has had here, and Jimmy Vaughan has organised programmes for several Film Archives, together with a series of programmes for Westdeutsche Rundfunk. He now has the complete works of Kenneth Anger, and is in the process of collecting films of Brakhage, Markopoulos, Conner, Emshwiller, Nelson, the Kuchar Brothers, Shirley Clarke, Scott Bartlett and Warhol. Despite British conservatism, which is most striking in television, Jimmy Vaughan remains convinced that a substantial audience exists for this kind of cinema, and stands firmly against the esoteric definition of the underground, and its growth within the confines of the film clubs. His policy has been to open films like *Flesh* and *Lonesome Cowboys* for a run in the normal way, and he has an arrangement with the New Arts Laboratory and the Open Space Theatre for this purpose.

Since its foundation a few months ago, the New Arts Laboratory has been making headway in its aim of providing a cinema and workshop facilities. The cinema now runs regular programmes of underground films. Programmes from foreign Co-ops are planned for the summer, and a large-scale retrospective of the New American Cinema will begin in the autumn, with a series of one-man shows of key film-makers. It appears that the rapid increase in interest in the underground has proved a mixed blessing for those seriously involved in it, and distributors who had previously shown no interest in underground films now see them as a possible source of profit. At the same time, there has been little support from official cultural bodies, in contrast to the American situation, where such organisations as the American Film Institute have recently given the underground considerable backing.

The Arts Council gave a grant of £3,000 to build a theatre, but no money has been forthcoming for film activities; it appears that even at the level of the avant-garde, the cinema remains the poor relation. What money has been donated has come from private sources, and a donation of £3,000 from Victor Herbert has meant that the aim to provide editing, processing and printing facilities at the workshop run by the Co-op has been realised. The organisers are aiming at providing an unstructured teaching situation within the workshop so that film-makers will be in a position to learn all the techniques involved in the film-making process, even to the point of doing their own optical effects.

A new film magazine *Cinemantics*, which made its first appearance in January, seems to be aiming at a useful mixture of polemics and scholarship. Ideologically the magazine seems to be against the notion of mass entertainment, and future issues 'will devote much space to seeking out the ideological nature of the mass-entertainment industry.' Of particular interest is its policy of translating new semiological writing, the first issue containing an article by the Italian critic Umberto Eco.

CLAIRE JOHNSTON

EDITORIAL NOTE: Owing to shortage of space, our second article on directions and products of the English underground (follow-up to 'Declarations of Independence', by Claire Johnston and Jan Dawson) has been held over until the summer number of SIGHT AND SOUND.



*In the Autumn, 1966, issue of SIGHT AND SOUND we published an article by Jörn Donner called 'After Three Films', about his transition from film critic to film-maker, and his problems as a Finn making films in neighbouring but alien Sweden. Since then, Donner has made a further three films, returned to Finland, and found himself involved in production as well as direction. This article, written in the autumn of 1969, is again a very personal record, this time of his reluctant diversion into tycoonery.*

**M**Y FOURTH FEATURE film *Crossbeam* was a flop. It was shot in the summer of 1966 and had its Swedish première in March 1967. The critics slated it, the public stayed away. When the Swedish Film Institute awarded its quality prizes in the autumn of 1967 the film was left without any share. This meant that the producers had no chance of recouping themselves for their losses. It was my last film for Sandrews. Since my first feature in 1963 I had worked in more or less secure conditions. I had been allowed to make the films I wanted to make, the first for Europa Film, the next three for Sandrews. I had drawn an adequate salary for my work, and I had a certain reputation.

Through force of circumstances the failure with *Crossbeam*

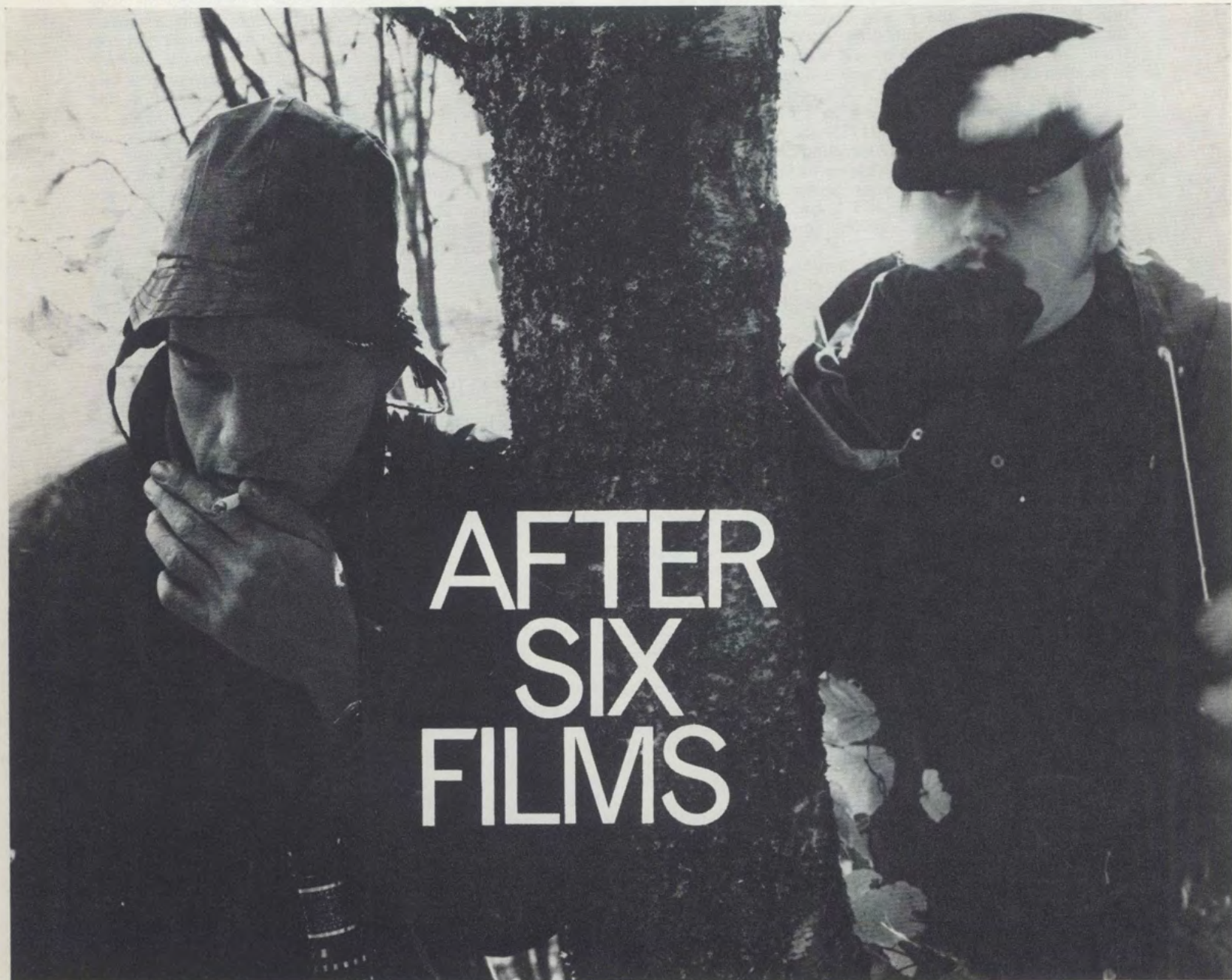
also led to a removal from Sweden. It can be said that I left Sweden because I was out of work there, but that is only partly true. During the shooting and editing of *Crossbeam* I was already engaged on other work which radically changed myself: a book about Finland. The contract for this book had been signed in the spring of 1965. I had promised to write the book when I was free from films. I had no such freedom until the late summer of 1966. I went on collecting the Finland material I had had in my hands for many years. I began to recollect what I had experienced in Finland, and against the background of memory the experience of the present was reflected.

## Visit to a Foreign Country

Finland had changed so swiftly that I thought I was visiting a foreign country. Society had been transformed. In economic analyses of the period from 1961 it is usually said that relative stagnation set in after the enormous industrial investments at the end of the Fifties. This may have been so. The change in habits, the revolution of attitudes, had at any rate been strong. Finland was no longer a society of absolute power. It was worthwhile protesting. When I myself had carried on this protest, during the first half of the 1950s, I had bruised

Jörn Donner

JÖRN DONNER IN "PORTRAITS OF WOMEN".







"BLACK ON WHITE": KRISTIINA HALKOLA, JÖRN DONNER.

myself black and blue against taboos and prohibitions. Now the strength in the new generation was quite different.

What had I done during all these blind years? I had written about films, made films, travelled. My last book had been published in 1962, and it was about Vienna, Prague and Budapest. I also found it difficult to write, as usual. In Sweden from 1961 to 1965 I found myself becoming Swedish, living in Sweden but a stranger to it, and a stranger to Finland, the country I hated and loved.

It often happened that I went to Finland, and my third feature *Adventure Starts Here* (1965) was shot almost entirely in Helsinki. I was a commuter spending one day in one place, one day in another. Making the world your home is apt to mean making no country your home. That is what still torments and tires me, even if I know that I could hardly spend any length of time in one city, in one country, without pining away.

The book about Finland was written during a strenuous year of work, from the late summer of 1966 to August 1967. I travelled a lot, read a lot, wrote and read 12–18 hours a day. The book meant more to me, perhaps, than to those who read it. When the work was finished it felt right for me to make my films here in Finland, but it was by chance that I actually did so.

I envy scientists who travel from one laboratory to the next, people whose language knows no national boundaries. It is said of films that they know no boundaries either, but I venture to state that even the narrative language of films is steeped in a national tradition. Yet it is quite possible to communicate with others. It is at any rate easier than for an author, who must overcome many barriers. I usually say that my books give my ideology and politics, and that the films reflect a more subjective experience. They therefore complement each other. But compared with the films and the people who see them, the books are read by relatively few, and it is hard for me to reach beyond Nordic countries.

The Finland book gave me back a sense of home. During my time in Sweden I sometimes had the feeling that I didn't know how people acted and reacted, because I didn't know the world behind their actions. I became unsure of myself, in the same way that an American director in Europe can become unsure. I did not want to devote myself to the type of anonymous film where the question of home is indifferent. I wanted to tell of people who were real in some society, and I wanted to know what that society looked like. Now I knew.

The comparative strength of Swedish films is probably due in part to their 'Swedishness', which can often feel stifling but which just as often contributes to an original result. I don't think now that I could easily make a successful 'Swedish' film, whereas I can imagine I could write a book about Sweden—something which I have long planned. I don't think

that my Finnish films have any specifically Finnish qualities: it's just that it feels easier to work here. Behind every individual drama there is a social field; conditions and states of dependence which are difficult to understand if one is not a part of the society one is depicting. I don't make films about historical events (which you can read about in books) or class conflicts, but usually about two or three people. They don't come alive if they live nowhere.

In the late summer of 1967 the strange Finland had become familiar. For a whole year I had read the Bank of Finland Monthly Bulletin rather than literary magazines, sociological treatises rather than novels. It felt almost melancholy to hand in the last pages of the book. But what I thought was an end was a beginning. Two months later I was making a film in Helsinki.

The book was published in the autumn, had a great success with the reading public and almost none at all with the critics. From left to right I was the object of attack. I spoke in favour of openness and tolerance. Instead, there was an attempt to close the door upon the form of liberalism that the book represented. Nevertheless, I found myself a national celebrity, with the advantages and disadvantages inherent in such a position.

## Reluctant Film Producer

In 1961, in a much discussed article, I expressed the hope that Finnish film production of that time would go under. During the first half of the Sixties, the old production system crumbled away but was succeeded by almost nothing. Television took over a large part of the audience. It was harder than ever to imagine a national film production that had to resort merely to a small, shrinking home market.

While I was in Indonesia in the winter of 1966 I was sent Gunnar Mattsson's documentary novel *The Princess*, a description of a woman's victory over cancer. The book did not catch up with me on my travels, but I read it when I got home and found the material very interesting; we came to an agreement with the author but later, to our surprise, read in the papers that he had sold his book to a Swedish company.

Arno Carlstedt, who sent the book to me, had been production manager for *Adventure Starts Here*. In partnership with one or two others he then produced, in the summer of 1966, Mikko Niskanen's *Skin Skin*, and asked me if I'd like to come in on it. I hesitated up to the last; I disliked the script, disliked the half-edited film when I saw it, but finally became convinced of its commercial possibilities. I bought a share in it. That was three years ago, and without any desire or planning on my part, I've had an interest in about a dozen productions since then. My idea in buying *Skin Skin* was to act as a sleeping partner in projects which I thought interesting, thereby helping to bring about a certain broadening of the basis of Finnish production. But the practical difficulties turned out to be bigger than I had suspected. The company I co-operated with, FJ-Filmi, went through two crises during 1967–68, one for staff reasons, the other for financial ones. By degrees I obtained more and more control. It was not a development I had wanted.

Production conditions are still so unstable and prospects of improvement so small, that a film producer is not to be envied. A film reform has been under discussion for a long time, but it seems to get no further than a partial reform, which can hardly guarantee the thematic broadening that the new generation desires. Besides, economic factors are far too harsh. I don't think that a socialised film system would solve the problem, except in the sense that the financial responsibility disappears. The Polish, Czech and Yugoslavian successes have been bought at a very high price. Even if the Swedish system has many drawbacks, it is obvious that without the reform most of the new young directors of the 1960s would never have seen their films made. It is no good worrying about the disadvantage that films have been produced with a view to prizes rather than to box-office success.

During the 1960s Finnish films have extended their share of the home market and given rise to discussion, but long-term



measures are conspicuous by their absence. Neither the state nor the local government authorities has answered the question of whether they consider it worthwhile for Finnish feature film production to exist alongside the established and strongly subsidised art forms. Nor have they perhaps thought of the consequences: the closing down of still more cinemas in the provinces, unemployment within the trade, increased currency exports because of the 100 per cent domination of foreign films.

For a film to be a big success it must be seen by every tenth person in Finland. The state-owned television has supported one or two film projects, but not the adventurous and pioneering ones. For a relatively modest annual guaranteed sum, television could activate a considerable film production. It is a sad fact that while Finnish films have now become an accepted part of the cultural discussion, prospects for new film-makers seem worse than ever. In 1969 not a single new director made his debut, and it is possible that 1970 will be just as gloomy. I know that projects and talents, imagination and ideas exist, but I, in common with the few other producers, say no.

Instead, I myself am making two films. It is a strange paradox and looks like self-assertion—*is* self-assertion. I am the only Finnish director with a certain foreign market. Several films of recent years have been interesting, but not interesting enough to be exported on a large scale. I am not at all sure that the thematic renewal that many would like to see is suited to the form of producing and showing films in which we are caught up. In present conditions, if one is painstaking and wants to make a technically satisfactory feature film for cinema purposes, it takes at least six months from the original idea to the finished product. At the same time television can—if it will—create current social documents from day to day and show them to an audience of several millions. I therefore take it for granted that films shown at a cinema should have something of lasting impact, and that they cannot easily be adapted to very topical controversies.

I am certain that our cinemas would show an effective, interesting political film. But it must be borne in mind that the majority of the public is utterly uninterested in political polemics when they are shown on film. The demands for excitement and entertainment are constant and similar.

When you can combine such demands with a deep bite into the proud flesh of society, you are also able to capture the public.

In a not too distant future it will be easier to make films—i.e., to produce moving pictures which can be shown to an audience. Picture discs and tape will serve agitatorial aims; the narrative form perhaps won't need to be bound to the demands for a certain length which are now fundamental.

This is only an attempt to explain why it is difficult, and sometimes almost repulsive, to be a producer.

## Black on White

In the summer of 1967 I heard about a film idea which I was only doubtfully interested in. As a kind of hobby I later began to reshape the idea, and in time it became the script of *Black on White*, which had nothing in common with the idea I had heard. A script, but not of the kind to which I had become accustomed in Sweden. I wrote a résumé of the plot, made a dramatic construction. It was worked out partly during conversations and car trips with my partner Carlstedt. As dialogue and detailed descriptions of scenes were missing, the script was only about thirty pages.

Shooting turned out to be a pleasant surprise, despite the fact that it was my first colour film and that Arno Carlstedt had persuaded me to play the leading part. At first it seemed much more difficult to stand in front of the camera than to stand behind it. I was far too conscious of what I was doing, I grew scared and tense. It did not benefit my work to know more or less exactly which bits of my performance were to be kept.

The dialogue developed during shooting, scene by scene, shot by shot. In some scenes, in which I was dealing with semi-amateurs and did not spare sufficient time for direction, I was an utter failure, perhaps because the scenes were wrongly thought out, perhaps because the players were not prepared for this method of working. But freedom from the tyranny of dialogue resulted in my striving for and attaining a more visual narrative style, while at the same time adhering to my viewpoint that my choice of lenses and distance from the camera should express an attitude, an analysis of the scene.

What I noticed during the shooting of *Black on White*

"BLACK ON WHITE".





surprised me: I was no longer so deadly serious. I regarded the world ironically, I had got rid of that desperate tendency to find something 'important' and world-shattering in every moment. I had tried for this freedom in *To Love*, but the film was hampered by my script, which was stilted and weighed down with dialogue, and by the studio dust that settled on certain scenes. Now I suddenly felt I could tell a story.

Formerly I had not thought of the audience. I didn't know it, and knew nothing of its expectations. I was aware that the majority of the audience consisted of young people between fifteen and twenty-five, but I made films as if the audience didn't exist. It was a way, but it was also a blind alley. Unlike those who begin by overthrowing form, I was forced to go the opposite way: to try to learn the conventions of film technique in order to be free. I made my first shorts in 1954, cutting the pictures together in an old moviola and discovering that two pictures did or did not go well together in accordance with laws which I didn't understand—and still don't understand. Fourteen years later, in the middle of shooting *Black on White*, I fancied I knew something.

The Swedish shooting crews I had worked with were small; ours was still smaller. Herein lay an advantage that I would never like to forgo. While I was shooting my latest film *Sixtynine* in Helsinki, they were making parts of *The Kremlin Letter* nearby. The Americans had ninety men where we had nine, but we did twice as many shots in a day, and I don't think ours were worse.

After *Crossbeam* I knew that my next film must be a box-office success, or I would lose my self-respect. After all these years of theory and practice I must be able to tell a story so that the public at large knew what I was driving at. Moreover, the production was made on credit. If *Black on White* was a flop, there would be no more films. As a result, perhaps, *Black on White* turned out to be a commercial film, while the earlier films were uncommercial. But I have never believed in drawing the line like this. . . . I want to tell about people and relations between people. I want to tell about conscience crises that concern our loyalties. I want to tell about the conflict between an old morality and a new one. I want to tell about woman's emancipation or lack of it. Nowadays I also want people to see my films.

There was an important erotic scene in *Black on White*, when the leading male character goes home to the girl (Kristiina Halkola), makes love to her coldly and then leaves. The scene was meant to express coldness and hard sex, but it didn't turn out like that during shooting, because Kristiina Halkola, who otherwise is a very gifted and co-operative actress, would not do the scene as I wanted it. Later, parts of the scene were retaken, this time with a stand-in. Mrs. Halkola was then expecting a baby, and besides it was out of the question to ask her. We preferred to show her the completed film, but the shots (which, incidentally, did not cause any stir outside Finland) upset her so much that she decided to sue the producers and me.

Admittedly we have been acquitted in the first instance, but I am touching on this question for the reason that it concerns my right as film director to edit my material according to my intentions. The separate parts of a film are dependent on the total result, and in the case of *Black on White* this result would have been different if the sex scenes had been carried out in accordance with Kristiina Halkola's intentions.

I find it regrettable that I have been drawn into a court case of this kind, all the more so since many people thought that we, as producers, had staged the scandal. We also got the name of making pornographic films. I have not yet succeeded in making a pornographic film, but look forward to that day eagerly.

*Black on White* had a solid but not an overwhelming success. It guaranteed, however, that I could continue. But when the Finland book was published in 1967 I had already made up my mind to write another book, which was to be about the world. This book, an analysis of our relationship to the third world, to the threat of war, to destitution, technical revolutions and the gulf between peoples, was written from March to July 1968. It was the biggest strain I



"SIXTYNINE": JÖRN DONNER.

have ever known. In May 1968 I sat in my hotel room by the Copacabana and felt fatigue creeping over me. At this juncture the May revolt in Paris came to a head.

When I got home the revolt was over, and its flames all over Europe were put out by reaction. The Russians marched into Czechoslovakia. Was there any point in making films, writing poetry, working, while millions were starving and dying? I don't know, my only answer is that I'm good at so few jobs that I cannot do more than the work which is mine.

## Ways of Working

When I was eighteen I used to day-dream about being a film director. I also had nightmares, I didn't know which words to use, and the nightmares ended by my being rejected as an utter failure. Similar nightmares tormented me during the rehearsals of Hochhuth's Churchill play *The Soldiers* in the autumn of 1968. It was the first thing I did in the theatre, and probably the last. Five feature films had taught me technique; the theatre's technical equipment was deplorable. The actors did their best, but I never had the impression that they were anxious to understand what they were talking about. I felt I couldn't reach them; in fact I gave up trying, and often fell asleep during rehearsals.

My failure was total. It was therefore a pleasant contrast to try again to find a film. Arno Carlstedt and I went to Milan, our destination being Sardinia; the brochures enticed us with luxury hotels, golden sands and emerald-coloured sea. When we got to Cagliari we found we had forgotten to check when the tourist season ended. It was November, we had dinner at a hotel for 600 guests in which we were almost alone. We returned to Rome.

In Rome I suggested Lausanne as our destination, as I had friends there, and as a new journey would postpone the unpleasant moment when I had to think up something. We took a suite at the Lausanne Palace and started to think.

About a day after our arrival I suggested the following: a fairly ordinary wife, whose husband does the household chores, is coaxed out by a woman friend to an ice hockey match. The wife discovers that her husband is the referee in the evening's match, sees that on the rink he possesses the authority he lacks at home. When the match is over she sees him leave the rink, kiss a young woman who is wearing a conspicuously expensive fur coat, and go off with her. This was the starting point for *Sixtynine*, a light film about ordinary people. The original idea was not subsequently changed, but during the next few months we gave rein to our imagination and life to the characters: the wife, the husband, his mistress (a girl student), the gynaecologist (who later becomes the wife's lover), and the catalyst of and witness to everything: a boxer dog.



The liberation that takes place in *Sixty-nine* relates almost entirely to the wife. Bitter at first, after having been forced to accept her husband's infidelity she changes it to an asset. She builds up a relationship with another man, learning that in the last resort only she herself is responsible for her happiness and harmony. The title *Sixty-nine* therefore seemed natural, not for pornographic reasons but because the picture of the characters in the film is constantly changing, and because doctrines of the conventional conjugal morality are turned upside down.

Personally I find it more interesting at present to discuss such moral problems than even to try to touch on the direct social problems that call for a solution. It is perhaps cynical, but I have acquired a professional's eye. I try to reach an audience, but during the shooting of a film I don't think in that way, but do my work as well as I can. I know that there are hundreds of producers and directors who seek in vain for the magic formula of commercial success. I think they fail because many of them don't really love films as film, as a means of expression. They love publicity, success, money; they don't love films.

*Sixty-nine* continues and changes the line from *Black on White*. The story is almost entirely free of dialogue; it builds on the contrast between scenes and situations. I try to let the camera and reality work for me, and although I myself played the gynaecologist I felt freer than ever before. This freedom was helped, of course, by working together with my producer, Arno Carlstedt, and my assistant, Jaakko Talaskivi: we have now made three films together and will soon be making a fourth. It is a fact that without collaboration between producer, production manager and director, it is impossible to economise on costs; but speed, freedom and rational shooting also demand that the key people know each other and are quite clear about the goal they are aiming for.

Our productions like *Black on White* and *Sixty-nine* are primitive in one respect. There are only a few of us who do nearly all the work, from script to finished product and its marketing. But our primitiveness has one big advantage: we can put our film before the public in the way we want it, and therefore have only ourselves to blame if we fail. In Sweden such a steering of the production was not possible, since I had the impression that I was working in an airless room. Most of my publicity and PR suggestions were rejected, and it seemed as if the producers wanted to wait passively to see how the public reacted, without a thought of also trying to change the public and getting it to accept new ways of telling a story on film.

## Compulsions

My plans entail that in 1971 I co-direct *Unknown Soldier*, a remake and reconstruction of the material in Linna's novel. Farther ahead I cannot see, owing to the extreme uncertainty of production working conditions. Chance has it that a five-year period is over in 1971, a temporary engagement in 1966 which later forced me into commitments I did not want. On the other hand I myself have been given the opportunity to continue making films, and I won't give that up for anything.

When I left school I imagined that brighter days were in store for me: I wouldn't have to get up early in the mornings, I would be free. I do have a certain freedom, but nowadays I get up early of my own accord, driven by the need to work, without really being able to choose between words and film. Perhaps it is fear, perhaps also the feeling that man's life span is meted out somewhere, maybe within himself: *carpe diem*.

Before I became known in Finland (I mean among the public, not to a small group), I did not see individuals in front of me as conversational partners and recipients. I saw nobody. After this rearrangement of my attitudes it is hard for me to imagine books or films which are not read or seen. The books I wrote during the first half of the 1950s could not have been sold in big editions even by the most persuasive

sales talk. The type of book I have written since, swinging between short story and essay, reportage and sociology, interests me more and gives me the possibility of choosing different ways of writing. These books also point to a personal technique of narrative which films have hardly made use of at all, a form in which the narrator does not keep out of sight but takes part in the course of events in a natural and open way. I want to try out these possibilities within the framework of the conventional feature film, and a new project called *Portraits of Women*, which is a parody of my autobiography, already points in that direction.

I returned recently from the archipelago, where I had spent six weeks surrounded by birds, silence and the lapping of waves. The self-imposed passivity at first tended towards self-reproach, new problems. When I was not sleeping I lay awake with open eyes and in painful idleness. My intellectual isolation contributed to this. Of recent years I have read too few books, seen too few films and plays and too little TV, and my travels for the World Book deadened my curiosity about people and places. The work has taken time, and being a public figure has restricted my freedom. I have felt cut off from the feeling of living as a normal human being, mixing with friends and free from compulsion. Each new decision has produced the necessity for two more decisions. And sometimes, when I have avoided decisions, I have made mistakes.

In my younger days I went in for self-torture in the form of long-distance running. Last summer I had backache after sawing a little wood. I have slept for nine hours and still felt tired. More often than not I've no wish to saw any more wood, to write, to paint walls, to make films, to do anything at all. The motive power is that in fact I don't like doing nothing either, and if my brain doesn't work I feel dead.

It is too late to change my profession. But my profession actually is not films or books. What I do deals with the freedom, my own and other people's, to work according to the talents and interests of each one. Films too deal with freedom, even if perhaps I conceive it differently from others. When I was eighteen I could never have imagined that one day I would belong to the hated group of people who tell others what to do. In my own defence I can only say that I neither possess nor aim at a fixed social position with a place in the order of precedence. The attempt to gain freedom also implies that I must accept and respect other people's opinion of me as a cynical speculator, a socialist businessman or a mixture of pornographer and hack. A certain value that gives one the strength to live is based on a minimum of self-respect. This minimum my six, soon seven, films have procured for me.

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DONNER IN "PORTRAITS OF WOMEN", HIS SEVENTH FILM, MADE SINCE WRITING THIS ARTICLE.





# OLD



Old Masters, old projects, but—one may be sure—young films. On the left, Buñuel and *Tristana*, banned at script stage in 1963, but at last secure on celluloid (see J. F. Aranda, writing in *In the Picture*). On the right, *Le Petit Théâtre de Jean Renoir*, a three-part film made for French/Italian/German TV: Sardou, Françoise Arnoul and Jean Carmet in 'Le Roi d'Yvetot', the episode about an old man, his young wife and her lover originally described by Renoir (SIGHT AND SOUND, Spring 1968) as part of his unrealised project, *C'est la Révolution*.





# MASTERS







"A GENTLE CREATURE"

# DOSTOEVSKY AND BRESSION

Eric Rhode

**D**OSTOEVSKY WROTE *A Gentle Creature* in 1876 (five years before his death) and included it in his *Writer's Journal*. He had heard of three suicides, young women who had died within a matter of months. One of them was Herzen's daughter, but the one that most haunted him (and led to this story of about 16,000 words) was a Petersburg seamstress who had killed herself because she could not find work. The mystery was that the girl had jumped out of a window holding an icon in her hands—'a strange and unheard of trait in a suicide! This now was some kind of meek, humble suicide. Here, apparently, there was not even grumbling or reproach: simply it became impossible to live. "God did not wish it"—and she died, having said her prayers.'

Dostoevsky reshaped this mystery without in any way diminishing its effect. The girl dies, not because of unemployment or poverty, but because of—well, how you see her motives depends on how you read the tale. Bresson also leaves the question open (though he has different intimations about her motives) and in doing so adds another portrait to that succession of baffling and self-destructive women which has dominated so many recent films. But the original story equivocates less than Bresson's interpretation and was probably created out of a greater self-awareness. Dostoevsky has here learnt how to deal with the distractions of prejudice. He immerses himself in the character of his narrator, a pawnbroker married to his gentle creature, and manages to hold on to the painful insight at the heart of his tale.

The result is one of the first, if not the first case in literature of a sustained piece of writing set in the inner consciousness (hence its secondary title, *A Fantastic Story*). The pawnbroker feels compelled to understand why the girl died. Shortly the undertakers will come to remove the corpse. So long as she is with him he feels protected against the experience of loss; but as soon as she has been taken away he knows that only some established awareness of the truth will carry him through the impending state of despair. But the man is a hopeless liar. He is a typically Dostoevskian voice from the underground, spiteful, full of excuses, either boasting or grovelling. He continually contradicts himself, continually misses the point. A comic delinquency informs his tragedy; and yet, without

doubt, his fate has to be seen as tragic. Dostoevsky so arranges his material that we learn, in spite of the narrator, that the girl was a good person and immeasurably precious to her husband. Clearly, too, the pawnbroker's coldness of heart has crushed the girl and brought about her death. By the end of the story he has been forced to recognise this situation. He stops bargaining with fate, forgets his animosities. 'No, seriously, when they take her away tomorrow, what will become of me?'

Why does Dostoevsky show his gentle creature through the flawed glass of this narrator? John Bayley, in his book on *Tolstoy and the Novel*, writes that for Dostoevsky 'only the nature divided by the unspeakable secret of its inner lust and irrationality can convey an image of the good: those who are good in themselves and in each other merely embody it, and are thus undramatic, unresonant, null.' But there is another, equally telling reason for this method. Dostoevsky's creative powers needed, it would seem, to operate in a hum of rumour. As a precondition for generating huge characters and mobilising large energies he needed to begin with the swirl of numerous possibilities: debatable reports ('it was said that . . .'), speculations, an intellectual whirr. People have to be approached from every kind of angle, and information about them solicited from every kind of witness, reliable and unreliable, before they can take on depth. Like a much-scored manuscript, this method is exhaustive and exhausting. It is the fruit of an excessive imagination: it creates solidity out of an accretion of superfluities.

\* \* \*

No method could be further from Bresson's pared-away style. What, then, does he make of this story? We shall be dismayed if we trust in a statement he gave to *Cinema Canada* (January 1969): 'My theme is the impossibility of communication. I do not mean that it is impossible for a couple to get on together, but that it is impossible under the conditions I am imposing. I believe that once a couple understand each other they can no longer stand each other. During the war, Americans married French women, because they did not talk the same language. As soon as they learnt to understand each other, they got divorced.'

These sad remarks do the film an injustice. In fact Bresson follows the content, if not the method of the story closely. It is as though he had listed all its main points, then filmed them with as much clarity as possible so that no one should misunderstand their meaning. A sparseness surrounds almost every phrase and gesture, a sparseness emphasised by the familiar Bressonian device of using low-tensioned interludes: people walking up and down stairs, opening and closing doors. In the four opening shots he establishes the suicide in an authoritative way: a hand presses down on a door handle; an elderly maid, Anna, watches a table fall on a balcony; a white shawl falls slowly through the air; the girl lies dead on the pavement. The husband then begins his confession in a flat voice—by the body lying on the marriage bed. This liturgy, restrained and minimal, takes us in and out of flashbacks. The elderly maid, in an attitude of prayer, listens to him with a sceptical, almost blank look on her face. At most she speaks two or three times throughout the film.

In several ways Bresson's sharpening of Dostoevsky's narrative also deepens it. The ritualised handling of the scenes in the pawnbroker's shop brings out the compulsive element in this work: pawnbroking is like picking pockets. And by a single-minded focus on this act, the monotonous exchange of money for cherished objects becomes momentous. Bresson improves on Dostoevsky's icon. The girl hands over a crucifix: the pawnbroker keeps its gold cross and hands back the ivory Christ (which the girl does not accept). Just before her death we see her look into a drawer containing the crucifix, once more made whole. At other times, perhaps, Bresson is over-emphatic—as when his miserable couple go to the movies, and Bresson pans slowly over the name of the cinema, Palladium-Elysées. (In the story an offhand remark tells us that they saw plays with titles like *The Hunt after Happiness* and *Singing Birds*.)





"A GENTLE CREATURE": DOMINIQUE SANDA, GUY FRANGIN



And yet, as always with this director, clarity of statement does not presume an absence of ambiguity. His plot may have the schematic feel of a French neo-classical tragedy: but what does this schema represent? The authority of his filming, the deliberate progression of each shot, may suggest that he knows where he is taking us to: but where, in fact, is his destination? Like Dostoevsky, he has intuitions about a genuine mystery at the centre of life; but whereas Dostoevsky has to stir up a murky confusion before he can induce the state of mind which allows for religious awe, Bresson has only to scrutinise life under the bright light of reason to break down rationalist assumptions about experience. Like certain theologians, Bresson uses reason to lead us to perceptions, and destinations, that resist being put into words.

Or so it seemed, until a few years ago. Formerly, Bresson used to provide a background of religious allegory to reassure us as he led us through the perplexities of his foreground narrative: his protagonists trod the path to Grace. But at least since *Mouchette* he has given up this guideline. The superficial resemblance of his films to neo-classical tragedy soon reveals itself as deceptive. They are much more like symbolist poems: either their images and rhythms call up an illuminating train of associations and feelings in you, or they don't.

\* \* \*

I find *A Gentle Creature* moving, yet there is much to it I cannot account for. Dostoevsky describes his pawnbroker in psychologically convincing terms: his often absurd quirks, his snobberies and inessential scruples, his wish to revenge himself on society because he has been cashiered from the army and cannot face up to this disgrace, are coherent character traits. Bresson simplifies the man to the point of making him into an allegorical cypher. He is in no way comical, in no way idiosyncratic; and, in Guy Frangin's performance, might be a sleepwalker. For me, this abnegation of personality adds to the film's power: the man could be a masked member of a chorus commenting on the inevitable processes set in train by his marriage.

One interpretation of the story would be to say that this marriage breaks the pawnbroker's cold heart and brings him into touch with humanity—and so saves him. But it would be wrong, surely, to argue that his wife brought about this change, or that her death was a sacrifice, like the martyrdom (say) of St. Joan. Another force, if anything, brings about this transformation through suffering.

The girl is even more of a puzzle than her husband. True, we only learn about her through her husband's recollections. But would such a present-day woman, as Dominique Sanda shows her to be, fail to find work, or marry an unlikeable man because she fears destitution, or then remain with him when he so manifestly wishes to harm her? At least one fastidious critic has said that he finds Bresson's interest in the destruction of women (and animals) distasteful—that this preoccupation with cruelty implies a certain pleasure in it. I don't agree. It is a fact about life, worth Bresson's continual attention, that

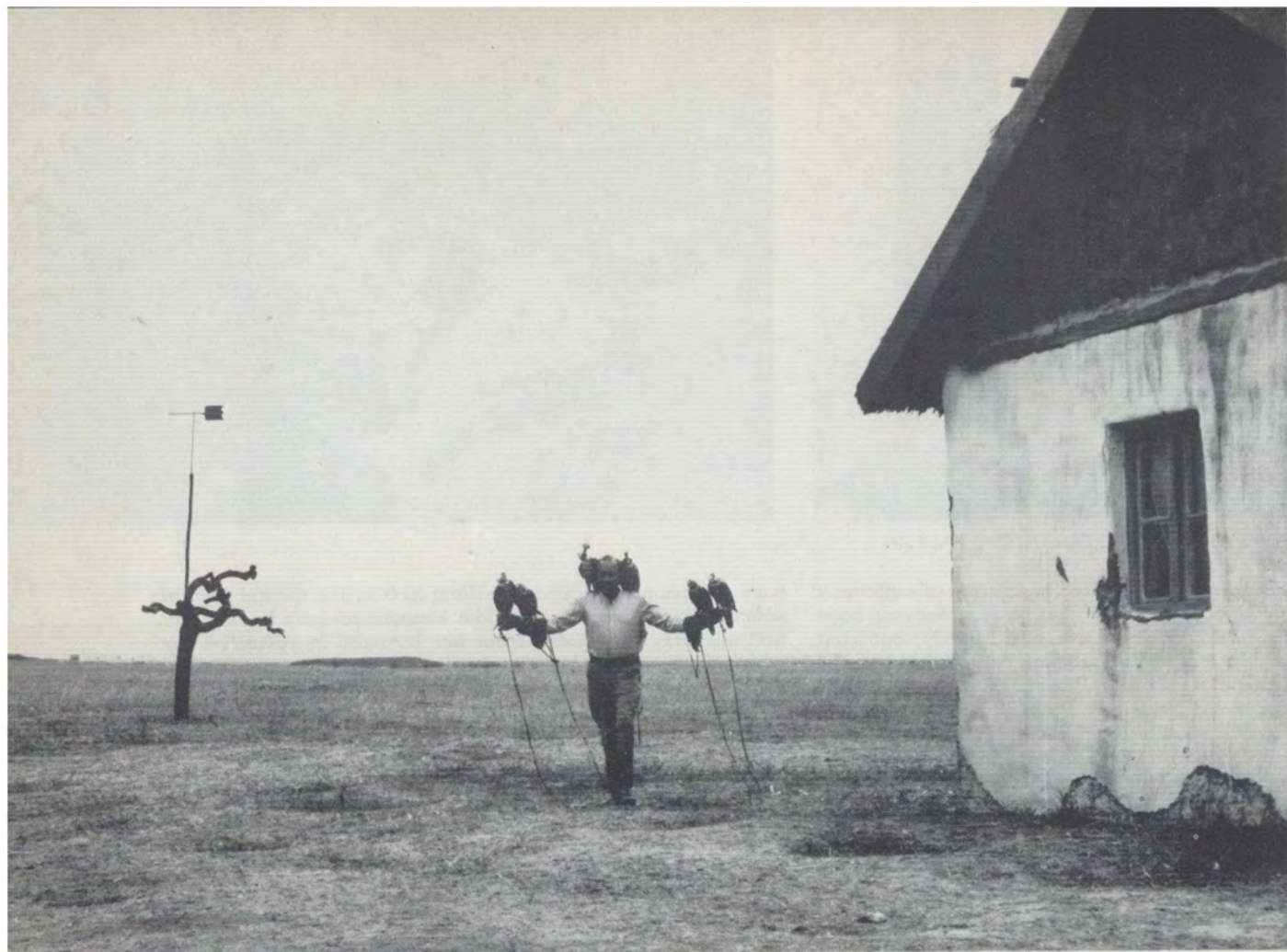
some people are scapegoats willing to bear the mental pain of others. The gentle creature (like Mouchette) may be no saint and she may turn away from her husband in revulsion (by which time it is, for her, too late); but this makes the tragedy more ordinary and so more affecting. The matter-of-factness by which Bresson establishes the unexceptional nature of this marriage—as in his filming of the night after the wedding, when the husband has first sight of the girl's capacity for joy, which he later crushes—prepares us for the more psychic representations of the conflict between them: such as the dramatic moment when she thinks he is asleep and holds a pistol to his head.

\* \* \*

But there is one complication which Bresson, it could be, failed to allow for. He intimates that the girl has a compassion and a sensuality which the husband does not acknowledge. And Bresson's sympathy, I would think, is with her. Yet, in spite of himself, the style of his filming sides with the husband: when the girl plays jazz records we do not feel that her presence animates the pawnbroker's luxurious yet lifeless apartment; on the contrary, her tastes jar against Bresson's austerity. Eroticism plays only a marginal part in Dostoevsky's story—the narrator has contradictory fantasies that he has saved his wife from prostitution, or that she *is* his prostitute. In the film sexuality takes on a more prominent role. At an art gallery the girl admires a classical painting of a sensual-looking nude. The husband at once manipulates this natural response into the thought that women are instruments of pleasure. Bresson, I surmise, wants to accommodate himself to the instinctive sensuality of his gentle creature, but like the pawnbroker puts a construction on it which inhibits a direct response. It may have to do with his Roman Catholicism and, perhaps, with some half-denied belief that sexuality is sinful. The marriage proposal at the zoo and the reference to the randiness of monkeys, the ray of light touching the nude breast in the bedroom painting: somehow the stress is often wrongly placed. I keep feeling that Bresson's treatment of the girl is a little like the relationship of some fathers to their teenage daughters. He wants to share her interests and even loves her but, irritably, cannot quite bridge the gap between them.

This ambiguity disturbs—and has nothing to do with Dostoevsky. But it is only one among many perplexities in *A Gentle Creature*, mystifications rather than mysteries. Why is there a staging of a long scene from *Hamlet*? Some commentators believe that Hamlet brings about changes in Denmark only at the cost of damning himself—are we to see the wife's fate as similar? And what are we to make of the shot, seen twice over, of the falling white shawl, which recalls the falling white scarf in Truffaut's *The Bride Wore Black*, and which worries me as sentimental: was some sort of symbolic shorthand intended? In many ways *A Gentle Creature* is a teasing, uncommunicative film; and yet, by its final shot—of an undertaker's hand screwing down the coffin lid—its slow yet genuine insistence on the nature of loss has made it unforgettable.





Miklos Jancso...

David Robinson *Quite apart from*



*Some notes on the new  
Hungarian Cinema*



TOP: István Gaál's "The Falcons"

ABOVE: "Helet", Ferenc Kósa's new film about a 16th century peasant rebel

RIGHT: Ferenc Kardos' Pinteresque "A Mad Night"



## 1. The Background

FOR SUCH A small country, Hungary has an awful lot of history. For as long as there has been history, indeed, she has been shoved and buffeted from West and East and sometimes from North and South as well. Withal, what is most astonishing is the continuity of the national culture. The National Museum in Budapest is a triumphant record of a high culture that stretches almost unbroken back to Roman times. One of the explanations of this phenomenon may be the national obsession with the not too well grounded idea that Hungary is not only small but also provincial and remote from the real centres of cultural activity. The obsession, it seems, has at least had the value of constantly driving Hungarian artists in every field to keep slightly ahead of the European mainstreams.

Doomed by the eventful history of the past fifty years to a curious cat-and-mouse development, the Hungarian cinema also has shown a quite startling resilience, a persistent if intermittent evolution; and it is essential to see the new generation that has emerged, dominantly, in the past seven years in the context of this tradition, even though they have totally revolutionised the themes and styles of the preceding phase of Hungarian production.

The Hungarian cinema has always followed an individual line. In the primitive years it established a tradition of conscientious literary adaptation which, while it gave unprecedented prestige to the new art, was later to become a somewhat inhibiting heritage. Under the Republic of Councils in 1919 Hungary had the first nationalised cinema, four months before Soviet film production came under State control. The Horthy regime did more to stimulate the always staggering export of film artists (the Kordas, Michael Curtiz *et al.*) than to encourage development at home, though even this period was not quite barren. The Liberation in 1945 seemed like a new renaissance: an Academy of Dramatic and Film Art was established under Béla Balázs; artists who had been silenced under Horthy found their voices. In 1948 the cinema was definitively nationalised; but soon after suffered from the effects of Rákosi's Stalinist rule: Hungarian films were forced into the ugliest schematic mould of Soviet cinema in the cold war era. The Soviets could have sent a worse adviser than Pudovkin to Budapest; still the models of the time were Alexandrov and Pyriev, with Eisenstein, Dovzhenko and the classic work of Pudovkin himself condemned as formalist.

Recovery again after 1953, with the appearance of a whole new generation, notably Zoltán Fábri, János Herskó, Károly Makk and György Révész, and films like Fehér's *A Sunday Romance* and Fábri's *Merry-Go-Round* and *Professor Hannibal*. The events of 1956 produced only a temporary hiatus in production and artistic evolution; and the conversion of the newsreel studio to a second feature film studio in 1957 was important not just for the possibility of making more films (production actually went up from five feature films in 1952 to six in 1953; eight in 1954; ten in 1955; ten in 1956 and fifteen in 1957), but also in the variety of approach encouraged by two competing production centres.

Two significant new names appeared in 1960, when Miklós Jancsó and András Kovács directed their first feature films; but the real watershed which saw the decisive emergence of a new generation and a recognisably new Hungarian cinema was 1963. The key works of that year were Jancsó's *Cantata*, which was actually released just at the end of 1962, János Herskó's *Dialogue* and István Gaál's *Current*, followed early in 1964 by Kovács' *Difficult People*. From this year dates the emergence of a sizeable generation of distinctive new talents. For this there are clear historical reasons. One is organisational. At the end of the Fifties, the Government noticed a degree of stagnation in the Hungarian cinema at a time when in other countries—France, Britain, East-coast America and even the U.S.S.R.—new waves of young directors were breaking resoundingly. With characteristically brisk Hungarian practicality, the Academy of Dramatic and Film Art was reformed and new young teachers were appointed. The number of creative studios was increased to four from

January 1963; and young creative people put in charge of artistic policy.

Alongside this reorganisation was the creation about 1961 of the Béla Balázs Studio. Begun by a group of new graduates from the Academy, including Szabó, Gaál, Sára, Kardos, Rózsa and Kósa, the studio was formed to overcome the old situation in which new directors might wait years before they had a chance to direct their first films. The Béla Balázs studio provided possibilities for the young to prove their abilities on short films; and their first productions clearly signalled a new wave when they were shown at international film festivals.

There were naturally political and philosophical reasons also for the phenomenon. The treatment of history in films like *Dialogue*, *Twenty Hours* and *The Green Years*, and the frank examination of contemporary issues in *Difficult People* and *Walls*—the possibility, as András Kovács puts it, of providing both government and opposition voices within a single party system—presupposed liberalisation of official attitudes to a degree which the Soviet Union, for instance, has never known. Still further relaxation has undoubtedly come with the new economic system now operative in Hungary, and (it is thought) may be further extended with the celebration this year of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Liberation in 1945.

Alongside this goes the great regard in which the philosopher György Lukács is held. Practically all the young film-makers reverence him and claim him as an influence; and Lukács, with his emphasis upon the need for frank self-criticism, is certainly the most intelligent and intelligible Marxist philosopher writing in the East. Although some critics are inclined to dismiss the film-makers' allegiance to Lukács as cult rather than genuine influence, it does to a large extent account for the critical content of the films. Lukács himself sees the cinema as the true social avant-garde in this respect. One of his unique qualities (among philosophers at least) is that he can discuss the cinema with depth and precise knowledge. The origins of his involvement are curious. A close friend of Béla Balázs, in the early days he could not sympathise with Balázs' passionate belief in the cinema, which he dismissed as being without any artistic potential. Only after the dismissal and death of Balázs in 1948 did he, almost as it seemed out of some kind of loyalty, begin to interest himself in films and arrive at his present authoritative knowledge.

\* \* \*

The resulting New Cinema which has been consolidated in the past seven years is sharply separated from the previous era, whose directors—even Fábri—tend to look displaced and outmoded. A leading characteristic is the final escape from the literary tradition which had dogged Hungarian films for better or worse since before the time of Korda and Kertész. Today when Hungarians talk about *cinéma d'auteur* they are inclined to use the term in a subtly different sense from our own, indicating that the director collaborates on an original script rather than working from an adaptation of some existing, generally classical, Hungarian play or novel. The new directors are linked by a remarkable mutual interest and admiration, helped by the fact that many are exact contemporaries and that there are close collaborations, directors' names appearing on the credits of others' films in the roles of cameraman or scenarist. Their films as a body have a remarkable cohesion. To know the films of Jancsó and to see in isolation the few films like *Ten Thousand Suns* and *Cold Days* which have chanced to find distribution abroad is to have a completely false view of this cinema, which has to be viewed as a whole if one is to appreciate the completely new direction which it has taken.

The Soviet cinema of the classical period was a cinema of political criticism and agitation; neo-realism was a cinema of political criticism and comment. But the new Hungarians for the first time use the film as a medium of socio-political *debate*. The films are invariably open-ended; and the rejection of schematic solutions is the strongest reaction against the bad old conventions of socialist cinema. A few of the directors





MASSACRE IN THE SNOW IN KOVÁCS' "COLD DAYS"

like to go around with their films and take part in audience discussions about them, which might sound a pretty stuffy idea to anyone unaware of the full vitality of the films and their power to excite discussion. Kovács, repeatedly stressing the role of the film as official opposition, says that since *Difficult People* he has unwillingly and for seven years remained a one-man court of appeal for everyone who feels himself victimised by bureaucracy.

The films of the New Hungarian Cinema are not in the wide sense popular. Hungary is no exception in having a large majority which prefers the bourgeois ideal of sweet and pretty films with a good story; but the new films appear to reach the audiences for which they are intended. Cinema-going is an essential part of Hungarian intellectual life, and the aware young all seem to follow the new films. (Hungarian pop singers unanimously voted Jancsó their favourite film director.)

Cohesion of interest and aims does not make for any uniformity of style. The films of Jancsó and Szábo are as unlike as the films of Gaál and Kovács. Certain thematic preoccupations are however recurrent. The critical view of history and society advocated by Lukács and revealed by all the new film-makers is revolutionary in the Socialist world where, after all, *Andrei Rublev* can be banned for four years because it deals unflatteringly with the fifteenth century. The examination of history began with Herskó's *Dialogue* (1963), which was the first film to discuss seriously the events of 1956. Aspects of Hungarian history subsequently dealt with have been:

- XVIth century: Dozsa's revolt—a new and as yet untitled film by Kósa
- 1860 Austrian occupation: THE ROUND-UP
- 1919 Republic of Councils: PALM SUNDAY
- post-1919 Horthy's law and order rule: SILENCE AND CRY
- 1930s Underground terrorist activity: SIROCCO
- 1942 The War—Ujvidek massacre: COLD DAYS
- 1945 Liberation—Soviet occupation: MY WAY HOME
- 1947 Period of reorganisation: CONFRONTATION
- 1945 (and after) Collectivisation of land: TWENTY HOURS, TEN THOUSAND SUNS
- 1945-the Sixties FATHER, BAPTISM, DIALOGUE
- 1950 Stalinist period under Rákosi regime: THE GREEN YEARS, THE UPTHROWN STONE, SUMMER ON THE HILL
- 1956 Treated in DIALOGUE, TWENTY HOURS, FATHER, WALLS
- The 1960s
  - (a) Socialist management and responsibility: DIFFICULT PEOPLE, WALLS, FORBIDDEN GROUND, A MAD NIGHT
  - (b) Maturing and social adjustment of young people: AGE OF ILLUSIONS, CURRENT
  - (c) Social position of women: BINDING SENTIMENTS

- (d) Popular Culture: ECSTASY FROM 7 TO 10, OH! THESE YOUNG PEOPLE
- (e) Youth: THE FATAL SHOT
- (f) Town and Country: HELLO, VERA, CANTATA, THE GIRL

This last theme connects with a major preoccupation in Hungarian cinema which is perhaps rather hard for us in Britain to grasp: the concern with the country's peasant traditions. A large part of Hungary's population retains a rural way of life: 'the most important social class is still the peasantry.' (Imre Gyöngyössi). Bartók's insistence on the value—the necessity—of the popular culture persists among the film-makers. Imre Gyöngyössi (pronounce: Djurndjurshy) says: 'Because of a particular historical and social situation it is still possible for us to derive inspiration from ancient folk art in order the better to contribute to the future of "total man"; of humanity seen on a cosmic scale.' Historically most of the best Hungarian films have dealt with peasant life. In selecting their historical themes the new directors turn frequently to rural settings. A recurrent theme in films of the Sixties is that of people grappling with the new world and the new problems of contemporary urban life, turning back to the country to discover solutions, either through some kind of mystical spiritual refreshment or by the contrast—favourable or unfavourable—with a culture surviving from earlier and alien times. Notable examples are Jancsó's *Cantata*, his wife Márta Mészáros' *Binding Sentiments*, Herskó's *Hello, Vera*.

Apart from the themes of the films, this concern with popular culture has had marked effects upon their visual style. The work of cameramen like Sándor Sára or György Illés has a very characteristic texture in its use of contrasts of black and white (walls and people; land and sky), deriving from the special decors and special inspiration of the rural setting and folk imagery.

## 2. Directors

### (a) The Over-Forties

APART FROM JANCÓS (born 1921), three directors of the generation now in their forties figure in the New Cinema: András Kovács, János Herskó and Péter Bacsó. With Jancsó, ANDRÁS KOVÁCS (born 1925) is perhaps the most prominent figure in Hungarian films. His final years at the Budapest Academy of Dramatic and Film Art coincided with the height of the Rákosi period, during which Balázs was sacked. From 1951 to 1957, Kovács worked in the writers' department in Hunnia Studios. You sense an autobiographical significance in the discussion in *Walls*: '... how can someone stay in his position in the storms and changes of fifteen years in such a way that you can still look him in the eyes? What am I? I've often asked myself. Chameleon or plain opportunist? ...' Hence no doubt also the overriding preoccupation in all his films since 1964 with problems of individual responsibility.

After three years as an assistant, Kovács directed his first film, *Summer Rain*, about the divorce of a peasant couple, in 1960. Two subsequent films attracted little notice; but after a year in Paris, at the height of the *cinéma vérité* vogue, Kovács returned to make *Difficult People*. Microphone in hand, Kovács himself conducts a *reportage* on the cases of five inventors whose improvements to machines or methods have been frustrated by bureaucratic obstruction or procrastination.

Two shorts were followed by *Cold Days* (1966), which returned to a more formal narrative film style. Kovács' favourite theme of responsibility is here strongly developed. The film recalls the Massacre of Ujvidek in 1942, when Hungarian soldiers slaughtered 3,309 hostages. Kovács views the event from four years afterwards, reconstructing the massacre through the subjective recollections of four soldiers in prison awaiting sentence.

*Cold Days* is extremely cinematic—the visuals of the sad provincial winter streets emphasising the ordinariness of the places and people involved in these monstrous events. *Walls* (1968) is an anti-film. It has a situation rather than a plot,



with virtually no action and no real development of the position stated at the start. The hero, Ambrus, is one of the 'difficult people', a good engineer who has criticised the methods and products of his factory. A disciplinary problem has arisen by his insulting his immediate superior, also good at his job but poor on human relations. Benkó, the acting director who must rule on the case, is delayed in Paris. This is all: the film is made up of politico-philosophical discussion between various groupings of characters, including Benkó and an emigré of 1956 whom he meets again in Paris. The dialogue is incredibly packed, but Kovács admits he does not expect his audience to absorb it totally any more than they would a casual conversation: 'I tried to make an intellectual adventure feature which may lure the audience on to paths they did not want—or perhaps dare—to explore. An intellectual experience is often an emotional one, and vice versa.' Surprisingly, to a degree, it works.

Kovács' most recent work is a 90-minute reportage for television about pop music. As in *Difficult People*, the director is his own reporter: interviews with singers, students, teenagers and representatives of outraged bourgeois attitudes are juxtaposed with musical numbers. The discussion is as usual open-ended; but Kovács' sympathies are apparent.

Though slightly younger than Kovács, JÁNOS HERSKÓ (born 1925) is the only true veteran to have made the transition to the new cinema. His influence has been three-fold: as director of the Third Studio at Mafilm, which has produced the films of Sára, Sándor, Szabó, Rózsa, Kardos, Gyarmathy, Kósa and Simó; as a professor at the Academy; and as a director in his own right. He made his first short in 1949, and his first feature, *Under the City*, in 1953. In 1957 he had considerable success with *The Iron Flower* (shown in this country as *Paprika*), a romantic tragedy of the Budapest slums of the Thirties.

*Dialogue* (1963) is long, talky and shapeless, yet of critical historical importance as the first film to deal objectively with Hungary's history since 1945. A couple meet in the confusion of the last days of war, are separated in 1950 when the man is arrested—no one can tell why—and again in 1956 when their sympathies diverge. *Hello, Vera!* suffers from the same lack of structural control, but is more immediately appealing

in its incidentals. It is a variation on the city-country theme. Spending her summer holidays in the country, a town girl encounters various aspects of rural life. The most striking sequence is a village wedding, which was shot on location during an actual marriage party. Technically it's very adept (Herskó worked out the ingenious shooting plan with his students at the Academy). But fascination with the ethnographical aspects seems rather—and perhaps happily—to have distracted Herskó from his admitted purpose of exposing 'negative' aspects of rural life and religious custom.

PÉTER BACSÓ was born in 1928 and graduated from the Academy in 1950. From 1949 he was a scenarist (his last and best script was for Fábri's *The Last Goal*) and like Kovács spent a period in the script departments of several studios. I have not seen his first films as director, *It's Easy in Summer* (1963) and *Cyclists in Love* (1964); but both *Summer on the Hill* (1967) and *The Fatal Shot* (1968), strangely for a writer's films, are structurally weak. Each seems to arrive at a denouement and then embark on a coda which outruns the interest of the theme. It is almost as if Bacsó, while instinctively making neatly rounded scripts, feels an obligation to tack on to them the open end favoured by the New Cinema. *Summer on the Hill* was a significant stage in the depiction of Hungarian history, in that the prison camps of the Rákosi era were not only mentioned but *shown*. A young man buys a disused camp for a song to turn it into a holiday camp. Two older men chance to meet at the camp and gradually it is revealed that both have been there before; one as a prisoner, the other as camp commandant, roles which have destroyed them both. *The Fatal Shot* is more conventional: a teenage drama in which two boys and a girl make a suicide pact. Only one boy goes through with it, leaving the others to face a new situation more alarming than their previous antagonism to society.

### (b) The Under-Forties

ISTVAN GAÁL, potentially the most interesting talent of the whole new generation, was born in the village of Salgotarjan in 1933. He became an electro-technician, then changed his mind and enrolled in the Academy of Dramatic and Film Art. Graduating in 1959, he won a scholarship to study for four

IMRE GYÖNGYÖSSY'S "PALM SUNDAY"







SCHOOLGIRL ORCHESTRA IN PAL SANDOR'S "LOVE EMILIAI"

terms at the Centro Sperimentale. Italy principally, it seems, added Renaissance painting to the rather mixed influences he claims for his work, including Griffith (for his narrative power), Chaplin (for his simplicity) and Dreyer. Gaál, who looks rather like the young Dovzhenko, is as ascetically severe in his judgments as in his work.

He directed several shorts, one of which, *Tisza—Autumn in Sketches*, a handsome, lyrical impression of the river beside which he grew up, provided a study for his first feature, *Current* (1963). In this, a party of school friends who have just taken their final exams are playing on the river, competing in dangerous diving feats. Afterwards they discover that one of their number is missing. Gaál examines the different ways in which this first encounter with death acts upon them. Too evident calculation in the effects of image and sound is inclined to give Gaál's natural asceticism a look of coldness and preciousness; the performances are uneven (one of the debutant actors is Jancsó's favourite hero, András Kozák). Even so Gaál's qualities are already evident: in the strong musical structure, the plastic qualities, moments of genuine poetry. Sometimes he can convey an impression of an effect or atmosphere which is still beyond his technical force fully to realise: an embryonically fine scene, for instance, in which the ritualistic crying of the dead boy's grandmother is heard against a montage of pictures of his small personal possessions.

*The Green Years* (1965) again takes a community of young people, but this time shows the conflicts of town and country, old order and new, under the Rákosi regime. A boy comes fresh from his village to the university. His delight in the new life (epitomised in an excellent scene where he celebrates the discovery of running water by turning on together all the taps in the washroom) is tempered by the characteristic events and menace of the period: callous authoritarianism, sudden arrests, disappearances. Returning to his village he finds there, too, only conflict. The film had apparently only qualified success in Hungary, though to a foreigner it seems an extremely convincing re-creation of the period.

These two films were written by Imre Gyöngyössi. Gaál himself wrote *Baptism* (1967), whose over-elaborate structure seems to betray his natural austerity. Again town and country, past and present meet. There is a village baptism. Two boyhood friends—teacher and artist—meet after many years. They remember (in elaborate flashback) boyhood under the old regime; the war, liberation, love affairs and marriages; the Fifties. They are, they recognise, the lost generation.

If Gaál seems uneasy with *Baptism*, his newest film, *The Falcons* (1970), triumphantly fulfils the promises of *Current*.

Adapted from a short story, it is a haunted and haunting anecdote. A young man (student? inspector? just one of us, the audience?) comes to a camp where hunting falcons are trained. The head trainer seems at first a bluff, jolly man; but gradually, with his constant quotation from classics of falconry, he becomes more sinister. The young man goes on hunts with him, bewildered by the sadism with which a little magpie may be killed or a tame stork coolly mutilated, then revived. Other disturbing experiences culminate in a bizarre face-to-face encounter between the young man and the trainer's best-loved falcon. Completely repelled now, he flees the camp. The austerity (a case of *ars celare artis*, for the work with the birds was apparently difficult and tedious) often recalls Bresson; but the film has something rather of Buñuel in the way that the most direct statements of narrative suggest layer upon layer of interpretation. I have only seen a working print of the film; but I think it may prove a landmark in the New Cinema.

In 1969 two of Gaál's collaborators directed their first features. IMRE GYÖNGYÖSSI'S *Palm Sunday* is wild and wonderful and clearly the work of a vivid and individual imagination. Gyöngyössi's writings show a Bartókian emphasis on the value of popular art; and the film is an embodiment of folklore. Father Simon, a legendary hero of the period following the collapse of the Republic of Councils of 1919, becomes a Christ figure; and his death along with other revolutionaries is seen as a Passion. The film's allusions are uneven in effectiveness and taste: a Last Supper in which a group of illiterate peasants listen uncomprehendingly to a reading of the Communist Manifesto is excellent; an allusion to Martin Luther King's 'I Have a Dream' oration is terrible. The final scene, however, of a Puzsta landscape strewn with naked corpses, the trees all hung with dead men, is riveting.

\* \* \*

SÁNDOR SÁRA (born 1933) has been a key figure in the New Cinema. Apart from all Gaál's shorts and *Current*, he was cameraman on Kardos and Rózsa's *Grimaces*, Szabó's *Father and Kósa's Ten Thousand Suns*. *The Upthrown Stone* (shown at Cannes in 1969), like *The Green Years* goes back to the hard years of 1949–50. Parts are autobiographical. The hero's plans to enter the Academy of Dramatic and Film Art come to nothing because his father is a political arrestee. He therefore works as a land surveyor (as Sára did while waiting for entry to the Academy); and is appalled by the clumsiness with which the forced reorganisation of the countryside is carried out. Later he works among gypsies and learns how the trust of this nervous minority can be destroyed by insensitive officialdom (a reminiscence of Sára's experiences in directing his short film *Gypsies*, which was photographed by Gaál).

FERENC KÓSA'S *Ten Thousand Suns* was planned as the first feature of the Béla Balázs Studio, and it seems as if practically everyone of the new generation took some part in it. The script is credited to Kósa and Gyöngyössi with Sándor Csóri. Evidently there were some uneasy afterthoughts about the choice of Kósa (born 1937), who had only just graduated from the Academy, where he had made three shorts, as director of a fairly large budget film; and its release was held up for two or more years, before it took the director's prize at Cannes in 1967 and went on to pick up an enviable reputation abroad. It owes much to Sára's fine images. The events of the past four decades are observed as they are reflected in the life of a rural community, where people's quiet lives are constantly disturbed by strangers who come to commandeer their horses or their sons or their grain or their land; or to indict first one and then another for treachery to the prevailing regime. No man can remain an island, but the mainlands of political society afford treacherously quaking footholds. Kósa depicts the struggle of a primitive community coming to grips with modern political organisation in terms of folk culture: 'We tried to apply a method similar to that of Bartók and Kodály in their collection of folk music.'

I have only seen an early working version of Kósa's newest film, about a sixteenth century peasant rebel, from which it was hard to judge the eventual effect and (without titles) the



eventual argument. Aiming like *Ten Thousand Suns* at a sweeping, 'Eisensteinian' view of history, it employs an elaborate parallel structure: the story of Dozsa's rebellion is intercut with scenes of his imprisonment, trial and execution.

ISTVÁN SZABÓ (born 1938) is one of the youngest of the new generation, though his first feature was made as early as 1964. The new directors fight the classification into 'populist' and 'urban' groups, but it is inescapable; and Szabó belongs quite clearly to the latter. Born and bred in Budapest, his films never leave the city. After a couple of shorts (*Concerto* and *You*) which won a lot of prizes but after eight years or so look somewhat precious, and a third, *Variations on a Theme*, which is a virtuoso assembly of war documentary material, he was assistant on Herskó's *Dialogue*.

Both his features have dealt with the process of maturing—on a personal level in *Age of Daydreaming*, and with more allegorical and historical significances in *The Father*. *Age of Daydreaming* deals with a group of young people who graduate together as electrical engineers. Their optimistic ambitions of reforming everything are quickly dashed by the realities of employment; the sudden death of one of their number jerks them into maturity, like the little group in *Current*; the hero's development coincides with the progress of his sentimental life. The film has charm and delicacy and very clearly reveals Szabó's keen admiration of Truffaut.

*The Father* (1966) is well known abroad. Szabó's hero is again played by András Bálints, and is a young man who, growing up in the political uncertainties of the Fifties, finally recognises the need to discard protective fetishes, the myth of a heroic father figure who died on the last day of war, and to live on his own strength.

Sára's versatility as a cameraman is nowhere better shown than in his ability to turn from the stern plastic style of the rural films and the evocative impressions of Szabó's Budapest, to the pretty artifices of *Grimaces* (1965), which begins with some of the best ever studies of the life of small children, entirely free from sentimentality, but tails off into rather uncontrolled slapstick. It was directed by FERENC KARDOS and JÁNOS RÓZSA, both born in 1937 and exact contemporaries at the Academy and as directors of shorts at the Balázs studio. I have not seen Kardos' subsequent feature *Red Letter Days* (1967), but *A Mad Night* (1969) brings an entirely new approach to social criticism. It is too Pinteresque not to indicate a direct debt; but it survives on its own merits as a funny and very acid film. A grocery store is just closing for the night when two men come in, announcing themselves as official inspectors. The staff are ordered to stay behind for stock-taking. The manager and all his assistants are bit by bit broken down into appalling confessions of graft and embezzlement; but then the inspectors themselves begin to appear suspect, perhaps total impostors. Behind the lunacy and farce lies some of the New Cinema's most brutal criticism of the way things can sometimes be done in a socialist society.

PÁL SÁNDOR is, for the moment, an oddity, not very apparently fitting into the total corpus of the New Cinema. His collaborators say he is a 'clown', working always from instinct; a quality which could account for the freshness of his work. *Clowns on the Wall* (1968) rambles charmingly around the subjective fantasies of a young boy, temporarily holed up in a house where he has been trespassing and whiling away the time in imagining friends and adventures and love affairs which may or may not have a basis in fact. Sándor's new film, *Love Emilia!* (1969), is a pretty, frivolous and rather inconsequential impression of life in a girls' school at the turn of the century and the time of Hungary's millennium celebrations.

It is not easy to assess the potential of SÁNDOR SIMÓ and PÁL GABOR from their first features. Simó arrived in the cinema rather late, after abandoning electrical engineering. *Besppectated*, treating a theme somewhat like *Walls*, about the frustrations of a young architect in the face of officialdom, reveals the advantages of a first-hand knowledge of the technological world; but Simó's style as yet lacks personality or incisiveness. *Forbidden Ground*, the first film by Gabor (born 1932), explores the human and administrative failures exposed in the wake of a factory fire. As with Simó, it seems

that a degree of intellectual calculation compensates at times for the lack of a genuinely creative approach.

MÁRTA MÉSZÁROS (born 1931) is the wife of Miklós Jancsó, and had made a staggering 35 shorts—ranging from art films to medical documentaries—before her first feature in 1968. *The Girl* is casual but controlled. The illegitimate heroine has been brought up in an orphanage and works in a textile factory. One day she impetuously goes off into the country in search of her mother, whom she finds living with a husband and new family, and unwilling to have her way of life disturbed by a long-lost daughter. A sponger who latches on to the girl and who may or may not be her father, and a boy she picks up on the train, bring her no nearer to the affection she craves after the orphanage years. But as the film ends there is another boy, and another chance. . . The girl is played by Kati Kovács, a pop singer who has come, through a few restrained, striking film performances, to characterise the modern Hungarian girl (rather as András Kozák by his performances in Jancsó's films has come to seem, to us at least, the quintessential Hungarian hero). Kovács also plays in Mészáros' *Binding Sentiments* (1969), a more elaborate and elusive study of the place of women in Hungarian society, seen through the problems of a newly widowed woman whose dominating husband has left her unprovided in the spiritual sense. (Significantly, she is played by Mari Torócsik, the characteristic heroine of Hungarian films of the middle fifties.) Her daughter-in-law (Kovács), as their relationship passes from mutual dislike to cautious sympathy, sees with alarm her own possible future projected in the older woman. Mészáros has a striking gift for the nuances which reveal character and relationships.

Other women are among the debutants of the past eighteen months. LIVIA GYAMARTHY (also born in 1932) has gone from shorts to a rather flaccid comedy, *Do You Know 'Sunday-Monday'*. JUDIT ELEK's *The Lady from Constantinople*, with its keen, understated observation and the very skilfully stylised performance of Manyi Kis, a veteran comedienne of Hungarian films (in the Gyamarchy film she plays a dragon of a lady doorkeeper), is soon due to open in London. Currently several promising directors are making their first features, among them Elek's husband, Zsolt Kazdi-Kovács, and Zoltan Huszarik, already known abroad for his virtuoso short *Elegy*, an inventive if showy impressionist study of man's often brutal and undignified dismissal of the horse from his service. There is, clearly, still more of the New Hungarian Cinema to come.

SÁNDOR SÁRA'S "THE UPTHROWN STONE"







# Raising the Red Flag

Jan Dawson

**P**ARADOXICALLY, AS Godard's films produce increasing bewilderment and confusion among his audiences, his definitions of his methods and objectives as a militant film-maker emerge with greater clarity.

*Week-End* was a declaration of war on the bourgeoisie (equated with the forces of indiscriminate consumption and U.S. imperialism), and posited its annihilation as a desirable objective. *One Plus One* formulated the supremacy of action over theory, the need for the intellectual revolutionary to give up being an intellectual. *Le Gai Savoir*, with its attempted analysis of the nature of sounds and images, questioned the legitimacy of using film as a revolutionary tool if one had not first found a way of decontaminating its component parts of their bourgeois associations; and at the end of it, Godard (whose films have always contained an

auto-destructive element) stated that his was not the film to be made but merely one that offered other militant film-makers possible lines for further exploration. By stressing the resemblance between the end of his film and the beginning of a group discussion, he reinforced his famous axiom about reality lying between the spectator and the screen, and attempted—in the interests of group militancy—to deflect attention away from his own work.

*British Sounds* is a continuation of this effacement of director and film. Its content is simplified and sloganised; its purpose not to entertain but to stimulate discussion and, above all, action. Its thesis is stated with the opening shot. A fist punches through the Union Jack, a voice declares: "The bourgeoisie created a world in its image. Comrades, we must destroy this image."

For the next ten and a half minutes, the





camera tracks slowly in a single shot down the assembly line at the BMC plant in Abingdon, while a voice urgently indicting the slavery and alienation inherent in the wage system is intermittently audible over the shrieking mechanical sound that Godard has imposed on his footage. To provide us with a heightened and artistically manipulated demonstration of the inhuman nature of factory work? Or to remind us once again that film is a dialectic composed of the struggle between images and sounds?

At any rate, the struggle continues. The sounds of an impassioned plea from a Women's Liberation Group member are interrupted by one-word comments from an unseen male speaker and accompanied by images of a naked woman walking up and down stairs (including a two-minute close-up of her pubic hair). A young man delivers a manic racist speech; the style is documentary but the words clearly not

his own. While Ford workers discuss the possibilities of revolution, the camera steadfastly boycotts whichever member of the group is speaking.

Only for a sequence with a group of Essex University students, who are themselves attempting to decontaminate the words of popular songs by rewriting them in a more militant spirit ('You say Nixon, I say Mao'), does Godard observe any conventional relationship between sounds and images. Then, a hand splashed with red paint writhes in serpentine movements across a patch of mud to raise the red flag as the 'Internationale' rings out. Finally, fist upon fist comes smashing through a succession of paper Union Jacks as voices attest their solidarity with certain radical movements and magazines (*Keep Left*, *Open Film Festival*) and their contempt for institutions like 'the Gestapo of the humanist university.'

The whole thing (with its assortment of 'student sounds,' 'workers' sounds' and 'revolutionary sounds') amounts to little more than a catalogue of causes and activities in Britain which Godard regards as more important than the watching or making of entertainment films. Apart from the tracking shot, it is visually undistinguished, something any enthusiastic young radical could have put together. A call to action for those who are already activists, unlikely through either verbal argument or pictorial demonstration to rouse the unconverted.

For all Godard's self-effacement, the interest lies not in the text but in its context: in the question of why so accomplished a director has chosen to create progressively more incoherent, incomplete and unappealing films. It is in the answers to the question, not in the film, that the clarion call to revolution lies, and *British Sounds* becomes a militant film (at least for audiences familiar with Godard's earlier narrative works) precisely because the man who made *Pierrot le Fou* has CHOSEN to make it.

Appalled by the consumer-relations of capitalist society, Godard refuses to provide it with more films to consume. The sense of incompleteness created by his last three films is intentional, a reminder that art stands in a dialectical relationship to life. Not that 'art' is still a valid term. The masterpiece that offers a total experience or induces a state of spiritual well-being not grounded in political reality bears too close a resemblance to the attractively wrapped consumer product. It is stimulating in itself, rather than conducive to discussion or action.

So the concept of the perfect painting is replaced by that of chalk writing on a blackboard, to be corrected, modified, erased; that of spectator by that of participant who, with no beauty to seduce or mystify him, enters on equal terms into a discussion with the director. The film becomes an analysis of the assumptions behind the mass media, not a product designed for them; the audience must exploit the film, and not the other way about. And so the 'theoretical rifle' (the film as message) is used for what looks superficially like an act of hara-kiri (the destruction of the film as medium).

One of the perceptions driving Godard to these acts of apparent self-destruction is that there is no such thing as an apolitical film. One of the few audible passages of the *British Sounds* commentary establishes three categories: the capitalist film, in

which a vision of society is imposed on a mass audience ('If a million copies are made of a Marxist-Leninist film, it becomes *Gone With the Wind*'); the revisionist film, in which a delegated voice puts forward views ideologically acceptable, but nonetheless continues to interpret for us; and the militant film, which 'must analyse what it has discovered,' in which the screen becomes merely an alternative to the seminar blackboard.

Leaving aside the endlessly debatable question of the relationship between 'militancy' and 'film' and the essentially negative nature of Godard's militant films to date (a return to zero, a rejection of existing definitions, for which he refuses to substitute definitions of his own), perhaps the most fascinating thing about them is the way in which the context has served to illuminate the text. By suppressing *Le Gai Savoir*, the O.R.T.F. went some way towards justifying the invective Godard had heaped upon it in the course of the film, his allegation that it was a potent force in a repressive educational system seeking to impose on its students definitions it denied them the freedom to challenge. Now London Weekend Television seems to be rendering *British Sounds* a similar service. The film was commissioned on the assumption that 'any film by Godard is an event, guaranteed to arouse extreme reactions.' What those who commissioned the film apparently overlooked was that any film made by Godard at this stage was more likely to be a frontal attack on the concept of mass entertainment than a product for entertaining the masses, or even the late-night intellectual élite.

So a bizarre compromise was reached, that at once defers to the film's self-definition as a springboard for discussion and ignores its basic plea for distinguishing between revisionism and militancy. An audience of carefully selected workers, students and what, alas, can only be described as 'opinion makers' was invited to see the film at a private screening and to discuss it afterwards. The discussion, edited down to brief denunciations and slogans at least as categorical as Godard's, was televised (*Aquarius*, January 2, 1970), while the film itself was not. Or rather, two tiny clips were shown, just enough to tell the viewer what all these important people were shouting at one another about, but hardly enough to allow him to join in.

A large part of the unedited discussion centred on the question of whether the film should be given a TV screening. Few of those who favoured showing it did so because they liked it—their arguments tended to range from a principled abhorrence of suppression to the *ad hominem* line that Godard's past work had earned him enough respect to deserve being heard out this time. But there was almost total agreement that the film was 'too difficult' for the workers and potential militants it was aimed at.

Ironically, the suggestion which received the most vociferous support was that the film should be screened, but prefaced by an explanatory, interpretative statement by some intellectual spectator privileged to understand it. If this should happen, the principle of free speech will be protected while the militant content of the speech is subtly deflected into a revisionist context; and Godard's attack on the mass media will after all have proved its point.



Charles  
Higham

# IT'S ALL TRUE



BULLS, SEA AND CARNIVAL. ORSON WELLES AFLOAT, GRANDE OTELO IN RIO.





**N**O MORE DISTURBING episode, not even the recutting of *The Magnificent Ambersons*, exists in the Welles saga than that of his doomed Latin American project, *It's All True*. From the beginning of the RKO period, Welles and his team, immersed as they were in *Kane*, *Ambersons*, and the abortive *Heart of Darkness*, were constantly casting around for new subjects. Some time in 1941 the idea came up for a multi-part film, stemming from a then current enthusiasm for Julien Duvivier's *Carnet de Bal* and his omnibus Hollywood film, then in preparation by Sam Spiegel, *Tales of Manhattan*.

The title of Welles' new project—entirely North American in ambience—was to be *It's All True*, and the studio agreed in theory to a multi-story Welles film. Two subjects came from works by Robert Flaherty. *The Captain's Chair* was a novel, strung loosely together from Flaherty's travels in the frozen North. Welles had bought it in 1938 and adapted it as the story of a Hudson Bay trader captain who is given command of a new vessel and clashes with a Hudson Bay official on board; when the official takes his chair at the table, he threatens to sink the ship. George Coulouris was to play the captain. This story was never filmed.<sup>1</sup> *My Friend Bonito* had its origins in Flaherty's excursion to Mexico with Leon Shamroy in the late Twenties, to make a now vanished—and unfinished—film about the Acoma Indians, *Acoma*, *The Sky City* (Fox, 1928), co-shot by Floyd Crosby. Flaherty was casting about for a boy to play the lead, and heard about a famous episode in which a youngster's pet bull was spared by the mercy of the crowd at a *corrida*. He turned it into an anecdote called *Bonito, the Bull*, and planned to film it with Korda, many years later. Korda, however, thought it better to make the story that of an elephant, doomed to be destroyed by a Maharajah, which is spared by the intercession of the Maharajah's servants; and from this it was only a step to deciding instead to make Kipling's *Toomai of the Elephants* as *Elephant Boy*, with Flaherty directing. The Flaherty story reverted to the author, and in 1941 he sold it to Welles for 12,000 dollars (Welles had taken an option on it in 1936, but this apparently had lapsed).

A third episode was to be entitled *Love Story*, based by John Fante on an episode in his parents' lives. It dealt with a bricklayer who pretends to be wealthy to impress his young bride, spends the wedding night with her in a borrowed house, then tells her the truth. The three stories dealt with man's pride and dignity in relation to his work. The fourth story was to be the history of jazz, based on Louis Armstrong's ghosted memoirs and inspired by Welles' love of Negro life. The script was written by Elliot Paul and David Stuart, and colour scenes were sketched and tests shot.

The only one of these episodes to start shooting—in the fall of 1941, as it happened—was *My Friend Bonito*, directed by Norman Foster from a script by Foster and John Fante. Foster flew into Mexico without papers. Al Gilks went down to Mexico with the unit as chief cameraman, but when war broke out he was called for active duty and was replaced by Floyd Crosby, who had worked with Flaherty on *Tabu*. Shooting took place at many of the great bull ranches of Mexico, including the celebrated La Punta. Welles flew down to supervise shooting on the earliest Gilks sequences, then flew home to start *The Magnificent Ambersons*; thereafter he only flew down on occasional weekends. The child star's name was Jesús Vasquez, but Welles renamed him 'Hamlet'. His friend, an old man who also had a passion for bulls, was played by a distinguished Mexican actor, the late Domingo Soler.

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Charles Higham's book on Orson Welles will be published later this summer by the University of California Press (who have now established a London sales office). We are grateful to the publishers for permission to print this chapter, the history of one of the most famous of Welles' uncompleted projects, and one of the most famous of all lost films: the Latin American material shot under the general title of 'It's All True'. Photographs are drawn from the book and published by permission of University of California Press.

Foster was a little-known director of Charlie Chan and Mr. Moto B-pictures, who had a strong sense of exotic atmosphere that Welles had recognised in looking through his work during the period of day-and-night movie viewing that preceded *Kane*. Floyd Crosby, of course, had the unimpeachable qualification of having worked on two previous Flaherty subjects. The Mexican cutter, the late Joe Noriega, was a superb technician, and the Mexican cameraman Alex Phillips, who was called in for additional shots, had a large local reputation.

Shooting proceeded smoothly through November and December, first with Gilks, then with Crosby. But in December, following Pearl Harbour, Nelson Rockefeller had an inspiration that unfortunately developed into a catastrophe. Rockefeller, who had been behind the hiring of Welles by RKO in 1939 and was still a major stockholder, was now Co-ordinator of Inter-American Affairs, spearheading a Rooseveltian propaganda drive in Latin America to improve cultural relations. Nazi fifth column activity was rife south of Panama, and a German invasion was feared. Latin American countries had banned Chaplin's *The Great Dictator* because of its parody of Hitler, and countries that had shown it had suffered from pro-Nazi riots. Moreover, several Hollywood musicals 'portraying' Latin American life (e.g., *That Night in Rio, Down Argentine Way*), which were made with Rockefeller's encouragement, had been booed or laughed off the screen all over the continent for their absurdity.

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Undaunted, Rockefeller decided that Welles could act both as a cultural ambassador and as an artist by making a documentary film that would demonstrate North American interest in South America, and illustrate South American customs to the people of his own country. On January 2 he and John Hay Whitney, head of the motion picture division, officially approached Welles, who was fortunate in having already embarked on *My Friend Bonito*. Welles decided to scrap the North American episodes of *It's All True* and to keep only *My Friend Bonito*. Rockefeller suggested that the film should start with a documentary of the Rio Carnival, and should include a cartoon by Miguel Covarrubias.

Unfortunately, Welles allowed himself to be pressured into agreeing to get to Rio for the Carnival, which started on February 13. And he made a very serious mistake. Instead of pointing out to the RKO chiefs that he would have to have his contract extended to permit him to make the third film due under it by June, 1942, after *It's All True*, he went ahead and rushed this third film through. He recalled Norman Foster from Mexico in mid-shooting to make *Journey into Fear*, thereby ruining *My Friend Bonito*. Welles planned to continue *My Friend Bonito* later, but even this idea was abandoned, only to be taken up again when he returned to North America in August and talked about 'three weeks Mexican shooting still to be done'. Years later Foster tried to complete the film with the same actors; but it was, of course, impossible. The Mercury had schooled Jesús in Los Angeles, and he had gone into the army and disappeared.

And Welles himself left for Rio—via Washington, Miami, and Recife—on February 5, with the editing of *Ambersons* uncompleted. *Journey into Fear*, with the Colonel Haki scenes finished except for long shots using a stand-in, was of course still shooting. One would have thought that before leaving Welles would have made firm arrangements for Norman Foster to return immediately to Mexico to finish *Bonito* after he had completed *Journey into Fear*, but incredibly Welles announced instead that Foster would direct Dolores Del Rio in a previously abandoned Mexican melodrama in April.

Welles said before leaving Hollywood: 'We have pretty well in mind what we are going to do in Brazil<sup>2</sup>. And we also know that we are going on from there to other Latin American countries. My definite plan is to attempt a movie for all the people of all the Americas. It will be a polyglot movie, by which I mean we are designing it to be completely understandable, no matter what the language of the audience. Some of it will be silent, part will be in colour, but we intend





to make it so that it can play in its original state in all of the Americas.' A press release issued by Mercury Productions halfway through shooting (May 5, 1942) added: '[The film] will be comprehensible to the eye and not necessarily the ear of the audience. It will not be necessary to be able to read to understand. This means a venture into the revival of silent film techniques. The film will be full length, released as a normal feature by RKO and will appear in its original form in every country where it gets exhibited.' A full score, using Latin American themes, was commissioned from Paul Misraki, but never used.

Welles' hastily assembled team for the Brazilian project included Richard Wilson, his faithful assistant for many years, the cameramen Eddie Pyle, Harry Wellman, W. Howard Greene (the Technicolor man called for by Herbert and Natalie Kalmus, who had the Technicolor patent and supervised all of its uses), and, as director of photography, Harry J. Wild. On January 20 the first group, headed by Wilson, flew down in two chartered airliners, taking with them four Technicolor cameras, while another twelve planes left with other equipment. A ship arrived much later with more material, including, absurdly, the all-important arc lamps, which arrived after the carnival; meanwhile Welles had been forced to use local military searchlights for night dancing scenes, using every carbon electrode needed for possible anti-aircraft defence.

From the moment he arrived, Welles made a sensation in Rio. His personality inflamed enormous local enthusiasm, and he embarked on a round of nightclubs, performing his magic act, and appearing with famous Rio beauties, as well as plunging with enthusiasm into the days and nights of Carnival and dispatching second units all over to shoot the people arriving to take part in it.

He used the heavy Eyemo hand-held cameras, and Eclairs, light French cameras not then commonly used in America, fitting in his footage to all that Richard Wilson had shot, just before his arrival, of the first devotees on their way from inland. This episode, first called simply *Carnival*, was changed to *The Samba Story* or *The Story of the Samba* when Welles decided to introduce something of the origins of the dance form which was sweeping North and South America, and tie an account of it in with the Carnival. Second units went into villages and jungle areas, capturing the excitement of a nation afire with violent erotic rhythms, voluptuous and pulsating. Welles' teams showed crowds sambaing through dirt roads, swamps and great rain forests. And when Welles, with his passion for elaboration, found it necessary to flesh out even this incomparably exotic material, he reconstructed the Carnival in a local theatre and in the largest studio in Rio on a still more staggering scale than the real one.

Improvising the story with bold dramatic strokes as he went along, his genius at full stretch, Welles created the story of the samba schools, the samba's appearance at clubs and at public dances. To bind the whole story together he engaged the chunky, ebullient Negro entertainer Grande Otelo (Sebastião Prata), whom he photographed leading the crowd like the Pied Piper of Hamelin, together with a little boy not unlike Jésus Vazquez. These scenes, gone forever, evidently had a legendary quality, formalised and epic.

One sequence relieved the flowing rhythms of the rest. As Otelo and the boy reach the Plaza No. 11, a notorious haunt of prostitutes and thieves, and a place of marvellous colour and vibrancy, Otelo sings a lament, the 'Plaza No. 11 Farewell,' a hymn to the destined demolition of the square to make way for a new highway. Finally, Otelo and the boy are seen exhausted, the crowd drifts away down the streets like the ebbing bubbles of a dried-up river, and the boy leans against a lamp-post, sits down on the pavement and, his hat tilting over his brow, snoozes happily away. Carnival is over.

This part of *It's All True* was to take thirty or forty minutes to unfold. Casting about for a story to accompany it and *My Friend Bonito*, Welles either now in Rio or (some

TOP: "MY FRIEND BONITO". CENTRE: JACARE, LEADER OF THE JANGADEIROS. BOTTOM: CARNIVAL.



say) earlier in Hollywood found the ideal subject in the December 8 issue of *Time*. This was a true account of four fishermen known as *jangadeiros* who had sailed their primitive, tree-trunk seining raft, the São Pedro, 1,650 miles without a compass from Fortaleza, a primitive port on the hump of Brazil, to Rio. They had been inspired by God to bring word of their wretched working conditions and lack of pension funds to President Getulio Vargas, dictator of Brazil. As their journey continued, oppressed Brazil went wild. The *jangadeiros* became national heroes when they at last sailed into Rio harbour, were greeted by every vessel in the bay, and were paraded, after receiving improved conditions from Vargas, in triumph through the city streets.

The leader of the *jangadeiros*, a small, rugged man named José Olímpio Meira (or more familiarly Jacaré, the Alligator), and his tough little fishermen companions Tata, Mané and Jeronymo, fascinated Welles. He flew with Robert Meltzer to Fortaleza in March and signed them up. He decided to update their story from October 1941 to February 1942 to link them, albeit artificially, with the Carnival.

The structure was then as follows. *My Friend Bonito* was to be followed by Covarrubias' animated cartoon (on the conquest of Mexico), which would lead in to Welles booming in a 'travelogue' voice like those in the James A. FitzPatrick shorts. When the audience was on the point of exasperation, the voice would fade and the image it accompanied—'Rio's scenic beauties'—would change to a group of attractive girls on Copacabana Beach. They are looking out to sea. Following their gaze, we note a tiny speck, far out in the ocean. Now the whole beach crowd looks, boats put out, and we see the *jangada* raft, which is greeted by a great fleet and followed by the cameras as it docks. The raft is hoisted by crane from the water, and the *jangadeiros* are greeted by the populace.

Jacaré then takes up the story, squatting in front of the camera as he describes to us the origins of the *jangadeiros*, and their brave battle in the past against the slave trade. He excuses himself, gets up, and announces that he is going to Carnival. This links him with the Carnival itself, which forms the next portion of the film.

During the shooting in March Welles saw a superb sight: as he crossed Rio Harbour from Niterói across the Bay, he saw the moon glowing behind the great Christ the Redeemer statue on Corcovado Peak. He sent a cameraman on to a ferry the next night to cruise up and down until he obtained some perfect shots. They are magnificent; and they still survive.

Often, at night, Welles talked to the *jangadeiros* about their lives in Fortaleza and their lack of compasses. Jacaré told Welles that he thought a compass was a thing of pity. He added that a *jangadeiro* did not even need a chart. He had the sun, the stars, and the wind.

Shooting of the *jangadeiros* episode proceeded smoothly—then an extraordinary disaster took place. On May 19 a second unit was filming Jacaré and his companions off the coast when an octopus and a shark suddenly burst out of the water, locked in a death struggle. The crew eagerly shot this astonishing sight, and the *jangadeiros* stood up to look, thereby tilting over the raft. They fell into the sea. Tata, Mané and Jeronymo were powerful swimmers. They reached safety, hauled aboard a film crew boat. But Jacaré was a poor swimmer. As the great creatures sank in a bloody foam, reports ran, he was sucked into the vortex and vanished. Six days later, the shark was caught. Inside it, half digested, were portions of octopus and the head and arms of Jacaré.

Welles was stunned when he heard the news. He immediately scrawled across the script of *It's All True* the words: 'Dedicated to the memory of Jacaré, an American hero.' But many people unfairly blamed him for the tragedy.

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Even before the shock caused in Washington and Hollywood by this incident, storm clouds had been gathering at home. The trouble began in February, just after Welles' departure for Rio, when Joseph I. Breen, the former motion picture censor who had assumed office as RKO vice-president in charge of production in Hollywood, went on vacation

to Mexico. In Breen's absence, Charles Koerner, a hard-driving New York executive of Radio-Keith-Orpheum, the parent theatre company which controlled RKO Radio Pictures, came to Hollywood to take temporary charge.

Koerner, general manager of the theatre circuit under George Schaefer, president of Radio-Keith-Orpheum, was brashly opposed to Welles' policy of directing 'big' two-hour films. Completely steeped in the idea of double booking—a drama doubled with a comedy, say, to be on the safe side—Koerner saw this method of selling films in harness as an answer to the problems of his company, still the shakiest in Hollywood. He hoped, too, that double bookings would provide a solution to the problem caused by a recent government consent decree which forbade block bookings of films in large numbers over chains of theatres—a decree that foreshadowed the severance of the theatre chains from their studio owners or subsidiaries some years later. Hence, he had *Ambersons* cut, to fit a double bill.

After Breen's return to Hollywood, Koerner stayed on to clash with Breen, who wanted a policy of high-quality pictures, carefully sold one by one on particularised publicity campaigns, and was against the cutting of *Ambersons*. Breen brought in two 'quality' producers, Jed Harris and Reeves Espy; and he hired, in April, Pare Lorentz, the brilliant documentary film-maker (*The River*, *The Plow That Broke the Plains*), to direct a film entitled *Name, Age and Occupation*, based on an unfinished novel and an unfinished government documentary of Lorentz's own, about a farm boy who becomes a sergeant in World War I and later returns to the land, as much a symbolic representation of the simple American rural people as *Citizen Kane* was a representation of the ambitious American. Robert Ryan was brought from the stage to play Lorentz's leading character, and Floyd Crosby engaged to do the photography.

For months, Breen and Koerner and the other members of the board of directors on both coasts were locked in a struggle over studio policy. Stories about Welles' profligacy in Rio, followed by news of the death of Jacaré, gave strength to Koerner's arm. In May, Breen resigned and returned to his post of censor. The Lorentz project was cancelled, after weeks of location shooting in and around Detroit, and the unfortunate Floyd Crosby again found himself with an uncompleted feature on his hands.

In New York the company was controlled by three immensely powerful men: Floyd Odlum, president of the 100-million dollar Atlas Corporation, who had saved the studio from bankruptcy in 1939; Nelson Rockefeller, through his Rockefeller Centre group; and David Sarnoff, the dynamic head of the Radio Corporation of America. Odlum, we may safely assume, was out to bat for Koerner, while Rockefeller and Sarnoff—particularly the former—were in favour of that policy of 'quality pictures' which Breen had been happy to execute. Through his Atlas Corporation's incredible resources, Odlum assumed more and more control, and by June he had a 47 per cent holding in the company. The pressure was too great; Rockefeller resigned, and with him Sarnoff and Breen. This left almost no one on the board sympathetic to Welles' venture, and in June an executive flew to Rio to recall the unit, while Koerner took the reins in Hollywood.

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The death of Jacaré was widely reported and caused a sudden upsurge of Brazilian public feeling against the Hollywood film company in its midst. According to more than one member of the production team, they were unable for days to risk coming out of their Rio hotel. Nor were relations with RKO improved by Welles' notoriously eccentric behaviour, which included throwing furniture out of a hotel window in protest at a bill. Worse still, the footage that came back to Hollywood was allegedly an inchoate jumble, with the stories of the *jangadeiros* and Grande Otelo so carelessly woven into the fabric of *The Samba Story* that only a master-piece of editorial juggling could have knitted the threads together.

The studio emissary packed up the unit, seized the colour





"MY FRIEND BONITO": JESUS VASQUEZ, DOMINGO SOLER.

cameras and flew everyone home with the exception of Welles himself, his assistant Richard Wilson, Wilson's wife (the writer Elizabeth Wilson), and Welles' secretary. This little group travelled to Fortaleza and, on studio instructions, did their best to shoot—with the aid of a young Hungarian cameraman, George Fanto—the opening scenes of the picture, which showed the fishermen preparing for their journey south. Incredibly, they were not lynched, but liked; they used a stand-in for the dead Jacaré and shot from 4.30 in the morning until midnight.

Welles and his small team, with the aid of local researchers, set out to create nothing less than the traditional life of an entire community. He showed hundreds of *jangadeiros* leaving Fortaleza each morning at the first glimmer of light, looking for their daily food. Storms came, destroying their hope of provender. Sharks were shown cruising the coast, making fishing impossible. Against these dangers Welles beautifully set the atmosphere of deep friendship and community suffering that bound the fishermen together, their construction of native huts to withstand the weather, the women making lace, the cooking of the fish in handmade ovens, the making of the rafts from five tree trunks lashed together. At the end of the episode Welles showed the tragic

drowning of a young *jangadeiro* and the funeral that followed, with mourning women—in shots influenced by Flaherty—outlined against the sky, the rocks, and the sea. Not a foot of the negative of this episode appears to survive.

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His work in Fortaleza finished, Welles returned, after a brief visit to Buenos Aires, to New York in August. Meanwhile, on July 1, the Mercury Production Unit had been summarily ordered to get off the RKO lot within forty-eight hours to make room for a Tarzan picture crew, and all had been struck from the studio payroll. Jack Moss and Herbert Drake, vice-president of Mercury and director of its publicity, issued a joint statement to the press which might—apart from its faulty grammar—have been penned by Welles himself: 'We are Leonardo da Vinci, evicted from his draughty garret.' They took with them the Mercury files, a mimeograph machine, and some few possessions, taking refuge until their final disbanding at the home of Herbert Drake, where they could receive Mercury telephone calls. They also, in a characteristic Mercury joking mood, removed from RKO the bronze outlet to Welles' steam room, where many Mercury conferences were held and which was now being used by the RKO executives. Bronze was unobtainable due to wartime restrictions, the outlet could not be replaced, and Koerner never forgave them.

The Mercury remnants worked with a capital of 200 dollars and were more or less sustained by the consolation of a telephone call from Welles in which he said, 'We're just passing a bad Koerner.'

Throughout the last six months of 1942, Welles, on good terms with Nelson Rockefeller in spite of everything, enlisted the aid of Rockefeller's office to try to salvage the footage shot in Rio. In July 1943, the House Committee on Appropriations held a closed budget session to investigate the facts. Nelson Rockefeller and Francis Alstock, now director of the CIAA's motion picture division (in place of John Hay Whitney, who was in the Army) told the committee bluntly that the CIAA was no longer responsible for the 300,000 dollars it had promised RKO against loss on completion.

That, of course, was the end. The material shot at Fortaleza was not even printed from the negative, and of the remaining *jangadeiros* material, only the final arrival of the carnival was shown to Preston Sturges at Paramount for possible use as stock footage in a comedy (*Carnival in Rio*) that was never made. There was some discussion of using it for shorts, and the CIAA considered buying it for use in Pan-American relations one-reel illustrative films. All these schemes were abandoned, and in January 1945 a duplicate negative was handed over to Welles, who for tax purposes lodged it in a vault in Salt Lake City; when Welles was unable to find funds to cut it himself, it was returned to RKO. The rest, both colour and black-and-white negative, was retained, together with the *jangadeiros* material, in the RKO vaults.

In 1946, when *The Stranger* was being finished, Russell Metty—shocked when Welles burst into tears and said he was broke and had no future plans—offered to assemble the whole of RKO's *It's All True* positive into some rough shape to show to a group of possible financiers. These men were interested in having Welles act as a go-between. They would buy the film from RKO, which distributed *The Stranger*, Welles would explain the film to the audience in an introductory talk, recut it in its entirety, and provide a coherent narrative. But he did not turn up at a screening that could have saved his film. 'The son of a bitch was in New York,' the still astonished Metty says today. 'He had completely forgotten about the screening.'<sup>3</sup>

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The *It's All True* affair had a curious aftermath. In February 1957 Nassour Studio in Hollywood sued RKO and the King Brothers for 750,000 dollars, charging that their script for *The Brave One*, a Mexican bullfight story identical with *My Friend Bonito*, was based on one rejected by RKO in 1951 and filmed by Nassour as *Emilio and the Bull*. Next



month, one Robert Rich won the Oscar for the script of *The Brave One*, released in mid-March. On March 31, Robert Rich told the *New York Times* that he was not the story's author after all, but was in fact a nephew of Frank King of King Brothers famous production team. Rich claimed that he had met the real author in Germany, but would not name him.

Shortly after that, Paul Rader, director of film productions at WGBH-TV, Boston's educational television station, claimed that the film was based on his script *Ring Around Saturn*, which he had written for Nassour and sold to them in October 1951. Then, on April 3, Fred Zinnemann, in a joint statement to the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences and the *New York Times*, disclosed that the story was precisely the same as one that Flaherty had shown him in 1931. Mrs. Frances Flaherty, Flaherty's widow, said that she still owned the original manuscript of the story, written in 1928 and called *Benito* (sic) *the Bull* (her mis-spelling has been followed by numerous Welles critics, including Peter Noble and Peter Cowie).

The King Brothers pointed out that the story was a legend in the public domain, and that Tom Lea, author of *The Brave Bulls*, had also written a version of it. It later emerged that Fred Zinnemann had tried to buy the story from the Flahertys in 1936, but that Welles had already acquired an option. Welles himself wrote from Europe to reveal the price he had paid for it. Finally, the King Brothers settled with Nassour for the full 750,000 dollars out of court. The author of the screenplay, using the name of the King Brothers' nephew, was in fact Dalton Trumbo, hiding under a pseudonym because of the blacklist.

## II

What became of *It's All True*? In 1958, RKO was acquired by Desilu. When Paramount took over Desilu several years later, Hazel Marshall, Paramount film librarian, was given orders by the fire department to junk every foot of film in one vault as it had decomposed to the danger point. She had it shipped out to sea and dumped in the Pacific.

Of the remainder, Miss Marshall, afraid of copyright problems when clearances seemed not to have been filed on the principal figure, Grande Otelo, cut and destroyed every foot of film in which he appeared dancing through and binding together the story of the Samba. The rest was trimmed from hundreds of out-takes to a continuity of dances and street scenes by her assistant Tony Pellegrino, who worked doggedly for several months to fit together from negative and positive a working continuity. What he has produced is a condensation of hundreds of takes amounting to just over 30,000 feet.

By an incredible coincidence, the day I telephoned Paramount from Santa Cruz, where I was teaching, to ask the material's present whereabouts (Welles, in Hollywood after a sojourn in Mexico, was also seeking the footage), Miss Marshall told me she had just finished cataloguing the material the day before. She had no idea what it signified, or what *It's All True* was. She called it 'the Welles Mardi Gras material'. It was the moment of a lifetime for a cinéaste. I flew from Santa Cruz that night, unable to sleep, and the next morning I saw the Carnival footage. Months later, after a hiatus caused by Miss Marshall's concern that Paramount might have no right to show the material at all, a series of complicated coast to coast negotiations (involving seemingly half the attorneys of Paramount Gulf and Western Industries) resulted in my seeing what was left of *My Friend Bonito* and *Jangadeiros*.

I shall endeavour to describe exactly what I saw, though I cannot unfortunately share my precise feelings as I viewed the footage on a moviola. I examined about 11,000 feet, all that remains of *My Friend Bonito* and *Jangadeiros*, mixed together out of sequence, brittle and often faded on twelve separate reels, and 7,000 feet of *Samba*. The remaining black-and-white negative still in condition to be printed amounts to about twenty reels. What I have seen is detailed below (all silent, black-and-white 35mm, except for two



JANGADEIROS. THE APPARENT STORM CLOUD ON THE RIGHT OF THE PICTURE IS A FAULT ON THE ORIGINAL NEGATIVE.

isolated Technicolor shots of the *jangadeiros*' raft being lifted by crane to the Rio wharves).

To take the earliest filmed material first, *My Friend Bonito* consists very largely of unedited takes, with numerous slates showing. Reel One features a religious procession: figures with candles, others dressed as angels with paper wings, still others carrying crosses. Above them, as they wind in packed procession through the narrow streets, the Virgin Mary in effigy is carried proudly high. These are religious devotees on their way to the blessing of the bulls. The second reel shows a church, with bells ringing, palms, and a baroque exterior; more of the procession, with one splendid below eye-level tilted camera shot of the Virgin outlined against a tower, all against great escarpments of cumulus cloud.

The third reel consists of tests of Chico asleep, nodding, or leaning head on hand in a great sombrero. Then we see numerous takes of the animals being brought by children to be blessed, endless shots of a priest touching the nose of the bull with a flower, the boy laughing, and the dogs, geese, goats, sheep and cattle of the young people brought for the benediction, in rinsed, sunlit images of rich beauty.

Later, in Reel Four, the boy plays with the bull in a great meadow, pulls its tail, teasingly 'bullfights' it around trees, and runs after it until the bull in its turn butts him. All the time an old man, the local grandee played by Domingo Soler, smilingly looks on against dramatically clouded skies.

Reel Five, to be discussed presently, is from *Jangadeiros*. Reel Six is devoted to a superb sequence of two men (picadors) testing and teasing the young bull. Out of a glittering sky, the two men on horseback swoop in parabolas, while the bull moves in humped and determined counterpoint, all observed in a huge and wonderfully sustained take lasting several minutes. The camera retreats, darts forward, hurtles across the plain with breathtaking freedom and ease. And the ritual has a legendary quality, perfectly formalised and poetic.

Reel Seven shows the preparations for the great corrida at the end of the picture. This is at first more routine: a picador straps heavy metal plates to his legs, and we see numerous takes of a matador advancing beyond the protecting wooden wall with a cape. There is, though, one stunning shot at the end of this reel: the boy runs at breakneck speed through a mouldering township, then bursts out of cool shadows into a sudden blaze of sunlight, framed in a long shot of an archway as he emerges, scattering a flock of geese. Their white wings dazzle in a whirl of sundrenched feathers against a pale sky as he moves across a plain to a smoky horizon.

Reel Eight is again *Jangadeiros*. Reel Nine is routine: bulls at feeding time, the training of the bull, fragments of



the animal blessing. But with Reel Ten we are in a cinéaste's paradise: this is magnificent, fully cut and assembled footage<sup>4</sup>, testimony to the talents of everyone concerned with it.

Brilliantly edited by Joe Noriega, Welles' trusted Mexican cutter, this thrilling reel—marked 'Reel 99' on the original leader—remains one of the high-water marks of lost cinema. The shots flash by in incredibly rapid succession, drenched in light, expertly stylised and pointed, with photography by Floyd Crosby of startling, characteristic vividness. Here the whole lost film in miniature is seen: the testing by the picadors, the boy scattering geese as he runs to the old ranch owner and seeks permission to take the bull to be blessed, the love he has of the bull, its coaxing, teasing, and roping; the wonderful blessing of the animals, with faces outlined in groups, pairs and single shots against the sky; the flowers, the bells, the approach of a hundred figures with their pet creatures, and all the time one boy with a donkey chapleted with flowers easing it forward, while Chico delightedly laughs at Bonito's uncomfortable receipt of the benison. Ribbons flutter against clouds; we gaze through a bell tower as dust rises from hooves and paws; a girl lifts a pig for the flowers. At last, in ironic counterpoint to the blessing, the bull is branded; it has become blooded: it is ready to face death in the afternoon. In the final scene of this great reel the boy watches tenderly and sadly as the bull, marked forever, trots glumly from the meshes of wire around the enclosure, on, on into the blazing afternoon until Bonito is only a smudge of darkness against the horizon. The remaining two reels, consisting of further out-takes, are inevitably anti-climactic after this.

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*My Friend Bonito*, as it stands, is notable for its vivid, compressed sunlit energy, its Eisensteinian sharpness of detail, and its warm, unsentimental response to the faces and rituals of the Mexican poor. It is, even in this fragmentary version, worthy to stand beside *Que Viva Mexico*, though some might complain that the story and its final premise (though based on a true incident) are fundamentally banal. The boy unquestionably was a 'natural', spontaneous, unpretty, and direct—a real child.

The material from *Jangadeiros* is in some ways even more striking, though all that is left—in positive film at least—is the great final entry in triumph of the raft fishermen into Rio harbour. Here one has a very sharp glimpse of Welles'

"MY FRIEND BONITO".



genius. Roughly cut though it is, the sequence has an extraordinary momentum and rhythm. It is opened and closed by the shot of a plane flying low over Sugarloaf Mountain, symbol of release. At first, the approaching *jangado* raft is seen at a great distance across a seemingly endless expanse of Atlantic Ocean. Then, one by one, the local small craft begin to respond to the word of the heroes' arrival. A forest of arms starts—in an electrifying moment—to wave. More arms wave; a superb image as they sprout from masts like the arms of plants. Ropes snake across the compositions of pressing sails, climbing bodies, and sequined sea—Welles the romantic at full stretch. The pace builds more and more exhilaratingly as the camera retreats at incredible speed before the boats, which seem to bear down on us like a threatening navy. Now the excitement is almost overwhelming as row upon row of boats carve and scud in a spanking breeze, the crowd dances on the wharf, the air explodes with sails, arms, ropes, bursts of clouds, and lancing sunbeams. At the last moment the spectator becomes a pilot seeing it all from the air (the camera crew literally hung out of the side doors of a bomber to shoot this), swoops like a bird low over the great flotilla, and skims out across the ocean until the whole image is filled with nothing but a thousand sparkling waves.

Unfortunately, the carnival footage emerges less satisfactorily. It is, at least in its present form—and one cannot blame Tony Pellegrino, who worked devotedly on its restoration—a rather scrappy assembly of travelogue shots, printed black and white from a colour negative. Nevertheless, the material often fascinates, and it won't be easy to forget the moment when it first flickered on to the moviola at Paramount, breaking a mystery that has remained inviolate to all save a handful of people for twenty-seven years.

Crowds swarm below the balconies of a theatre, all festooned in a thousand streamers, the men in white tuxedos and the women in fantastic costumes and head-dresses, filmed by Welles in the Municipal Theatre in scenes specially staged. Bands and opulently dressed people samba along the cobbled streets and sunlit waterfront areas of Rio in answer to the rhythms; a few shots of Grande Otelo are mysteriously left in, the camera tracking past stalls as he dances; enormous floats pass by with women on boats or elephants, in *Cleopatra*-like tableaux or surrounded by revolving pillars; girls smile on a gigantic barge; we see a donkey, gigantic and covered in sequins; one float represents the Greek principle of democracy, with a book and a helmeted head; lanterns are carried high above the crowd, in wreaths on the tips of spears; and all this magnificence is lit with vivid flares against the swarming night. One can see here at least the baroque imagination responding.

In the later scenes the intensity of the response to the material notably increases: for here the crowds swarming past Copacabana and under the shadow of Corcovado are in a state of ferocious hysteria. In some overhead shots Welles and his camera crew succeed in creating a feeling of extraordinary frenzy and exultation, with people rushing at each other from all directions, and Grande Otelo glimpsed briefly in their midst. The images are glistening, opulent, and rich, interrupted by a marvellous shot of the Christ statue with the moon behind it, shot by ferry from the bay.

Many of the scenes showing the villages where the samba originated do survive. These second unit sequences are very ordinary. So, too, are the shots of the *favelas*, and of Rio itself. Nevertheless, one hopes that this material, variable though it is, will be saved by somebody; that it will not, like so much of this most fabulous of lost collectors' items, wind up at the bottom of the Pacific Ocean.

#### FOOTNOTES

1. It was adapted for BBC television by Denis Johnston in 1938, with Flaherty himself narrating.
2. Only 'pretty well.' There had been no time to prepare a script or even a story or treatment, a fact that resulted in the fatally haphazard nature of the material when it was actually shot.
3. Interview with Russell Metty, Universal City, 1969.
4. It was prepared by Floyd Crosby to show to Robert Rossen when Rossen was planning *The Brave Bulls*.



# FILM REVIEWS

## PIGSTY

WITH THE CONCLUSION of *Theorem*, Pasolini left us in the company of today's bourgeois *paterfamilias*, stripped of all save his despairing confusion, wandering distractedly across the arid volcanic wastes that had been glimpsed previously throughout the film like almost subliminal reminders of his cryptozoic ancestry. As if resuming the tale, *Pigsty* (Eagle) begins in the same setting, with an identical outcast struggling across the lifeless ash-dunes; the pangs assailing him now, however, are no longer those of conscience or doubt but simply those of an excruciating hunger. Pasolini gives us no time to consider this apparent simplification before he has once again broadened the metaphor alarmingly by cutting in the first glimpses of the parallel story of which the film is composed. In direct balance to *Theorem* (and the editor, Nino Baragli, is the same for both), *Pigsty* punctuates the primitive with the ornate; although this time the two separate narratives are of roughly equal length, if not of equivalent complexity.

The central character of what was originally called *Orgia*, and conceived by Pasolini in 1965 as a possible companion piece to Buñuel's forty-minute *Simon of the Desert*, discovers that the most substantial method of feeding himself among the grey slopes is by decapitating and cooking each passing traveller; he accumulates a small gang of outcasts and is well on the way towards creating a new religion centred on cannibalism when he is captured by the outraged militia of a local settlement and staked out with his followers for wild dogs to consume. Intruding regularly and loquaciously upon this direct, almost completely silent account of savagery and its reward, are the elaborate dialogues of *Porcile* itself, broadly concerned with the fate of a German industrialist's son who has a passion for pigs. While the knowledge of this perversion is of some embarrassment to the industrialist, who has to modify his business plans to protect the family name, the son's activities are tolerated (unlike those of his counterpart in *Orgia*) by everyone except, it seems, the pigs—who finally tear him apart and eat him.

In both cases the climactic feast is observed by Ninetto Davoli, Pasolini's



"PIGSTY": ANNE WIAZEMSKY.

Chorus-figure in everything he has made since *Uccellacci e Uccellini*. Capering and exuberant, and topped as usual with his extraordinary mound of tight black curls, Davoli expresses both the repugnance and the fascination with which the naively uncommitted working class sensibly greets the unintelligible conclusions of its superiors. Pasolini's attitude towards him is ambiguous: on the one hand, Davoli represents the clarity and sincerity of an unprejudiced witness—on the other, he suffers from instant gullibility. The film ends not on his face but on that of the neo-capitalist, with his instruction that the atrocious events in the pigsty, like countless others in his lifetime, are not to be spoken of. And the point of this joke is that, for all the below-stairs gossip, it will be obeyed; the honest witness will always talk, and as Pasolini knows we know, he will always be ignored and forgotten. To this extent, *Pigsty* continues to chart the course of Pasolini's detachment from the ideology of his *Accattone* days. Like Godard, he has accepted the Hegelianism that contradictions are an absolute necessity, but has pursued the argument further (and more logically?) to the point at which total assumption of either of the contradictory extremes has become impossible.

So *Pigsty*, like *Theorem*, draws both comfort and despair from the gratified hungers of humanity, blames no one for their actions or their inactions, and ultimately adopts a fatalistic standpoint (the connection with *Edipo Re* is hinted enigmatically by the cannibal's final words) which concludes that other forces than man's are behind all that he attempts to do. Not that Pasolini has diluted the venom he holds for the neo- and paleo-capitalists; his caricatured Klotz parents and the tussle for power with the urbane ex-Nazi (portrayed by Ugo Tognazzi, a neatly ironic acceptable-to-all-classes choice) are the most scathing lampoons he has done. The bursts of harp music accompanying the description of gas-chamber killings are of course outrageous, as are the Hitlerite

appearance and behaviour of Alberto Lionello. That there is nothing convincingly German about any of them—even the villa is 'Italianised'—is emphasised by references to Italian plastic surgery; the renaissance of Fascism, Pasolini observes, is not a locally German phenomenon.

Yet even here, the balance is maintained; the industrialist knows what Grosz and Brecht would have thought of him, and even sympathises ('There's room for an entire social class in my belly!'), while the plight of his son is ascribed to his unwillingness either to attack or to support the Bonn government where, as Klotz observes, fortunes are still made by weapon factories but the products now are for use overseas. The son's girl friend, speaking proudly of her 'links with all progressive young people', takes part in a demonstration against the Berlin Wall waving the slogan 'Down with God', and finally settles for marriage with one Puby Jannings, whose name alone is indication enough of his mixed origins. Confusion is in all things, and only the mechanics and what might be termed the end products of consumer society can be relied upon as constant.

The wilful interlocking of two utterly different narratives has its own strange ambiguity. It can be argued that the exercise is meaningless, yet the results never are. The contrasts and clashes between *Orgia* and *Porcile* set up disturbing, often indefinable echoes, as in the tension between the Klotz-Herdhitz encounter and the parallel staging of the desert ambush where the defenceless (but only *seemingly* so) nude bodies hover on the moonlit ground like illuminations of the heartlessness of the discussion they interrupt. Since we know far more about the porcophile Julian than we do about the cannibal, the relationship between them is difficult to determine—particularly as the former is hardly as anti-social as the latter. But relationship there undoubtedly is, in their passion, in their detachment, and finally in their deaths.

Originally, Pasolini had planned that Julian would be visited by the ghost of





"MEDIUM COOL": ROBERT FORSTER, PETER BONERZ.

Spinoza, assuring him that his love for the pigs is equivalent to a belief in God; this splendidly ambivalent interpolation is gone, but the sense of the self-destructive nature of any dedication remains, the theological aspects being brought out more by the cannibal's ceremonial disposal of heads in the marvellously gaping mouth of the volcano and his condemnation at the hands of some dishevelled clerics than by Julian's more amiable martyrdom.

In the last resort, *Pigsty* never quite reconciles its two halves, shot as they are with totally different camera styles (hand-held for much of *Orgia*, formal face-to-face and low-angle for the Klotz saga), but the resonances between the two provide their own remarkable harmony. If one can conclude anything from the film, it is that Pasolini has transcended the efforts of any of his contemporaries to define the Italian dilemma in both poetic and cinematic terms.

PHILIP STRICK

## MEDIUM COOL

HASKELL WEXLER has for some time been recognised as one of America's most talented cameramen—certainly since 1963, when he wrote a letter to SIGHT AND SOUND drawing attention to his credits on movies made outside Hollywood like *Angel Baby*, *The Savage Eye*, *The Best Man*, *America*, and *Studs Lonigan*. 'For years I have worked on the fringes and behind the scenes because of archaic union restrictions,' he wrote. 'Credit and discussion of my contributions to these films had to be clouded or hushed. Now if my work deserves criticism or recognition, I would like to have it.' Having apparently attained full industrial recognition he photographed *The Loved One*, *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, and *In the Heat of the Night*, and now he's put himself squarely up for

judgment as producer, director, screenwriter, director of photography and principal camera-operator of *Medium Cool* (Paramount). He emerges from the test with considerable distinction.

The issues the film raises are complex, but the basic plot and its moral tendency are extremely simple. During the spring and summer of 1968, a Chicago television cameraman, John (Robert Forster), gradually appreciates the responsibilities and dilemmas of his vocation as a result of the merging of his private and professional lives and the impingement upon them of public events.

As a private citizen, John is reaching the end of an apparently satisfactory affair with an attractive nurse who chases round his apartment with him in *Blow-Up* style, and raises questions about whether the cameramen on *Mondo Cane* helped reorientate the poisoned Bikini turtles they had so lovingly and indignantly photographed, whether John feels any responsibility for the material he gathers. But he's really more concerned with the techniques of his trade and the electronic trappings of his flat, on the walls of which are giant posters of Jean-Paul Belmondo and the celebrated picture of the South Vietnamese officer blowing a Viet Cong prisoner's brains out. That the girl friend should be a nurse is no more a coincidence than that her successor should be Eileen, a West Virginian widow living in Chicago's newly created ghetto of poor whites who've moved in from the impoverished Appalachians. John meets her through her young son Hal, a fellow pigeon-fancier, who'd tried to rob his car. Hal's father—as revealed in flashback—was an exponent of traditional rural wisdom and folkways, bringing up his son to respect the gun and acknowledge the accepted subservience of women. John thus gains awareness of a new social reality and becomes a sort of surrogate father as wielder of the harmless gun—the camera having become the respectable weapon for both urban and African safaris.

Professionally, John is apprised of his

problems when he realises that his film is being handed over to the F.B.I. and local police by his TV station and that he's being blocked from following up a human interest story about a Negro cab-driver who found 10,000 dollars in the back of his taxi. The cabman is accused by his friends of acting as a 'Negro' as opposed to a 'Blackman' for turning the money in to his employers; the White community wishes to suppress the story because the money was intended to finance some vigilante organisation. As a result of pursuing the case in his spare time, John is fired for unauthorised use of his employers' film.

This brings us to the third aspect of John's education—the American political scene of 1968, and the necessity for commitment that its traumatic events dictated. John and his sound man Gus (Peter Bonerz—the *Funnyman* of John Kory's San Francisco picture and the only moderately familiar face in the film) drift around interviewing Robert Kennedy supporters at their local campaign headquarters and through the Negro poverty camps in Washington as if on any ordinary assignment. After Kennedy's death in Los Angeles has been rendered by a few suggestive shots from the hotel kitchen before the assassination, Wexler cuts to John and Gus in the national capital for the funeral. The slow progress of John's uncompleted politicisation is partly registered through his increasing impatience with Gus, but even at this late stage he remarks admiringly of the TV network preparations for covering the funeral that 'These guys are all set up—they had the experience of J.F.K. in 1963, of course.' Later, while viewing a TV obituary programme on Martin Luther King, he discusses whether TV excites violence or only drains off national passions and anxieties, but still remarks: 'Jesus, I love to shoot film.'

These elements are all drawn together in the confusion attending the Democratic Convention in Chicago, during which John is employed as a freelance cameraman in the Convention Hall and Eileen, while searching for her lost son, is caught up with the demonstrators outside. Paralleling John's own groping towards involvement, Eileen is unconsciously drawn into the protest march, moving forward with the marchers, sitting down when ordered, and finally running when the police brutally disrupt the proceedings. When eventually she meets up with John they detach themselves from the crowd to carry on the hunt for Hal by car. (These scenes have a good deal in common with the politically conscious Russian and German movies of forty years ago.) On the car radio they hear the news of their own deaths among the various accident reports and accounts of Convention atrocities, and a split second later skid off the road into a tree. Echoing the pre-credit sequence which showed John and Gus coolly filming an accident before calling an ambulance, a family drives by without stopping and John's own death is snapped through the back window by a teenager. All this is observed by a TV camera which pans from the wrecked car to the audience, and the Chicago riot cry 'The whole world's watching' is heard again on the soundtrack as we return briefly to the street battle.

This is clearly a very personal film for Wexler. First, it takes him back for closer scrutiny over much of the ground covered in the service of others, e.g. the superstitious, backward rural America of *Angel Baby*; the political mechanics and



rituals of *The Best Man*; the Chicago of *Studs Lonigan*; the morbid obsession with the random cruelties of urban life (punctuated with anonymous car smashes) that *The Savage Eye* dwelt on; the racial confrontations so slickly handled in *In the Heat of the Night*. Secondly, there's a constant debate about the role of the professional observer and his responsibilities.

The first scene after the credits is a *cinéma vérité*-type treatment of a party at which photographers discuss the ethics and hazards of their job. This is followed by the coverage of a National Guard riot control exercise in which the left-wing demonstrators are played with frightening relish and to the life by (presumably) soldiers, police and right-wing volunteers; when recorded it differs little from the real thing. And 'the real thing' when we see it is the genuine Chicago riots, the dramatic possibilities of which Wexler must no doubt have foreseen as did most of the participants, even if they didn't anticipate their scale. At one point, as a tear gas bomb explodes and an orderly progression breaks up into a chaotic *mêlée*, someone on the soundtrack shouts, 'Look out, Haskell, it's real!' which could well be used as the epigraph of the movie.

At another level, of course, the cameraman represents the public in a world dominated by the images and vicarious experiences provided by the mass media that control and distort our sense of reality. How true a picture of our society are we getting? To what extent does the unceasing barrage of information and sensations lead to a brutalisation of the sensibility and indifference? Does the mere presence of the media, not to mention their rigging of affairs, alter an event? Do the media encourage people to act, or relieve them of responsibility, or merely make them feel increasingly impotent? These and a dozen others are perennial questions, not easily answered but raised by Wexler in a particularly honest and forceful way.

*Medium Cool*, it goes without saying, is

brilliantly photographed, and throughout it has a sense of total conviction in its dialogue and an exact feeling for place in its observation. The laconic, elliptical style, eschewing all exposition, is admirable, though it tends to leave the characters without much depth. In consequence we are not much moved by them as individuals, which may or may not be intentional, and while we're never in doubt about Wexler's perceptiveness we feel curiously uneasy about his hero's. The main fault of the film, however, is the too overtly ironic cutting: from a roller-skating brawl to love-making; from a TV interview with a rich lady talking about 'getting away from civilisation' on a Canadian vacation to the Chicago slums; from a series of angry into-camera testimonies by Black Power advocates to suburban housewives at pistol practice, and so on. The objection is not to the validity of the associations made but rather to the glibness of the editing, in contrast to the subtlety and avoidance of rhetoric in the individual sequences and the film as a whole.

PHILIP FRENCH

## BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID and TELL THEM WILLIE BOY IS HERE

IN AN AGE dominated by the anti-hero, Polonsky's Willie Boy boldly flaunts his difference. Even the title, *Tell Them Willie Boy is Here* (Rank), rings like a gauntlet flung down in the face of society; and as the dark, unsmiling Paiute Indian jumps off a train in the opening sequence to make his way home through the desert scrub to the reservation where he has become an outsider to his own people but remains unacceptable to the whites, one knows that he is as doomed to die as the hero of that archetypal Forties protest, *They Live By*

*Night*. The whole film is predicated on the irony that Willie Boy is presumed guilty of a crime defined by circumstance rather than by fact, and behind his eyes, as in those of Keechie and Bowie, lies the puzzled, secretive query: is *this* justice, is this man's inalienable right...?

It isn't difficult to see *Willie Boy* as an allegory of Polonsky's own presumed crime, the one for which he was blacklisted and kept off the screen until 1968 and a writing credit for *Madigan*. Luckily—and with an authority surprising since he hasn't directed a film since *Force of Evil* in 1948—Polonsky keeps such a firm control over the film that there is no reason, or occasion, to intrude with interpretations upon his bleak symphony of inscrutable desert wildernesses: literal, in the majestically rocky landscapes over which Willie and Lola (Robert Blake and Katharine Ross) flee in order to preserve their love; and metaphorical in the impassive way in which Willie and Sheriff Cooper (Robert Redford) pursue their duel, their faces revealing no hostility but secreting—perhaps—oases of feeling as dried out yet secure, strange and beckoning as the ghost village shrouded in gracefully decaying palm fronds where Willie and Lola fail in their last, despairing stand.

Lazily, almost too methodically, but with direction which grips like a vice, Polonsky builds the complex jigsaw which will result in the picture one has already seen on the box, of Willie's funeral pyre: the needling by white storekeeper and poolroom bums ('Goin' to make some squaw happy tonight, Willie Boy?'); his rejection at gunpoint by Lola's father, and his flight with Lola after killing her father in self-defence; the posse which lets loose the trouble-mongers and the Indian-fighters yearning for the good old days; the visit to California of President Taft, security-mad after the assassination of McKinley in Buffalo to a point where Willie's flight becomes magnified in the mind to a full-blown Indian uprising.

Underneath all this, firmly subordinating the décors of civilisation (the tired little railway station where one of the posse is carried to die, the voluptuous plush-and-gilt of the hotel where Taft's presence is felt but not seen) to his central image of a desert, Polonsky relentlessly pursues his theme: the fatalistic irony whereby Willie (they made me a criminal, the outcast of the Thirties and Forties used to say) reverts to being an Indian when accused, in effect, of the crime of being an Indian.

At the beginning of the film, as Willie returns from a ranching job in Arizona to pay his court to Lola, his behaviour is simple and direct: love means love, and an American dollar buys a bottle of whisky, not the rotgut supplied by appointment to the reservation. But once he has married Lola by the Paiute custom of marriage by capture—acknowledged as his right by the Indians, but not by their white protectors—he begins to change, and the deliberate ambivalence of the scene where Lola's dead body is found (did she kill herself because she was holding him back, or did he kill her because there was no hope left?) underlines his metamorphosis into an emotional being whose emotions one can no longer share. Padding silently, tirelessly over the hillside, now alone and wearing an old shirt of his father's, dug up like a reminder of the past from the earthen floor of the long dead and forgotten village, Willie is as alien and unfathomable as those painted, screaming scalphunters who used to haunt the Hollywood Western.

"BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID": ROBERT REDFORD, KATHARINE ROSS, PAUL NEWMAN.





Though flawed by inexplicable lapses like Katharine Ross' boot-polish make-up and some inexcusable studio exteriors, *Willie Boy* is a film of austere, rigorous authority, beside which *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* (Fox) is a feast of self-indulgence. Yet, paradoxically, both films court precisely the same danger: that of non-involvement. Ultimately, the characters in *Willie Boy* are so pared, the settings so subjugated to the image of bleak despair, that one begins to find oneself seeing them as symbols rather than as people, and ceasing to care as much as one should. *Butch Cassidy*, on the other hand, is so anxious to present its characters as characters, and to let the spectator get an eyeful of their scenic surroundings, that the image of equal desolation which lies behind the film tends to become obscured.

'What happened to the old bank? It was beautiful.' These are the first words one hears from Butch Cassidy as he cases the joint for robbery, only to find it a veritable barrage of locks, bolts and shutters; and a moment later, intervening in a gambling quarrel, he warns the Sundance Kid, 'I'm over the hill—it can happen to you. Every day you get older, that's a law.' He means it as a joke, of course, but as in *The Wild Bunch* times are changing, the fences are closing in, and Butch Cassidy and his Hole in the Wall gang are finding it more and more difficult to live. Prepare to meet thy doom runs like a refrain behind the film, occasionally brought out into the open ('It's over and you're both gonna die bloody, and all you can do is choose where'), but mostly ignored by Butch and Sundance. They (legitimately) and the audience (less legitimately) are having so much fun that the message is never delivered.

Like Bonnie and Clyde, Butch and Sundance pursue their life of crime without malice or forethought, and there is an irresistible insolence in the way they assume that friendship is its own protection. They also see themselves as doing what comes naturally, as much for the fun of it as anything else (there is a fine scene where Butch, dynamiting a safe, manages to blow up train and money as well, and Sundance simply laughs, 'Think you used enough

dynamite there, Butch?'), but where Penn gradually withdrew the fantasy to prepare for the reality of the bullets at the end, *Butch Cassidy* simply keeps going. Even in their last stand in Bolivia, they bungle a robbery because they don't know enough Spanish to ask the victims to put their hands up, they bungle a guard job by looking for bandits before the payroll has been collected, and they die with their minds fixed optimistically on rich new pickings in Australia. Arguably, of course, Butch and Sundance should die, as they lived, in fantasy; but it does mean that one is neither moved nor horrified by the last shot, which freezes them under a hail of bullets.

With all faults, and these include somewhat slavish nods to *Bonnie and Clyde*, *Jules and Jim* and the inevitable slow-motion death scene, *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* is an enormously likeable entertainment which is as likely to be underrated as overrated for its fashionable derivation. George Roy Hill, one remembers, has always been at his happiest as a director of actors (*Period of Adjustment*, *Toys in the Attic*, *The World of Henry Orient*). Here, although Conrad Hall provides some wonderful, glowing landscapes, one is always focused on the wryly eccentric characters, who come alive in a way that Polonsky's never do. Not only Paul Newman and Robert Redford, superb as the ebullient Butch and the eloquently taciturn Sundance, but right down the cast list to George Furth, the bank clerk who greets every order to open up or be blown up with an apologetic, 'I can't do that on account of I work for Mr. E. H. Harriman of the Union Pacific Railroad and he entrusted me . . .', or Strother Martin as the laconic mine-owner, evidently running some private tobacco-spitting contest and muttering, 'You probably think I'm crazy but I'm not—Bingo!—I'm colourful.' One notices throughout, in fact, that William Goldman's beautifully literate script is always attempting to define and enlarge on even the least of its characters by playing on their private preoccupations. Katharine Ross, for instance, much happier here than in the Polonsky film, gets one key speech which not only makes complete sense of her

character but suddenly irradiates the film with an explanation of her otherwise unlikely involvement with the gang: 'I'm twenty-six, and I'm single, and I teach school, and that's the bottom of the pit. And the only excitement I've ever known is sitting in the room with me now. So I'll go with you, and I won't whine, and I'll sew your socks and stitch you when you're wounded, and anything you ask of me I'll do, except one thing: I won't watch you die.' The pity of it is the film's similar refusal to watch its heroes die in a way that might mean something.

TOM MILNE

## BLACK GOD, WHITE DEVIL

IN TERMS OF Brazilian cinema, Glauber Rocha is plainly a film-maker of dazzling significance: a director of world class (the scale he works on, at least, is momentous and portentous enough), a cinematic Pele, if the comparison holds for so slow-footed an artist, who brought Brazil into the international league table. But European admirers see him as a film-maker of high significance to us all—a big, bold and different claim. Godard named him in *Le Gai Savoir* as one of the directors to whom he was bequeathing themes (Rocha was to do 'the pillage of the Third World'); Lindsay Anderson thinks well of him; at Cannes last year *Antonio das Mortes* was said to be a front-runner for the Grand Prix against Anderson's own *If . . .*

Glauber Rocha has a great deal working for him. He's a Third World artist, and a leading member of the film-making group in vigorous contention with Brazil's official film establishment. In an age looking for justifications of violence, his films are both savage and ritualistic: they treat violence as a condition and a climate, and at the same time they envelop it in a fatalistic and inescapably romantic uniform. And they are, in European terms, extremely remote. Where legend and history closer to hand are concerned, there's a predilection for the excavation of fact: one would rather watch *Salvatore Giuliano* than the traditional Sicilian Robin Hoods sniping at each other among the rocks. But an attraction of legend as remote from us as that of *Black God, White Devil* is that it's easier to take what one wants from it, hazily uncertain of precise implications, knowing that one won't be asked to foot any bill.

*Black God, White Devil* (New Cinema Presentations) is a companion piece to the more recent *Antonio das Mortes*: same mood, some of the same characters, and the same unchanging landscape, the open, scrub-grown, unfinished country of the *sertao*. *Antonio das Mortes* is more violent, more extreme, perhaps clearer in its exposition of who is doing what to whom. Its ritualism is if anything more pronounced; its blood shines brighter in colour. Both it and *Black God, White Devil* are alike in aspiring to the condition of ballads—legends of the *sertao*, in which the protagonists, apart from the miserable and silent peasantry, are the sombre, cloaked figure of Antonio das Mortes, killer of bandits, and the bandits (*cangaceiros*) themselves, with their up-turned, coin-fringed hats and their addiction to slaughter and frenzy. The impression is of a world driven frantic—almost literally out of its wits—by oppression, religious fervour and the brutalisation of life. In both films, Antonio is a man hounded by mys-

"BLACK GOD, WHITE DEVIL"





terious compulsions: silent, melancholy, marching into an empty landscape with gun in hand and big hat pulled low, a lonely huntsman. His presence is accepted as a kind of doom: 'We're surrounded,' cries the *cangaceiro* at the end of *Black God, White Devil*, but there's no one in sight except Antonio. Perhaps, alone, he fills their landscape. The *cangaceiros* seem to wait for him to arrive, poised in deliberate groupings in their scrubby desert, fingering weapons, while their women speechlessly circle them and the camera lingers on a looming, scowling profile.

I find myself contrasting Glauber Rocha's groupings with those in Pasolini's desert in *Pigsty*: the tension and strangeness of Pasolini's placing of his people, dynamism even without movement, set against the heavy inertia of the Brazilian film. When Rocha imposes the excitement of violent movement on the screen, the effect is of destruction without tension. In confronting crowds, peasant massacre, the sinister figures of raving preachers, his inspiration is obviously Eisenstein (the Eisenstein of the Odessa Steps, and even maybe of *Ivan*, as well as the Mexican Eisenstein). And the *cangaceiro* also appears as a kind of samurai figure, in his adherence to extravagant codes as much as in his sudden wild shrieks, flat-footed leaps and wheeling death fall.

Yet one is left wondering what a film so locked in its own oppressive landscape can really communicate to a European audience—other than the seduction of alien violence and alien despair. A man offers his child as sacrifice to a ferocious god; peasants are shot down; a blind man hobbles down a lane; a dirge whines over the *sertao*. People are hardly allowed to emerge as characters: it is as though the theatricality of the roles had to be defended, by allowing no descents into the ordinary, into life as opposed to ritual. In the end, the anti-intellectual director still seems to be trapped in a literary statement. The argument that it's a kind of Jacobean drama would imply that Rocha is a poet of violence, using the raised and plunging knife and the crack of the rifle as part of the imagery of a charnel-house society. (*Antonio das Mortes* does in fact go further in this direction; perhaps already into Jacobean decadence.) But *Black God, White Devil* actually seems deadened by the monotony and limitation of its imagery, a style at once florid and morose, hauling itself grimly towards grandeur: a conception of a ballad, rather than the ballad itself. Black god, perhaps; *White Devil*, no.

PENELOPE HOUSTON

## PROLOGUE

BESIDE THE MODEST and very Canadian self-questioning of *Prologue* (Contemporary), previous films about drop-outs and the under-thirties' revolution in North America begin to appear guilty of over-sell, colour advertisements for a glamorous, swinging and homogenised life-style. It is not simply that Robin Spry's first feature has the inestimable advantage of being shot in down-beat black and white, but rather that his principal characters are too concerned with working out a tenable way of life for themselves to begin laying very much on other people. Far from being anti-social, they are shown to possess a highly developed sense of social responsibility and a faith in the principles of a democracy whose practices they deplore.



"PROLOGUE": ABBIE HOFFMAN, JOHN ROBBE.

The public actions of the activist hero (John Robbe)—from sitting in at a university subsidised by 'genocide money,' to printing an independent newspaper which he attempts to sell on the streets, to demonstrating in Chicago against US involvement in the Vietnam War—attest an earnest faith in the possibility of change through the confrontation of ideas, while his private conversations articulately reveal as much doubt about methods as certainty.

Briefly, *Prologue* is concerned with the relationship between Jesse, the activist-editor, his girl friend Karen (Elaine Malus), and David (Gary Ryder), an American draft-dodger who comes to stay for a while in their Montreal apartment. As Jesse mobilises his energies for the Chicago Convention demonstrations, Karen starts questioning the validity of political protest and finally decides not to go to Chicago but to go instead to live with the folk-singing David on a commune in rural Quebec. Here she becomes increasingly irritated by the commune's refusal to acknowledge the existence of the violence and injustice from which they have withdrawn; and when Jesse gets back from Chicago, she returns to the city to be with him.

But while Karen's fluctuations give her the central structural role (and perhaps it's more than coincidence that she is played—and very well—by a Canadian actress, while the actors playing Jesse and David are both from the States), the film's strength derives from the fact that interest is never focused on a single character, and that the two men between whom Karen chooses (Jesse in particular) never acquire the fixity of symbols. The scenes of Karen at the commune are intercut with those of Jesse in Chicago, where he is seen to be at once involved and detached, talking into his tape-recorder as he walks through the ghetto or the tear gas in the park, the commentator of a society of which he is a part ('America, a former colony, reaching out to defend its own empire'), seeking an understanding that goes deeper than the physical experience of the moment.

It is this same rational, reflective quality

that distinguishes both the characters and the direction: its negative expression is an absence of flamboyance or posturing; its positive aspect, the rooting of both Karen and Jesse in a precise social and economic context. They may be opposed to materialism, but they are still shown to have money problems (Karen works as a waitress in a bleak go-go club, and pawns her guitar for the trip to the commune; Jesse patiently explains to a suspicious customer that the newspaper costs are covered by its sales). Karen's visit to her father, a prosperous garment-manufacturer who reproaches her with 'living with a man who isn't even Jewish' illuminates the inhibiting life-style she is rejecting, while references to her defiant, trade-unionist grandfather recall the liberal tradition to which she is, in a sense, reverting. Similarly, and in spite of his pony tail, Jesse is shown to be less close to the rather shallow David (who talks more about previous incarnations than recent experiences) than to his business-suited lawyer and former college friend; and when the two of them smoke hash together, this is presented quite naturally, a momentary relaxation after a trying afternoon, rather than as an explanation or a model of eccentric behaviour.

The down-beat emphasis is again characteristic: drugs, like sex, are integrated into relationships without forming the substance of them, and Karen's decision to return to Jesse has more of a moral than a sexual basis. Abbie Hoffman may talk to Jesse about the joys of a free generation grooving around and turning America on to its youth, but Jesse's own protest seems anything but joyful, a responsible humanist act tinged with sadness rather than some adolescent piece of defiance. Through his larger sense of fraternity—that goes beyond labels like hippie, yippie or communist and enables him to enjoy Hoffman's vision, applaud Genet's speech and chant with Ginsberg in the lyrically photographed lakeside sequence—we are shown the complexities and nuances of a generation more often treated by the media as a simple-minded and unified mass.





"MODEL SHOP": GARY LOCKWOOD, ANOUK AIMEE.

Perhaps it is because the film has so sensitively illustrated the complexity and seriousness of the protest movement that Mayor Daley's treatment of the Chicago demonstrators emerges as doubly atrocious. The Chicago footage certainly provides *Prologue* with its dramatic focus, but it is used neither gratuitously nor sensationally (indeed, almost tenderly). On a larger scale, the police action embodies that fear of non-conformity and social change already glimpsed in the two red-baiters who beat Jesse up. It crystallises Jesse's conviction of the need for patient struggle, just as it helps Karen affirm her belief that self-defence is not, as the commune have argued, a form of aggression. The political event is shown both to grow out of personal decisions and to modify private lives.

But though the film illustrates a great many general truths about youth, politics and dissent, it never appears consciously generalising, abstract or significant. It places realistic characters, speaking distinctive idioms in concrete situations, but leaves its audience to provide the synthesis. The paradox of America, massing a powerful army to repress democratically sanctioned forms of protest, yet doing so openly and in public, in the best democratic tradition, is indeed presented as a prologue to events whose precise nature will only be determined after the more widespread conscience-sifting to which Robin Spry's film is a powerful invitation.

JAN DAWSON

## MODEL SHOP

**I** WAS GOING to begin again—a person can always try," says the young man at the end of *Model Shop*, when he is told that Lola, his mistress for a night, has left for France and her waiting son. In a way, this phrase sums up the mood of all Jacques Demy's films; he is a gentle, nostalgic romantic who sees life as a series of meetings and partings in which some kind of

understanding can be reached after each soul has been bared, if only for a brief moment. *Model Shop* (Columbia) is his first American venture, and its treatment reflects both his response to a foreign scene and his passion for cross-referencing all his work.

George Matthews (Gary Lockwood) is a young drifter, with ambitions towards architecture, who is troubled by a nagging mistress, lack of money and real affection, and the threat of his forthcoming call-up to Vietnam. The world he inhabits is seen almost entirely through his eyes as Demy lovingly records, in soft, pastel colours, his journeys round Los Angeles, calling on his hippie friends, borrowing money to pay the finance company for his car, and realising for the first time the beauties of his own city. As he drives through the sun-flecked streets, the same shops, offices and cafés are returned to rather in the way the apartments, arcades and streets of Nantes are revisited in *Lola*. During these journeys he meets Lola herself (Anouk Aimée, again) who is now working as a model in a tawdry photographer's shop because it is the only job she could get without a permit.

Then, in the model shop itself, with its plush red interiors and partially undraped assistants doling out cameras to furtive clients, and later in her apartment, George gradually realises his need for real love, as Lola painfully recalls her emotional distress when her husband Michel (from *Lola*) left her for a gambling lady named Jackie (*Baie des Anges*), and how her sailor friend Frankie (*Lola*) was killed in Vietnam. Demy's delicate, unhurried handling of these scenes, with the two characters moving restlessly round each other and caught in close-up only at the moments of acute revelation, brings them both emotionally together for the first time after their casual encounters in and around Los Angeles. Despite some awkward, high-flown dialogue, which sounds like translator's English, Demy makes these key scenes (Lola's indecision on what love means to her now, George's fears about man's ability to destroy) seem a logical summing-up of what has gone before.

Why, then, does the film finally seem a little unreal and incomplete? Production difficulties may have played a part: director and leading lady are alleged not to have hit it off entirely, although Anouk Aimée's playing combines an authentic world-weariness with her usual radiance in expression and movement. Perhaps Demy's main failure is with Gary Lockwood's George, whose whole personality is somehow too firm and rugged for a man beset by romantic dreams and a melancholy dread of the future. Demy likes to like people (which is more than can be said of some of his contemporaries), but when the soft, hazy overtones of his French never-never land are transplanted to America the peripheral characters, like the hippie group near the beginning, take on the attributes of bearded angels. If accompanied by a Michel Legrand score, the old spell might have worked again. When viewed flat and realistically, the idyll turns into marsh-mallow and one ceases to believe.

I suppose, in some ways, *Model Shop* is Demy's saddest film to date. The city, with its wide modern highways (beautifully caught in Michel Hugo's spacious travelling and crane shots), is the materialistic backdrop for George and Lola's brief encounter; if there are moments of social satire, they are muted and wan. Demy's purpose is to bring us close to this little group of people, living out a present which may be flawed by their past but which somehow gives them strength to face an uncertain future. After her foray in America Lola is now back in France; one hopes this is not the end of her story.

JOHN GILLET

## CASTLE KEEP

**E**IGHT WALKING WOUNDED misfits of the American army, piled high on an ancient jeep that wallows over rutted roads to the position they have been assigned to hold in a tenth century castle, wearily express their negative opinions of the war, their army and their vehicle. In the neighbouring woods, a dream-like distance away, the Count of Maldorais, keeper of the castle, and his wife Thérèse, enjoy their horseback ride in full hunt costume. The two parties meet, and from this first confrontation between the grimy, disillusioned soldiers and the aristocratic owner of their new bivouac, a somewhat brittle, abstracted air develops that subsequently undermines, to the point of almost ruinous collapse, all that comes after.

The unease in Sydney Pollack's *Castle Keep* (Columbia) seems to have little to do with the *Catch 22* style of humour that is fairly reproduced from William Eastlake's novel, or with the fragile allegory of the failing romanticism of the New World coming to the rescue of an impotent *ancien régime*. But the film's method struggles to make a straightforward narrative, with a certain moral seriousness, out of a jostle of fragments that, even where they duplicate the novel's events and dialogue, do not so much recreate as merely quote from the outrageous humour, the variety of incident and the Rabelaisian colours of the characters in the original text. The result is that the narrative begins to look like the shaky skeleton of a parable about war and the reasons men find for fighting it, while the fragments remain just that; without the solid context, the bright abundance of ideas and insight that supported Eastlake's



personal diagnosis of the universal madness, the characters tend to become superficial oddballs, their defensive humour merely the bawdy 'soldiers' talk' that alternates comedy with carnage in more conventional war movies. Not only time—as the camera suggests, sweeping in for our first view of the castle's resplendent lemon and rose turrets—but the film itself is often badly out of joint.

But for all that, many of the falling pieces remain interesting enough to be taken up for a second look. If the film lacks the richness that supplied coherence in the novel, it oddly manages to sustain itself by supplying what the novel deliberately fails to provide. In the latter, the castle itself is nowhere described, it exists almost purely as an idea, its importance simply a matter of the value attached to it by each of its various tenants: the embodiment of a culture and a family tradition for the Maldorais, a treasure-house to the art historian Beckman, and a refuge similar to the brothel of the Red Queen for its enlisted defenders. The castle as a freakish anachronism, a fairy tale survival in the midst of technological global war, is occasionally mentioned, but it is the film that creates an air of enchantment around this strange bastion, a feeling of never-never permanence where the castle grounds and their statues will always be laid out in neat, symmetrical patterns, the tiny snow-covered hedgerows in strict, geometrical whirls, a picturesque image counterpointed in one scene by the endless circles in which Corporal Clearboy, recently enamoured of a captured Volkswagen, is driving his love by the side of the moat. ('Some day, when everything has been destroyed, the world is going to be populated with nothing but Volkswagens.')

In the final scenes of destruction, the film also manages to conjure from the traditional holocaust that has enthusiastically engulfed the screen in any number of specious anti-war statements, images that are both ghastly in the brutality of the destruction and also convey something of the fleeting epic quality with which Eastlake's knight errants perished by the walls of their castle keep. Among the first to die, Lieutenant Amberjack and Corporal Clearboy lie in a shell crater, blasted from the rose gardens, an obstinate hope carrying them back across the moat to the safety of the castle while the enemy drifts, insubstantially but in ever-increasing numbers, out of an awful orange haze in the distance.

RICHARD COMBS

## THE NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD

NEW YORK HAS ITS underground cinema. Now a 'middleground' cinema has emerged from Pittsburgh. Two years ago, the Latent Image Corp., offshoot of a Pennsylvania advertising agency, produced its first fiction feature. It cost 125,000 dollars, opened in New York in December 1968 and was dismissed in a few disgusted lines by the critics who deigned to take note of its existence. *Variety*, outraged, opined: 'This film casts serious aspersions on the integrity of its makers, distrib Walter Reade, the film industry as a whole and exhibs who book the pic, as well as raising doubts about the future of the regional cinema movement and the moral health of filmgoers who cheerfully opt for unrelieved sadism . . . amateurism of the first order (sic).'

*The Night of the Living Dead* (Crispin) went generally unremarked in America until last October, when its distributor sent it out again as second feature with *Slaves*. Then word of its excellence began to spread. More than a year after its original release, it picked up favourable reviews in serious journals and appeared on several lists of ten best films of the year. Its director, co-scenarist, cinematographer and editor, George A. Romero, was invited by the Film Department of New York's Museum of Modern Art to present it at a Cineprobe (study session devoted to 'authors' of noteworthy first features). It has grossed a million dollars, causing *Dame Variety* to treat its makers with more respect these days—the paper recently devoted a detailed piece to Latent Image's second feature, now shooting.

The plot cannot possibly be managed in the space allotted here, so in a compact nutshell: it is roughly a baby *Grand Hotel* situation involving a group of people barricaded in a Pennsylvania farmhouse, surrounded by radio-active ghouls (NASA has goofed its Venus space probe and large areas of the United States are tainted) who murder, mutilate and eat all the inhabitants except the leading man, Duane Jones, a black—he is shot down by the police, his 'saviours'.

How can such a tale be worthy of attention? We apply to comedies for chuckles; if you do like horror films, this may well be the most horrifying ever made. Romero was offered a budget for colour; he preferred shooting in black and white; the result is a flat murky ambience which is perfect for the ramshackle American Gothic landscape where the events occur. He eschews comic relief, explanatory scientists, romance, distractions of any sort—all the conventional elements usually tacked on to horror films to relieve tensions and which usually merely dilute interest. Our computerised responses are splendidly jolted when the young lovers (we're sure *they'll* survive) are roasted and devoured with the film barely half over. The main character is black—but not only is the point not

rubbed in—it's not mentioned *once*. After a shock reel in the cemetery for openers, the arrival at the house is followed by a slowly paced sequence of petty haggling, while outside the world is coming to an end. This adagio is vital, buttressing ensuing paroxysms—this film is 96 minutes long and any cuts will impair its admirable architecture.

It is a symphony of psychotic hands—the house is surrounded by endless rows of ghastly grasping insatiable claws which poke through boarded windows and seize victims whose own hands are munched like hand-burghers. (Anyone who has ever lunched at an American drugstore will take these sequences in his stride.)

The climax is a lively *morceau de bravoure*—an unpleasant WASP *paterfamilias* has discovered that his daughter has risen from the dead and is devouring her mother in the cellar. At that very moment, the ghouls finally break through the front door and the ingenue is seized by her own brother, from whom she had been separated since the first reel. He is now a drooling ghoul. The American family is really in trouble.

Perhaps the secret of our involvement in this grainy Grand Guignol is to be found in a recent interview with Romero. He states: 'Most of the people were actually from the small town we shot in . . . we had quite a bit of co-operation from people here in the city—the police and city fathers . . . happy to have guns in their hands.'

Who are these ghouls, who are these saviours, all of them so horrifying, so convincing, who mow down, defoliate and gobble up everything in their path? In the film a local TV station sends out a warning message: 'The ghouls are ordinary people . . . but in a kind of trance.' (Indeed, some of them are just little old ladies in tennis shoes and runny make-up.) Many of these ordinary people, in all the trance-like security of their 'silent majority' can be seen these days, afternoons at 2.30 and evenings at 8, clutching hard tickets and cramming their popcorn in front of a large Broadway screen where Fox's *Patton* is doing landoffice business.

ELLIOTT STEIN

"THE NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD": THE SILENT MAJORITY.





# 'Students of Film throughout the world have lost their most respected pioneer'

THE TIMES 1.1.70



## BIRMINGHAM SPARROW

*In memoriam, Iris Barry  
1896-1969,  
by Ivor Montagu*

**I**FIRST MET Iris Barry in 1924 when we were getting together to plan the Film Society. About her achievement there is no dubiety: first film critic on a serious British journal; co-founder of the world's first 'Film Society'; initiator of the first American film archive, inspirer and patron saint of its numerous successors in all lands. She was also, incidentally, a minor poet, a not inconsiderable scholar, a shrewd and lively writer on literature and the arts. But who was she? How did it come about? What was her significance for the development of the cinema? These are the questions that should be answered for the *cinéastes* of today, just as it may be news to them that the

grave and somewhat reverend figure they might occasionally discern in the background of a contemporary international conference was once small and sprightly enough to earn the nickname at the head of this memoir.

Film criticism in a serious journal, a film society, a film archive—are these not now commonplaces, taken for granted in every technically advanced society? It is hard for the present generation to imagine a film world completely lacking in any of such things. It is hard to realise that the now commonplace was not always there, that before it was common it had to be fought for, even before that—imagined. That is what the small band of conspirators who gathered in the ground-floor flat of Iris Barry and her husband, Alan Porter, in Guilford Street were doing, imagining it.

In 1924 the cinema was still young, although it did not seem so to us then, young people ourselves. Its origins were a generation away. But the date is now nearer to that beginning than to the present. What is hard to realise today—and the histories usually overlook—is that despite the giant scope of the industry already then, its prosperity—much greater than now—its stars and palaces and super-colossals, the whole thing was not so much uncultured (brilliant pictures of course were being made, but mostly without knowing how or why) as *anti-cultural*. The producers, the executives, did not regard films as susceptible to rational analysis. They feared such words as 'study', 'art' or 'science', feeling that this introduced a potential element of criticism beyond their power to square. For critics in those days were, for the most part, reporters or mere adapters and paraphraser of the distributors' publicity handouts. This is not a personal charge. There still survive among us decent and honourable men—God bless—to testify to that (Jympson Harman, Ernest Betts are samples). But this was the system they had to fight against to preserve integrity. The setting up of analytical, critical standards was the last thing expected of them by editors, or which would have been tolerated by the distributors judiciously decorating their columns with display-advertising.

Remember, there were absolutely no regular specialised film exhibitions of any kind. Not of *any*. No specialised theatres for minority tastes. No film societies (we have already noted). Next to no educational film shows or projectors in schools. No revivals. No scientific societies. No exotic societies to show films from other lands. Nothing. Only the total occupation of the screen by mass production, designed for mass consumption, often block-booked without pre-showing and pre-selection, and after a short premiere in the capital passing through the pipeline of a strictly limited and scheduled general release to make way for its pre-scheduled successors on the way towards oblivion.

At that time not one of what we called the 'quality papers'—*The Times*, *Observer*, *Sunday Times*, the serious weeklies—had a critic (with the exception of *Iris*). It was not the fashion to take cinema, or its potentialities, seriously. And any scientist or artist or writer or musician, or for that matter any socialite or establishment figure, who was enthusiastic for cinema was looked on as an eccentric, slumming. The situation was a vicious circle, and we determined to break it.

It had occurred to us that, just as the 'Stage Society' in those days met on Sundays (when theatres were commercially closed) to broaden theatrical tradition by giving a

trial showing to the work of playwrights as yet unwelcome on the commercial stage (as, earlier, Ibsen, Shaw, Barker, etc.) so we too might get the loan of a cinema and found a 'Film Society' to give an opportunity, privately, to those interested, for study showing (or re-showing) of films that could not otherwise be seen.

*Us*—let me see, who were we in those early days at the beginning? Hugh Miller, the actor; Adrian Brunel, film director; Sidney Bernstein—who knew Iris from years before, in Birmingham; Frank Dobson, the sculptor; W. C. Mycroft, of the *Evening Standard*; Jack Isaacs, later Professor; McKnight Kauffer and Marion Dorn, respectively posters and carpets; Edmund Dulac and Helen Beauclerk. We were probably not all of us present on that occasion, at that very first conspiracy, but subsequently, and with those who joined in later, there was never the slightest difference among us about anything—a most unusual phenomenon, subsequent happenings in life have taught me, but this makes it hard to think of us as anything but one. What I do remember clearly is Iris and her husband standing on the pavement with the light of their open door behind them as Sidney and I went off together in the rain. Iris had come into it, of course, because she was unique in those days, a real film critic, given her chance, on the *Spectator*.

It is now time to tell about Iris herself. She was a tiny woman, extremely slim. She was always strikingly and fittingly dressed, on no money at all. She had a clear, but slightly sallow skin. Her blue eyes were searching and impressive. Her hair was black. When she was quite young, I am told, it was fair, but, as does happen with some people and animals, darkened without aid as she grew up. She had an Eton crop—so close on her shapely skull that it would almost today qualify as 'skinhead'.

Despite this nickname I have used, and which belongs really to a period earlier than I am describing, she was originally a country girl. Her grandparents were dairy farmers in Worcestershire. Her father left the family circle while Iris was still a baby. Her mother I remember well. She was broad and romantic-looking and dark and we all thought her a gipsy, which she was not. Why we thought so is obvious; she used to go fortune-telling and crystal-gazing at fêtes in summer in the south of England. Iris possibly picked up her literary interests from her mother, who was a well-read woman and whose surviving letters show an orotundity of phrase familiar to the devotees of Disraeli's novels.

The grandparents looked after Iris. They sent her to convent school—they were not Catholic but it was a good way for girls to get a sound education not too expensively. She went first to Wantage, then to Belgium. In 1911, when Iris was getting on for 17, a party of girls, escorted by a nun, came over from Belgium to sit for Responsions at Oxford. Iris passed, and all seemed set fair. But now occurred one of the series of ups and downs of which she met not a few in her life, and overcame. At that time, and indeed later also, Oxbridge colleges did not favour intake at so young an age. Iris was to wait two years, and it was arranged for her to spend this time in a flower shop in France, supposedly 'learning the language'. This turned out to mean, as one might have guessed, working as an apprentice shopgirl. The 1914 war intervened, Iris had already come back from France, but the war had



hit her grandparents so that Oxford proved impossible, and the budding literary student studied typing and shorthand instead and obtained a temporary wartime post in a Birmingham post office.

A lesser feminine creature of that day might have settled for this obscure fate. Iris did not. This was especially the period of the 'little' magazines, chapbooks and coterie monthlies specialising in *vers libres*. Iris wrote poetry, and soon she was sending it south for publication. This produced a letter from Ezra Pound, ordering the poetess to come to London and be inspected. Pound appointed for the interview a curious location: a bench in Hyde Park. Here they sat, Iris wearing a new hat and carrying an umbrella (possibly as a protection of her hat against the weather rather than of the poetess against Pound) while they discussed her poetry.

The upshot was that she came to London and was integrated immediately into a self-criticising, self-admiring clique that ate together, paired together, quarrelled together and knew not only each other but everybody else. The nucleus was T. S. Eliot, Pound, Aldington, Herbert Read and Wyndham Lewis. Irish Republican literateurs, such as Yeats and Maud Gonne, circled more loosely. One early 'initiation' memory: Yeats reading his poems in darkness diluted with a single candlelight, in a brogue so broad she could barely grasp a word.

For Iris it was a largely sandwich existence. She shared a room for a time with another, better-off girl, but got turned out, involuntarily involved in personal feuds and complications she never fathomed. The kind of emotionally-charged, 'pre-surrealist' verse she wrote did not pay much, though some of it got into Harold Munro's Poetry Bookshop periodical. She tried many things: briefly at the School of Oriental Studies under Harold Ross, and working for Stefansson the explorer.

Sidney Bernstein heard about her from a friend who in wartime had been billeted on her family and—and this is significant—found that even so early she was interested in the cinema and got her to report on trade shows occasionally for his circuit. But in general hard-upness reigned. Another Monroe (this one Harriet, with an *o* and an *e*, the American patroness of 'new' poetry), invited her to lunch on Sundays—this meant one good meal a week. She never forgot Harriet's encouragement, nor that of the three Sitwells, especially Edith. About now she managed to get a first book published (*Splashing into Society*); it was a take-off of Daisy Ashford's then best-seller. Not very good, it had one or two welcoming reviews. But what was important: it brought in £50. When Iris got the cheque she had a job in a Bond Street wool shop and splashed some of it herself taking a taxi to work every day for a week.

Beatrice Curtis-Brown, whom Iris was to meet as Alan Porter's secretary and who was to become her true and life-long friend, recalls a revealing incident. Early in their acquaintance, Beatrice invited her to her home, but somewhat diffidently, feeling that the Bohemian might find the atmosphere humdrum. On the contrary. Iris, whose gaiety, wit, conquering charm and clinical precision of speech, as well as catholicism of taste and encyclopaedic knowledge, were the weapons she fought with in her daily surroundings to keep her head above water, told her that, far from what Beatrice had feared, she had never felt so happy and relaxed. This was the first time she had come

to know, and been welcomed within, an 'ordinary', settled, professional household.

But now things were turning and horizons widening. Through the Sitwells she had come to know the young post-war batch of Oxford poets and their friends: Alan Porter, Edgell Rickword, Richard Hughes, Jack Isaacs, Peter Quennell and others; also the two children of St. Loe Strachey, the *Spectator* editor—John, later the M.P., and Amabel (now Williams-Ellis). Humbert Wolfe and Richard Church were elders in this group and became close friends of Iris. A little later she met Alan Cameron (eventually one of the prime agitators for formation of the BFI and first chairman of its Film Library Selection Committee) and his wife, the novelist Elizabeth Bowen; more Irish writers, Liam O'Flaherty and James Stephens; and Desmond Bernal, the crystallographer.

It was John Strachey who brought his friends into the *Spectator*, among them Iris for play and book reviews. Then somehow he had the brilliant idea that the *Spectator* should try serious film criticism and Iris have the job. Next, Alan Porter and Iris got married and then Alan became literary editor.

Iris was a good choice. The innovation—to treat the cinema as yet another art—needed an all-sided person. Aside from her literary catholicity, she had an eye for painting. Also she had a deep appreciation of music. None but her most intimate friends knew that she also had an excellent contralto voice. Later, when she could afford it, she would never be without a piano or, for that matter, without a cat.

It was as *Spectator* critic and, of course, because nearly all of us knew her and she knew everybody, that we asked her to join our crusade. The battle was serious. We had expected to be welcomed by all, but we were not. In the film world only Mick Balcon and George Pearson openly encouraged us. The trade in general objected to us—it was afraid it might be criticised if anything that we showed, and it had turned down, were liked. The censor objected to us—his own status might diminish if anything he banned might none the less be inspected. Even a part of the press objected—reluctant, even for extra lineage pay, to give up an occasional Sunday afternoon. Almost, we fell at the last hurdle of the L.C.C. However, we pulled out every establishment stop we had. Half the snobs in London, intellectual and social, were at the opening. Iris, who had flung herself into the thick of the battle, more than held her own in a tall black super-poke hat with a wide brim and wide scarlet ribbon, like a witch.

The Film Society never looked back. But I will let you into a secret. We said, and certainly believed, we were doing it all for the sake of art, for posterity. The real reason (unavowed to ourselves) was, I am sure, just that we liked the pictures and couldn't get a chance to see them, especially with the big orchestra that silent pictures need, unless we had a like-minded audience big enough to pay the cost. It turned out there were such people. In plenty. We began at the New Gallery (1,200) and went on to fill the Tivoli (3,000). After the Second War we did not revive the Society. There was no need. By then every responsible paper had a film critic, there were film societies galore, specialised theatres, a British Film Institute. What need of us?

But I run ahead. The stage we had reached was one of Iris' peaks. Decisive in our

counsels, known to all, almost a sight of London. Like a footballer for a fee, she transferred to the *Daily Mail*, a critical post of more money and much greater influence. She published *Let's Go To the Pictures*, not a profound book perhaps, but still refreshing even seen with the hindsight of today, and another first of its kind. She wrote a semi-fictional biography—not based on original historical research but, in the fashion of the time, summarising readably her own view—of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; and a novel, perhaps her most original prose work, called *Here is Thy Victory* (in Britain; *Last Enemy* in USA), about death stopping suddenly, and the consequent misery and chaos that resulted, and the rejoicing that arose when it as suddenly resumed. This would nowadays be called 'sci-fi', and, though uneven, might repay republication. (She never published a book of verse, though she continued writing poetry privately, for friends, until the end.)

But now came a down. Her marriage broke up. Alan continued to write her sad and beautiful love poems but was less perfect as an office wizard. And Iris too fell foul of her editor or owner. Separation from Alan, the sack from the *Mail*. All was to start anew. She went to America.

Iris had many friends in USA, but was not the person to parade her difficulties. She had visited Hollywood—for the *Mail*—but Hollywood is not notable for helping hands. Neither her old friends in US, nor the brilliant new circle she started to acquire,

IRIS BARRY IN NEW YORK, WITH GLORIA SWANSON.





knew, any more than the many she had left in England, of the extremities of her situation. She translated, she ghosted, she scraped for reviews, she wrote a dream-book. Often, when an interview did come, she was short of cash to have her hair done properly. The floor had dropped from under her, but, being Iris, she stuck it out on her own, persisted and climbed back.

She got a job with the Museum of Modern Art. She helped bring out their series of magnificently set out and colour-reproduced monographs on modern artists they exhibited. Now everybody does such, but their quality at this time was an innovation. Pioneers in coffee-table and good enough in scholarship to be valid today.

But this was only one rung. Why should not Modern Arts include the cinema and the Museum an appropriate department? They certainly should. And what was America, originator of many of the greatest masterpieces in this field, doing to preserve them for posterity, and make them meanwhile available for study? The posing of this question of preservation perhaps could not come, in time, until after the pioneer work done in popularisation by such enterprises as that of the Film Society; but in the long run of course it is still more important, being basic, and Iris took up again where the rest of us had been too selfish and lazy to continue (or had left things to those keen enough to make the BFI).

She did this initial job, invaluable, in USA. She found, convinced and won the angels, among them a Rockefeller. She convinced and won the big film companies,

the directors and stars. Lillian Gish tells how D. W. Griffith's trust in Iris saved the D. W. Griffith collection. (For this success alone, all future generations of *cinéastes* owe a debt to her.) The woman whose reserve inhibited her when pressing her own cause was unrefusable when, feeling herself supported, she was pressing a cause objectively needed in the cinema. After the divorce came through, she found personal happiness again—for a time—with a second husband. John Abbott was young, athletic, cropped, 100 per cent American, and had city finance experience. For a time he ran the budget of the new M.M.A. Film Library as Director, Iris the policy as Curator. It was a situation she revelled in: work that delighted her and no worries. She toured Europe with her husband on behalf of the Museum, hunting pictures to save, cajoling them museumwards. She wrote an important book on Griffith and translated the till then standard work on French cinema.

But, alas, this marriage, too, did not long survive. The second War brought entirely new and unexpected activities. Iris, who had never been political, plunged into war work. It was a fantastic experience for her, when the US government called together all the Hollywood greats, whom she had worshipped for so long, the studio producers and directors who had volunteered for war work, and bade Iris lecture them on documentary. In 1949 the French government made her a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour and said this was for services to French films. Some close friends, however, have reason to

believe that it was connected, also, with aid she gave to those who escaped from Occupied France.

Iris did not have an easy life. For her achievements (the degree to which they have become commonplaces today itself proves the extent of their success), she had to fight every inch of the way. She needed support, but was too proud to ask it, and in choosing others to rely on she did not always choose well. On the other hand she had an unmatched capacity for rousing affection and making devoted friends. Neither here nor in USA did these forget her. But many she outlived and, except for neighbours and a daily, who loved her, was not without loneliness in the place she chose for retirement: in the south of France, the village of Fayence, Var.

Would the things she contrived to do for the development of cinema have come to pass without her? Of course, sooner or later. But historical chance and her own gifts made it she who in fact pioneered them. For this those of today should honour her. Those who knew her best then cherish their memories.

My own favourite? A posh drawing-room reception in the Paris of 1926 where the hunt for rare and buried cinema history had taken us. Guests: Jock Orton, who used to help cut Film Society pictures, Iris and me. A dowager, teacup etc. elegantly poised, enquires of Jock what we had come over for. Jock, panic-stricken at the inadequacy of his imperfect French, bursts out earnestly: 'Pour chercher les films curieux.' Not even Iris' deep guffaw saved that situation.

## BOOK REVIEWS

**KISS KISS BANG BANG**, by Pauline Kael. (Calder and Boyars, 50s.)  
**DWIGHT MACDONALD ON MOVIES**, by Dwight Macdonald. (Prentice-Hall, New York, \$9.95)

COLLECTIONS OF FILM CRITICISM rarely make for satisfactory sustained reading, but such is the current demand for movie books in America, and such the reluctance of the best-known writers to produce full-length studies, that almost anyone who's done a stint as a reviewer is being invited to paste together his columns. British critics might well regard themselves as fortunate in not being exposed to this temptation.

*Kiss Kiss Bang Bang* comes too soon on the stiletto heels of *I Lost It at the Movies* (a bestseller in the U.S.), and despite the British publisher's ludicrous claim that it's 'virtually an informal history of the movies,' is made up of reviews and articles written between 1965 and 1968, with some rather desperate ballast in the form of short notes on 280 pictures written over the years for film society and cinema programmes. This is a transitional work that takes Pauline Kael from her embattled position as a Californian outsider, forever griping against the New York critical establishment, into the centre of power as movie critic of *The New Yorker*, for which she is presently writing well and more knowledgeably than that magazine has previously cared for.

There are only two *New Yorker* pieces here: a lengthy discussion of *Bonnie and Clyde* and an attractive personal essay about Movies

on Television. 'The graveyard of *Our Town*,' she remarks, 'affords such a tiny perspective compared to this. Old movies on television are a gigantic, panoramic novel that we can tune in and out of.' Also worth reading are her short studies of Brando and Welles, making the interesting point about the latter that his 'greatest single asset as a movie director' in America was a use of sound that came from his training in radio, and that when he left for Europe to work with international casts he 'compensated by developing greater visual virtuosity.' Equally worth reading is an informative article on the making of *The Group*, a sort of mini-Picture, but one in which Lillian Ross's detailed observation and refusal to comment are replaced by broad strokes and harsh judgment. 'You know, Pauline, I don't know what the damn thing's about,' confesses writer-producer Sidney Buchman in the midst of the commercial calculation and creative indecision from which the film issued. And one gradually forms the impression that Miss Kael could have taken on the job Chaplin-style and directed, written and designed the movie better than those who did, not to mention playing all eight girls and probably writing a novel superior to Mary McCarthy's in the first place.

There are only two references to Dwight Macdonald in *Kiss Kiss Bang Bang* (he was taken in by *To Die in Madrid*, he sneered at Marlon Brando) as against thirteen in *I Lost It at the Movies*, and this represents some kind of progress, though Miss Kael continues to be over-concerned with putting down other critics and exposing the follies of audiences who like films she doesn't. Not that she's much concerned with opening up a debate: 'the educated person who became interested in cinema as an art form through Bergman or Fellini or Resnais is an alien to me (and my mind goes blank with hostility and indifference when he begins to talk).' Macdonald presumably belongs to this category, for he became interested in the 'medium's wonderful, infinite possibilities' in the Twenties under the influence of Eisenstein, Pudovkin, Stroheim and Griffith. Despite a surprisingly sympathetic review of Miss Kael's first book, Macdonald never lost anything at the movies except possibly his temper.

His collected criticism covers forty years, but the bulk of it comes from his six years as *Esquire* movie critic, a post he abandoned with a volcanic sigh of relief in 1966 to devote himself once more to writing about politics; a subject that earlier he had deserted as being as little worthy of his attention as he later found the movies. The book just doesn't begin to add up to an adequate view of the cinema during those years, and for all the lightness of touch, the reviews become unweightily portentous between hardcovers, as many of



Miss Kael's do. The principal exceptions are his notes on Eisenstein, which are in effect appendices to his excellent three-part study of the Soviet cinema's decline, first published with 124 footnotes in 1939 in *Partisan Review*. Macdonald is one of the half-dozen finest, most wide-ranging intellectual journalists of his generation, but he is never at his best when writing about the 'high art' he professes to love so much or when in benevolent mood. Consequently the combination of acute political analysis and tough-minded polemic required by the Russian piece finds him at the top of his form.

Unlike his old friend James Agee (of whom he writes so well), Macdonald is rarely willing to go out on a limb to acclaim a new masterpiece, encourage experimental work or frankly recognise his enjoyment of the unimportant and ephemeral. Normally he resorts to invoking a list of unchallengeable classics or the long accepted avant-garde of Picasso, Joyce, Eliot and Kafka. And when he does settle for outright praise, as in the case of 8½, he cannot sustain a long appreciation without constantly setting up for attack the conflicting opinions of other critics. Moreover, for one who attaches such importance to historical development, he displays an almost amnesiac disregard for what he has previously said. Thus he writes in 1942 that 'it has been many years now since, anywhere in the world, a film has been made which, aesthetically speaking, is cinema at all,' only to refer a few pages later to *La Grande Illusion* and *La Règle du Jeu* as masterpieces and to cite *Citizen Kane* everywhere as a great picture. It is not easy to take seriously such statements (from many similar ones) as: 'the reissue of *Children of Paradise* has renewed my faith in the cinema, somewhat tried by recent events' (1960); 'when one adds *Breathless* to *L'Avventura*, *Hiroshima Mon Amour* and *Shadows*, I think it not premature to say that the sound film, after thirty years of fumbling around, is beginning to develop a style of its own' (1961); 'the renaissance of the sound film that began with Bergman in the mid-Fifties . . .' (1967); 'a depressing aspect of the last two years is the falling off of almost all the major directors . . . perhaps the movies will revive in a few decades or years' (1966).

This is the product of loose thinking and random collecting of occasional journalism, as too is the unconvincing comparison of both Fellini and Antonioni with Veronese in pieces written three years apart but appearing here within two pages of each other. It also demonstrates the gap between Macdonald's large pessimistic cultural theories and the actual development of society, the arts and the mass media when examined in any detail over a longish period. He admits as much when he says of his celebrated masscult and midcult theory: 'it seemed a suggestive little formula at the time, but what a mess when over-systematic people use it to classify individual works.'

Macdonald looking back to *Against the American Grain* and beyond and talking of his elaborately and confidently expressed ideas as 'suggestive little formulae' is breathtaking but not untypical of the way he's progressed, turning somersaults on the turn-table of twentieth century life. Indeed very often in this book I was reminded of a story told me by a friend who was sitting in the same row as a distinguished central European lady at a lecture delivered by Macdonald on the inevitable subject of mass culture. Whenever (i.e. frequently) he came out with some fantastic generalisation or bogus historical parallel, this lady, esteemed for the profundity of her erudition and the scrupulousness of her scholarship, would throw up her hands, roll her eyes, and mutter: 'Dvite, Dvite, vot are you saying!' But like my friend and myself she remained a devoted admirer of Macdonald as indispensable gadfly, fearless controversialist and unfailingly stimulating journalist. Yet at the end one feels—perhaps somewhat reluctantly—that his sporadic conflicting services to the cinema as both friend and enemy just about cancel themselves out in a cheerful Armageddon of contradictions.

PHILIP FRENCH

**LINDSAY ANDERSON**, by Elizabeth Sussex. Illustrated. (Studio Vista, 10s. 6d.)

A BOOK ON Lindsay Anderson is welcome, and this will not be the last. But, being the first, it tries to tackle two distinct jobs which do not easily combine, except possibly in the *Cinéma d'Aujourd'hui* format with half critical study and half background material by and about the director. Since Anderson is highly articulate in both speech and print, and Mrs. Sussex anyway seems happier with sympathetic exposition, quotation and factual information than with critical analysis, where she is sometimes quite explicitly hesitant (as in discussing the awkward problem of *The White Bus*), it seems a pity that she did not concentrate on a collage of interviews, reprinted essays by Anderson, sections of script and other such useful study materials, leaving aside questions of evaluation and auteur-identification till he has made another couple of features.

Such a study is not necessarily impossible already. But it would need to deal in more detail than Mrs. Sussex can here, having other concerns and less than a hundred pages, with the traditions which engage in Anderson's work; his position in contemporary British cinema (including an ability apparently unique among native directors to buck the system instead of being swallowed by it); and possibly also his experience in the theatre, which is likely (though I have not seen any of his productions) to relate significantly to his transition from documentary to feature, as Mrs. Sussex hints in discussing *This Sporting Life*.

An evaluative analysis would need also to make sharper distinctions than Mrs. Sussex's expository method readily permits between fully achieved successes, ranging in time and scale from *Thursday's Children* to *If . . .* (two differing but related views of school life, as she rightly suggests), and relative failures, however interesting, like *Every Day Except Christmas* and *The White Bus*. If the lessons learned from these two films made possible the remarkably assured authority of the two features, by eliminating areas of doubtful experiment and probable weakness, in the depiction of working-class life and the assimilation of Vigo's surrealist anarchism respectively, to deny their faults is paradoxically to underestimate Anderson's achievement and particularly the contribution of critical intelligence among his creative gifts.

In fact, Mrs. Sussex contrives to discuss both *The White Bus* and *If . . .* without mentioning Vigo at all, a less than helpful kind of *tour de force*. Luckily she is much more helpful when evoking and commenting on little-known films like *The Singing Lesson* (made in Poland in 1967) and the early sponsored films, from 1948 to 1955; it is for filling in such gaps that most readers will be grateful to her. It would have been useful if, continuing along similar lines, she had told us about Anderson's so far unrealised projects and given some hints as to how he may progress in the future. The success of *If . . .*, together with his strong artistic personality and unwillingness to compromise, make Anderson one of the very few British directors for whom the prognostication appears still hopeful, or indeed interesting.

DANIEL MILLAR

#### BOOKS RECEIVED

THE FILMS OF ROBERT ROSSEN. By Alan Casty. (Museum of Modern Art, New York/Transatlantic Book Service, London, 21s.)

THE HOLLYWOOD TYCOONS. By Norman Zierold. (Hamish Hamilton, 50s.)

LITERATURE AND FILM. By Robert Richardson. (Indiana University Press, 47s.)

LUIS BUÑUEL. By J. Francisco Aranda. (Editorial Lumen, Barcelona.)

## CORRESPONDENCE

### Cuba

*The Editor*, SIGHT AND SOUND

SIR,—The article that Mr. Andi Engel wrote for you about Cuban cinema (SIGHT AND SOUND, Winter 1969) contains as much revolutionary enthusiasm as it has mistakes.

The ICAIC, a state monopoly, did not have to 'start from scratch'. It is a gross exaggeration, to say the least, to write, as Mr. Engel does, that before Castro, 'there were no cameras, no cameramen, no cutting tables, no tape recorders, no lamps . . .' Actually Cuba has always been, in spite of political instability and its own share of past (and present) dictatorships, one of the most technically advanced countries in Latin America. As a matter of fact, films were made in Cuba as early as the beginning of the century. Apart from a yearly production of several features, Cuban silent cinema counted with such gifted film-makers as Enrique Diaz Quesada and Ramón Peón, who directed a genuine masterpiece, *La Virgen de la Caridad* (1929), recognised as such today even by the ICAIC faction. Cuba was also one of the first nations in the world to produce sound films in the early 1930s, coinciding with the revolution against the dictator Machado. Since then, the country managed a fluctuating production of about five feature films a year.

It is a flagrant misreport to affirm that before 'there . . . were no studios.' Anybody with minimal information about Cuban cinema knows that the big studios at Jaimanitas, now used by the ICAIC, were built circa 1950, during the government of President Prio, some years before Batista's *coup d'état*. The ICAIC only redecorated the building, painted its facade and changed the name of the studio—the same kind of refurbishing that Mr. Engel is trying to do with film history now.

At the seizure of power by the revolution in 1959, the newly



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created ICAIC proceeded to nationalise all the existing private film companies, and hence counted almost from its inception on excellent and varied equipment—Arriflex and Mitchell cameras, Bell and Howell and other hand-held cameras by the dozen, silent and sound moviolas, Ampex recorders, booms and giraffes, arcs and brutes and all kinds of lamps, and even crab and crane dollies. Not to mention fairly efficient laboratories and some of the best animation equipment outside the USA. There were also many excellent Cuban technicians. Some of them are still working in Cuba. Many left to work abroad. Such is the case of the director of photography Ernesto Caparros, well known in Hollywood, who among other films did the masterly cinematography in Arthur Penn's *The Miracle Worker*.

All the facts stated above can easily be checked in writings from Cuba itself (*Historia del Cine Cubano*, by Arturo Agramonte, Havana 1964) or abroad (*Positif*, No. 53 June 1963; Sadoul's *Histoire du Cinéma*). It is also a pity (and perhaps it is not: such are the 'bare necessities' of *parti pris* and *engagement*) that Mr. Engel has not, as he admits, had the chance to see all new Cuban films (not so many, after all); and at the same time it is significant that he chose to ignore the backstage events at ICAIC. He would have learned, for instance, that several among those films made by (and *d'après*) the Revolution have been banned and never shown to the public. He would have learned also that countless scripts and film projects have been flatly rejected, by commissars with almost no knowledge of cinema and narrow political views. Finally, he would have learned that a number of directors and technicians who worked for ICAIC during the first years of revolutionary euphoria (and many of these were technicians and artists developed as such under Castro) have now left the country for good and prefer to work somewhere else (see postscript). Summing up: the situation of Cuban cinema is not very different from that existing in any other Communist country, in Eastern Europe or in Asia, where artists must struggle for existence against bureaucrats and party hacks.

Although Mr. Engel professes to believe that 'trying to be objective is futile anyhow,' I still think that the readers of *SIGHT AND SOUND* are at least entitled to know the whole truth—and let them make their own judgment.

Yours faithfully,  
NESTOR ALMENDROS

Paris.

#### POSTSCRIPT

Oscar Torres, director of the first Cuban revolutionary feature film, *Realengo 18*, left for Puerto Rico and died there. J. Garcia Ascot, director of two of the three sketches in *Cuba 58*, went to Mexico, where among other films he has directed the much praised *En el Balcón Vacío*. René Jordán, scriptwriter of the two *Cuba 58* sketches, is now a film critic in New York. Fausto Canel, director of many shorts (*Hemingway*, etc.) plus two features, *Papeles son Papeles* and *Desarraigo*, is now working in Paris. Fernando Villaverde, director of several interesting shorts and a banned feature, *El Mar*, is a photographer in Paris. Roberto Fandiño, director of the prize-winning short *Gente de Moscu* and a feature, *El Bautizo*, is working in Madrid with Berlanga. Ramón Suárez, lighting cameraman of most of the features made in Cuba after the revolution (among them *Death of a Bureaucrat* and *Memories of Underdevelopment*) now works for Spanish television in Madrid. Eduardo Manet, director of several shorts (notably *El Negro*, about racial segregation) and of three features including the controversial *Tránsito*, is now a playwright in France. Lucci, the graphic artist who almost single-handed created the Cuban school of film posters (he designed many of the *carteles* exhibited in the lobby of the NFT during 'Cuban Week'), is now working in New York. Carlos Menéndez, editor of most of the best features made by ICAIC, is in Madrid. Humberto López, who made several shorts for ICAIC, has made a feature in Sweden, *Choose Your Hero*, shown at Pesaro. Actors Miriam Gomez, Pepe Ramirez, Yeddu Mascorietto (*Historias de la Revolución*) left Cuba long ago. More recently, Yolanda Farr, star of *Desarraigo* and *Memories of Underdevelopment*, has left. I apologise for including myself in this far from exhaustive list: formerly a cameraman-director for ICAIC, I settled in Paris and have been lighting cameraman on Rohmer's *La Collectionneuse* and *Ma Nuit chez Maud*, on Barbet Schroeder's *More*, and most recently on Truffaut's *L'Enfant Sauvage*.—N.A.

MR. ALMENDROS is a counter-revolutionary who left Cuba to live in Paris. His letter is a mixture of some truths, half-truths and 'flagrant misreports'.

My article was not about 'the Cuban cinema' but about the ICAIC and three of its most important directors, Alea, Alvarez and Solás, and not about film-makers of Cuban origin who prefer living outside Cuba.

I say it here again, and will say it again in my forthcoming book on the Cuban Cinema, that there was no CUBAN film-making before *El Megano* and that they had no equipment worth mentioning. Yes,



they had several very old cutting-tables, a few clockwork Bell and Howells, and they had the 'studio' at Cubana-Can. Until the ICAIC took it over, this was a stone barn with no equipment whatsoever, just four walls and a roof. All worthwhile equipment, including Ampex, Arriflex cameras, etc., had been taken to the States. Everything down to the last screw had to be bought after the revolution.

Mr. Almendros is very clever, too clever with names. He mentions the 'gifted' Enrique Díaz Quesada. No film by Quesada now exists: Almendros has not seen a film of his, because not even Agramonte (his book was published in 1966) has. I have seen *La Virgen de la Caridad*. Had it been made in 1919 it would have been interesting, not more. Made in 1929 it is only funny. Again, before *El Megano* there had never been a film which anybody could call *Cuban*. All these early films could have been made in a dozen other places.

Torres was a Puerto Rican who left for family reasons in 1960 and died in '69. The ICAIC is at the moment sending a set of all his films to his mother. García Ascot is a Mexican and was also only a guest. Fañdino was given a grant to study in Italy and decided not to come back. Suárez, Fañdino and Menéndez: Spain is occupied by a Fascist regime—I can't understand anyone who goes there voluntarily. Before Manet came back to Cuba, he had already lived twelve years in Europe; he simply returned where he came from and is still in contact with the Institute. The Italian Lucci made several posters in 1960, left again in '61 and still writes. (No poster by Lucci was shown at the NFT.) López left with the agreement of the Institute to study in Europe and did not return. He made his first film in Sweden on Che Guevara. Now that's what I call a political film-maker.

A general remark: Cuba is a communist state. Hundreds like Mr. Almendros and his friends leave it every week, more than 300,000 since the government allowed everybody to leave, and if they don't go to the States they might even come back. Everybody is very happy about this, with the exception of the State Department, which now makes it difficult for counter-revolutionaries to enter the USA. And finally, nobody 'struggles for existence' in Cuba, but everyone there fights for the total economic and political independence of the Cuban people. And so do I.

ANDI ENGEL

### Topaz

SIR,—You state in *SIGHT AND SOUND*, Winter 1969/70, that 'the critics saw this version' [of Hitchcock's *Topaz*] 'but no one else', the version in question being 'a shot of Granville's front door . . . a gun-shot sound over, and a frozen frame' (p. 16). This ending of *Topaz* I have seen at the Nottingham Odeon-2 this week. Obviously some 'Hitchcockery' somewhere. The ending in question spoilt what was for me an enthralling and entertaining film, with some beautiful camerawork.

Yours faithfully,  
A. F. BARKER

Nottingham.

*The version of Topaz on general release does in fact end as described above. It would seem that the company had second (or third) thoughts after the London opening.*—EDITOR

### NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

J. FRANCISCO ARANDA, *SIGHT AND SOUND*'s Spanish correspondent, is author of books on Vigo and Joris Ivens and has just published a critical biography of Buñuel. . . . RICHARD COMBS, a graduate of Victoria University, Wellington, worked as a journalist in New Zealand radio before coming to Britain. . . . JAN DAWSON has taught French at the Universities of California (Berkeley) and Toronto and in an Oxford monastery, worked as a free-lance translator and produced radio programmes for children. Currently employed by the BFI (assistant editor *Monthly Film Bulletin*) and writing a book on Ingmar Bergman. . . . CHARLES HIGHAM, born London, film critic in Australia, recently teaching film and literature at the University of California. Author of several books, including *The Celluloid Muse* and the forthcoming *Hollywood Cameramen*. . . . AXEL MADSEN is an American journalist living in Hollywood, *SIGHT AND SOUND*'s Hollywood correspondent and contributor to *Cahiers du Cinéma*. Author of books on Billy Wilder and (soon) Jerry Lewis. . . . DANIEL MILLAR is a lecturer in the Department of Film and Television at Bede College, Durham. Contributor to *Screen*, etc. . . . IVOR MONTAGU, one of the founders of the Film Society in 1925. Has worked as film editor, director, scenarist, associate producer, notably with Hitchcock in London, Eisenstein in Hollywood, and in Spain during the Civil War. . . . DAVID ROBINSON, film critic of the *Financial Times*, particularly devoted to silent comedians and author of a book on Buster Keaton. . . . ELLIOTT STEIN is an American living in Paris, frequent contributor to the *Financial Times*, a specialist in horror movies, and occasional actor (*Les Coeurs Verts*, *The Secrets of Sex*).

## THE CHANGING OF THE GUARD

*continued from page 65*

Its little tale of a temperamental Volkswagen, *The Love Bug*, was the year's highest grosser on *Variety*'s list, at \$17 million in the US and Canada.

Meanwhile, the youthquake is making its own repetitive waves. It has taken almost six years for student protest to reach star status, but now the campus revolt is here—at least fourfold. After *The Activist* are coming *Getting Straight*, *R.M.P.* and *The Strawberry Statement*, featuring student riots. But as Samuel Goldwyn is supposed to have said when, in a friend's garden, he came upon a sundial and it was explained to him how time can be told by observing where the sun hits the dial, 'Marvellous! What will they think of next?'

The changing of gears is now undeniable, but there are big intangibles. Can Hollywood films talk to suspicious blacks, to anxious idealists, to groping youngsters; can they evoke a spark, a sense of inspiration? The argument is not between liberals and conservatives, but between those who think the system will work, and those who don't.

### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

COLUMBIA PICTURES for *Model Shop*, *My Sister Eileen*.  
COLUMBIA/HAYDEN PERCIVAL for *The Horsemen*.  
M-G-M for *The Naked Spur*.  
PARAMOUNT PICTURES for *Medium Cool*, *Psycho*.  
20th CENTURY-FOX for *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, photograph of Richard Zanuck.  
UNITED ARTISTS/TRIUMVIRATE FILMS for *I Start Counting*.  
WARNER/SEVEN ARTS for *The Ballad of Cable Hogue*.  
RANK FILM DISTRIBUTORS for *Jet Pilot*, *A Touch of Evil*.  
CINECENTA for *Killer!*  
CINECENTA/UNIFRANCE FILM for *Les Biches*.  
CINEMA CENTER for *Little Big Man*, *Figures in a Landscape*.  
CONNOISSEUR FILMS for *Les Cousins*.  
EAGLE FILMS for *Pigsty*.  
CONTEMPORARY/NATIONAL FILM BOARD OF CANADA for *Prologue*.  
ACADEMY/UNIFRANCE FILM for *A Gentle Creature*.  
UNIFRANCE/FILMS DU CARROSSE for *L'Enfant Sauvage*.  
CONTINENTAL/IMAGE TEN for *Night of the Living Dead*.  
AMANDA/FJ-FILMI/JD-PRODUCTIONS for *Black on White*.  
FJ-FILMI/JD-PRODUCTIONS for *Sixty-nine*, *Portraits of Women*.  
EPOCA FILM for *Tristana*.  
ORTF for *Le Petit Théâtre de Jean Renoir*.  
CARTOFF-WINKLER PRODUCTIONS for *The Strawberry Statement*.  
HUNGAROFILM for *Cold Days*, *Palm Sunday*, *Love Emilia!*, *The Falcons*, *A Mad Night*, *Helet*, *The Upthrown Stone*.  
IRVING TEITELBAUM for *British Sounds*.  
NEW CINEMA PRESENTATIONS for *Black God*, *White Devil*.  
IVOR MONTAGU for early photograph of Iris Barry.  
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, NEW YORK, for photograph of Iris Barry with Gloria Swanson.  
CALIFORNIA UNIVERSITY PRESS for *It's All True*.

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# FILM GUIDE

Films of special interest to SIGHT AND SOUND readers are denoted by one, two, three or four stars.

\*\*\*\*ALICE'S RESTAURANT (United Artists) Arlo Guthrie's remarkable L.P. (the story of his rejection as unfit to fight in Vietnam after being jailed as a litterbug) brilliantly visualised and expanded by Arthur Penn into a sympathetic, but not at all complaisant, exploration of the world of dropping-out. (Arlo Guthrie, Pat Quinn, James Broderick. Technicolor.)

ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS (Rank) And 145 dreary minutes as she (Anne Boleyn, that is) and Henry VIII lust, bicker and bargain with each other until she, mercifully, loses her head. Armchair history at its most padded. (Richard Burton, Genevieve Bujold; director, Charles Jarrott. Technicolor, Panavision.)

APRIL FOOLS (Warner-Pathé) Enfeebled romantic comedy (discotheques, Lelouchery, etc.) about beautiful people who meet at a New York party and find True Love. Gallantly grimacing performance from Jack Lemmon, who keeps having to announce himself as a frog who never became a prince. (Catherine Deneuve, Peter Lawford, Myrna Loy; director, Stuart Rosenberg. Technicolor, Panavision.)

\*ARRANGEMENT, THE (Warner-Pathé) Elia Kazan's account of the life and times of an advertising man, driven frantic by the strains of marriage, affair, work and coping with a senile Greek carpet-merchant father. Authentic Kazan themes, full of old echoes, but handled in a feverish, fragmented style which pitches the film towards madly mounting frenzy. (Kirk Douglas, Faye Dunaway, Deborah Kerr. Technicolor, Panavision.)

BED SITTING ROOM, THE (United Artists) Richard Lester's sprawling adaptation of the zany extravaganza by Spike Milligan and John Antrobus about the survivors of the Bomb. Michael Hordern and Arthur Lowe in good form, but the lunatic logic of goonery doesn't survive the transition from stage to screen. (Rita Tushingham, Ralph Richardson. DeLuxe Colour.)

\*BIRTHDAY PARTY, THE (Connoisseur) Respectful, very well acted (by Dandy Nichols in particular) version of the play; but the permanently restless camera destroys Pinter's pauses, his tension and, alas, his humour. (Robert Shaw, Patrick Magee, Sydney Tafler; director, William Friedkin. Technicolor.)

\*BLACK GOD, WHITE DEVIL (New Cinema Presentations) Violence on the Brazilian plain, in cangaceiro country haunted by the redoubtable Antonio das Mortes. Extravagant, Eisensteinian and monotonous direction by Glauber Rocha, the film-maker most likely to succeed in revolutionary circles. (Geraldo Del Rey, Yona Magalhães.) Reviewed.

\*\*\*BOY (Academy) Oshima's black-humoured, touching and utterly unsentimental study of a child trained by his family to sustain fake injuries in traffic accidents. Impeccably photographed, credibly developed and scarcely needing the added frisson it gains from being based on real events. (Fumio Watanabe, Akiko Koyama, Tetsuo Abe. Eastman Colour.)

\*\*\*BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID (Fox) Cool, engaging, superbly orchestrated ballad of the adventures of two legendary bank robbers and their schoolmistress travelling companion in the not so old West and beyond. Derivative (a sort of cross between Bonnie and Clyde and The Wild Bunch), but none the worse for that. (Paul Newman, Robert Redford, Katharine Ross; director, George Roy Hill. DeLuxe Colour, Panavision.) Reviewed.

\*\*CASTLE KEEP (Columbia) Oblique, Catch 22-ish tale of the odd obsessions in a tired ragbag of soldiers detailed to hold a fabulous castle in the Ardennes during World War II. A lot more interesting and amusing than most critics have allowed, even if the direction gets a bit out of

hand. (Burt Lancaster, Al Freeman Jr., Patrick O'Neal; director, Sydney Pollack. Technicolor, Panavision.) Reviewed.

CHICAGO, CHICAGO (United Artists) Ben Hecht's novel about a cub reporter in turn-of-the-century Chicago and his wide-eyed encounters with first love, a brothel and big city graft. Sporadically amusing, but a dull script and disappointingly impersonal direction from Norman Jewison make it rather heavy going. (Beau Bridges, Melina Mercouri, Brian Keith. DeLuxe Colour.)

GIRLS, THE (Contemporary) Mai Zetterling's high-pitched, maddeningly one-track rallying cry to oppressed womanhood and the feminine cause, variously championed by three actresses touring Sweden in *Lysistrata*. The lady's not for burning, but she spoils her case by shrill overstatement. (Bibi Andersson, Gunnel Lindblom, Harriet Andersson.)

\*\*\*HAMLET (Columbia) Tony Richardson's best film in years, an intelligent, self-effacing adaptation of his own Round House stage production. Shot almost exclusively in close-up, it keeps Nicol Williamson's fine, explosive Hamlet beautifully under control, and achieves a remarkable concentration on the words. (Marianne Faithfull, Gordon Jackson. Technicolor.)

HAPPY ENDING, THE (United Artists) Bored Denver housewife takes pills, alcohol and time off in the Caribbean to persuade her husband that she still wants to be wanted. A glossy look, glossily directed by Richard Brooks, at ailing married life on the commuter belt. Jean Simmons almost survives the souped-up dialogue. (John Forsythe, Shirley Jones. Technicolor, Panavision.)

\*\*\*KILLER! (Cinecenta) Chabrol again interweaves threads of classical tragedy, Hitchcock thriller and social satire to achieve another perfect film—one about a father's determination to track down the motorist who ran over his son—another fascinating interplay between limpid surfaces and darker, more ambiguous meanings. (Michel Duchaussoy, Jean Yanne, Caroline Cellier. Eastman Colour.) Reviewed.

LAST SHOT YOU HEAR, THE (Fox) Hackneyed low-budget thriller about wife and lover plotting to murder husband. Shoddily written, laboriously directed, and no surprises in the surprise twist ending. (Hugh Marlowe, Zena Walker, Patricia Haines; director, Gordon Hessler.)

LIFE, LOVE, DEATH (United Artists) The death penalty gets the Lelouch treatment—not quite the full horror, since the film is muted into a chocolate-box version of Bressonian rigour. But it is still sentimental, special-pleading, and drenched in a resolutely syrupy Francis Lai score. (Amidou, Caroline Cellier, Janine Magnan. DeLuxe Colour.)

LOST MAN, THE (Rank) Odd Man Out reworked in a Black Power setting, with Sidney Poitier as the robber on the run and Joanna Shimkus as a widowed social worker who dies with him at the dockyard gate. Begins not badly but soon turns, like *Uptight*, into a Black Irish blunder. (Al Freeman Jr., Michael Tolan; director, Robert Alan Aurthur. Technicolor, Panavision.)

\*MAROONED (Columbia) Space adventure about three lost astronauts spinning around in orbit until their oxygen runs out, while Gregory Peck mobilises the rescue forces down below. Professional, straightforward show of hardware, computers, helicopters, etc., with magazine-story human interest. (Richard Crenna, David Janssen; director, John Sturges. Technicolor, Panavision 70.)

\*\*\*MEDIUM COOL (Paramount) Shot in Chicago at the time of the Convention battles, cameraman Haskell Wexler's first feature, about a cameraman's growing sense of responsibility towards the injustices he photographs, raises some large moral questions about American society and the role of the media. Impeccably photographed, of course. (Robert Forster, Verna Bloom. Technicolor.) Reviewed.

\*\*MODEL SHOP (Columbia) Demy reaches America at last, with Lola for company. A surprisingly muted film, haunted by the Vietnam war, but very recognisably Demy in its themes and decors, and its visual tribute to Los Angeles. (Anouk Aimée, Gary Lockwood. Technicolor.) Reviewed.

MORE (Tigon) Tedious junky junketings with the international drop-outs at Ibiza, veering uncertainly between cautionary tale and do-it-yourself manual for potential addicts. Grotesquely scripted and endlessly indulgent towards its minimally delineated characters. (Mimsy Farmer, Klaus Grunberg; director, Barbet Schroeder. Eastman Colour.)

MUMSY, NANNY, SONNY & GIRLY (C.I.R.O.) A happy family of lunatics entice home

playmates (bed with Mumsy, bath with Nanny, parlour games with the dear children) who never leave again. Lurid but rather tame Grand Guignol. (Michael Bryant, Ursula Howells; director, Freddie Francis. Eastman Colour.)

OLYMPICS IN MEXICO, THE (Columbia) Edited highlights of the Games in a clumsily constructed film which seems more concerned to display its own technical virtuosity than to record the events themselves. A few memorable moments, but badly misses the idiosyncratic eye of an Ichikawa. (Director, Alberto Isaac. Technicolor, Techniscope.)

\*PAINT YOUR WAGON (Paramount) Loud, lusty, but Logan-directed musical, which means that the action is reduced to a series of pretty picture-postcards. It sounds, in other words, much better than it looks. (Lee Marvin, Clint Eastwood, Jean Seberg. Technicolor, Panavision 70.)

PEACE GAME, THE (Gala) Peter Watkins' Swedish-made film, in which war has become a lethal team-game, refereed by bland brass-hats and watched by millions on TV. Obsessive ideas (about the brutalising System, etc.) developed with spluttering, incoherent concern, and misfiring on most cylinders. (Arthur Pentelow, Frederick Danner. Eastman Colour.)

POPI (United Artists) Cosily disenchanted comedy about a cunning New York Puerto Rican's schemes to get his sons a better deal in the Promised Land. Much predictable local colour among the voluble immigrant communities, though Alan Arkin is in good form as the little man pitting himself against the big bureaucrats. (Miguel Alejandro, Ruben Figueroa; director, Arthur Hiller. DeLuxe Colour.)

\*\*\*PROLOGUE (Contemporary) Sensitive, unpretentious semi-documentary about underground political protest versus hippy commune dropping-out. Through its use of footage from the Chicago demonstrations it raises some disturbing questions about conformism in a violent society. (John Robbe, Gary Rader, Elaine Malus; director, Robin Spry.) Reviewed.

\*\*RECKONING, THE (Columbia) Liverpool Irishman, clawing his way up through a London adding-machine firm, returns to dying father on Merseyside and some hard home truths. Jack Gold looks like a director who only needs a subject to make a good film; but this over-driven, acidulated slice of rat-race life isn't quite it. (Nicol Williamson, Rachel Roberts, Paul Rogers. Technicolor.)

\*SECRETS OF SEX (Antony Balch) Above average exploitation film, wittily scripted and agreeably irreverent towards the sexual kinks and psychological hang-ups of its eccentric if unbelievable characters. (Elliott Stein, Laurelle Streeter; director Antony Balch. Eastman Colour.)

SLAVES (Warner-Pathé) Exceedingly black and white view of life on the old plantation, with Ossie Davis being noble in the slave quarters and Stephen Boyd being beastly in the big house. Glowering, simplistic direction by Herbert Biberman, once one of the Hollywood Ten. (Dione Warwick. Eastman Colour.)

SPRING AND PORT WINE (Warner-Pathé) Sentimental adaptation of Bill Naughton's sentimental play, set in the quaint North, about a working-class family where Dad rules the roost by preaching the good, honest, old-fashioned virtues over the tea-table. The cast make what they can of a script whose sugary pathos belongs more to Victorian melodrama than to anything resembling modern times. (James Mason, Diana Coupland, Susan George; director, Peter Hammond. Technicolor.)

\*\*\*TELL THEM WILLIE BOY IS HERE (Rank) Blacklisted Abraham Polonsky makes a welcome return with this hauntingly photographed tale of a sophisticated Indian hunted down by a laconic sheriff. Occasionally weighted down by a script too conscious of its relevance to more recent forms of witch-hunting, but the beautifully controlled chase and Robert Redford's performance maintain the suspense. (Robert Blake, Katharine Ross. Technicolor, Panavision.) Reviewed.

\*TERRY WHITMORE, FOR EXAMPLE (Contemporary) Terry Whitmore, an American Negro deserter from Vietnam—relaxed, articulate, given to exaggeration and Lichtenstein comic-strip sound effects—recounts some of the experiences that led to his desertion. Compelling *cinéma-vérité* monologue marred by some irritatingly flashy editing. (Director, Bill Brodie.)

\*\*\*\*ZABRISKIE POINT (M-G-M) Antonioni's impressionistic view of America, youth, violence and materialism. By turns misty and precise, banal and brilliant, maddening as bits of *Blow-Up* and exciting as bits of *Eclipse*. Review to follow in next issue. (Mark Frechette, Daria Halprin, Rod Taylor. Metrocolor, Panavision.)



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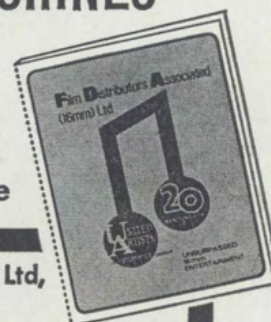
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